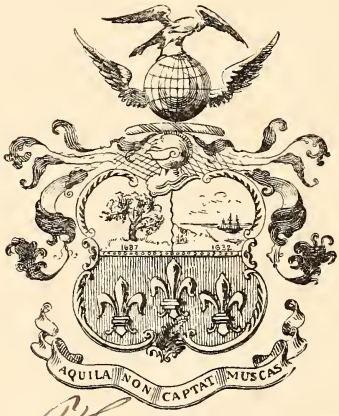
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A NARRATIVE
OF THE CAPTIVITY OF
JOHN M'CULLOUGH, ESQ.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

The following is an Abridgement of what the Narrator has suffered and seen, during upwards of eight years captivity with the Aborigenes of America. His design in this Essay is, to illustrate facts as they occurred, carefully avoiding to exaggerate any thing that has come under his observation; neither is it his design to give a Geographical Account of the country he passed through, that having been done already by abler pens.

His endeavour throughout the whole is to make it intelligible to the meanest capacity; wherever he has deemed it necessary to retain Indian words, he has divided them into syllables, in order to give the reader an idea of the pronunciation.

I was born in Newcastle county, in the state of Delaware. When I was five years old, my father moved his family from thence to the back parts of then Cumberland (now Franklin) county, to a place well known by the name of Conococheague settlement, where he made a purchase of a tract of land at sheriff's sale, about a year before what has been generally termed Braddock's war. Shortly after the commencement of the war, he moved his family into York county, where he remained until the spring of 1756, when we ventured home; we had not been long at home until we were alarmed again, we then fled down to Antieatum settlement, where we remained until the beginning of harvest, then ventured home to secure our crops; we stopped about three miles from home, where we got a small cabin to live in until my father went home and secured the grain. On the 26th day of July, 1756, my parents and my oldest sister went home to pull flax, accompanied by one John Allen, a neighbor, who had business at Fort Loudon, and promised to come that way in the evening to accompany them back. Allen had proceeded but about two miles toward Loudon until he heard the Indians had killed a man that morning, about a mile and a half from where my parents were at work; he then, instead of going back to accompany them home agreeably to his promise, took a circuitous route of about six or seven miles, for fear of the Indians. When he came home, my brother and I were playing on the great road, a short distance from the house; he told us to go immediately to the house, or the Indians would catch us, adding, at the same time, that he supposed they had killed our father and mother by that time.

We were small, I was about eight years old, my brother was but five; we went to the house, the people were all in a bustle, making

ready to go to a fort about a mile off. I recollect of hearing them say, that somebody should go and give my parents notice; none would venture to go; my brother and I concluded that we would go ourselves, accordingly we laid off our trowsers and went off in our shirts unnoticed by any person, leaving a little sister about two years old sleeping in bed; when we got in sight of the house we began to halloo and sing, rejoicing that we had got home; when we came within about fifty or sixty yards of the house, all of a sudden the Indians came rushing out of a thicket upon us; they were six in number, to wit, five Indians and one Frenchman; they divided into two parties; three rushed across the path before, and three behind us. This part of the scene appears to me yet, more like a dream than any thing real: my brother screamed aloud the instant we saw them; for my part, it appeared to me that the one party were Indians and the other white people: they stopped before us, I was making my way betwixt two of them, when one of the hind party pulled me back by my shirt; they instantly ran up a little hill to where they had left their baggage; there they tied a pair of moccasons on my feet; my brother at that instant broke off from them, running towards the house, screaming as he went; they brought him back, and started off as fast as I was able to run along with them, one of them carrying my brother on his back. We ran along side of the field where my parents were at work, they were only intercepted from our view by a small ridge in the field, that lay parallel to the course we were running; when we had got about seventy or eighty perches from the field, we sat down in a thicket of bushes, where we heard our father calling us; two of the Indians ran off towards the house, but happily missed him, as he had returned back to the field, supposing that we had gone back again. The other four started off with us as fast as I was able to travel along with them, jumping across every road we came to, one catching me by each arm and slinging me over the road to prevent our tracks from being discovered.

We travelled all that day, observing still when we came to an eminence, one of them would climb up a tree, and point out the course they should take, in order, I suppose, to avoid being discovered. It came on rain towards evening, we travelled on till a good while after night; at last we took up our lodging under a large tree, they spread down a blanket for us to lie on, and laid another over us, an Indian laid down on each side of us on the edge of our cover, the rest laid down at our head and feet. At break of day we started again; about sun-rise we heard a number of axes at a short distance from us, we also discovered where logs had been dragged on the ground the day before; they immediately took the alarm and made off as quick as possible. Towards evening we stopped on the side of a mountain; two of the Indians and the Frenchman, went down into the valley, leaving one to take care of us: they were not long gone till we heard them shooting, in a short time they came back, carrying a parcel of hogs on their backs, and a fowl they had killed;

also a parcel of green apples in their bosoms; they gave us some of the apples, which was the first nourishment we got from the time we were taken. We then went down the mountain into an obscure place, where they kindled a fire and singed the hair off the hogs and roasted them, the fowl they roasted for us; we had not been long there till we heard the war halloo up the run from where we had our fire, the two Indians came to us, whom I mentioned had ran towards the house when they heard my father calling us; they had a scalp with them, by the color of the hair I concluded it had been my father's, but I was mistaken, it was the scalp of the man they killed the morning before they took us; the scalp they made two of, and dried them at the fire. After roasting the meat and drying the scalps, we took to the mountain again, when we had got about half way up, we stopped and sat down on an old log—after a few minutes rest they rose up one after another and went to the sides of rocks and old logs and began to scrape away the leaves, where they drew out blankets, bells, a small kettle, and several other articles which they had hidden when they were coming down. We got over the mountain that evening, about sunset we crossed a large road in sight of a waste house, we went about a quarter of a mile further and encamped by the side of a large run; one of them went about two or three hundred yards from the camp and shot a deer and brought it to the camp on his back. I had been meditating my escape from the time we crossed the road. Shortly after dark we laid down, I was placed next to the fire, my brother next, and an Indian laid down on the edge of the blanket behind us; I awoke some time in the night, and roused my brother, whispering to him to rise, and we would go off, he told me that he could not go, I told him that I would go myself, he replied that he did not care. I got up as softly as I could, but had not got more than three or four yards from the fire till the Indian who lay at our backs raised his head and said, "*Where you go?*" I told him I was going to p—s, he said, "*make haste, come sleep.*" I went and laid down again.

Next morning four of the Indians and the Frenchman went off on a scout, leaving one to take care of us. About the middle of the day, they came running the way we came the evening before—they hallooed as soon as they came in sight; by the time they got to the camp, the one who took care of us had all their things thrown on their blankets; the one who took care of us took me on his back and ran as fast as he could, for about a quarter of a mile, then threw me down, broke a twig and switched me along until we got on the mountain again; about an hour after, we began to gather whortleberries, as they were very plenty on the mountains; lucky indeed for us, for I verily believe we would have starved, had it not been for the berries, for we could not eat the meat without bread or salt. We got off the mountain that evening, and encamped in a thicket; it rained that night and the next morning; they had made a shade of some of their spare blankets; we were long in starting the next morning. Whilst we were sitting about the fire, we heard the ro-

port of two guns at a little distance directly the way we came the evening before; they started up in an instant, and picked up their blankets and other articles: the one who carried me before took me on his back and ran as fast as he could, for about half a mile, then threw me down and whipped me along as they had done the day before. It must be observed that they always carried my brother time about; for my part it was the only two rides I got from the day I wes taken, till we got to Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburg.)—I must pass over many occurrences that happened on our way to Pittsburg, excepting one or two. The morning before we came to *Kee-ak-kshee-man-nit-toos*, which signifies Cut Spirit, an old town at the junction of *La-el-han-neck*, or Middle Creek, and *Quin-nim-mough-koong*, or *Can-na-maugh*, or Otter Creek, as the word signifies. The morning before we got there, they pulled all the hair out of our heads, except a small spot on the crown, which they left. We got to the town about the middle of the day, where we got some squashes to eat; the next morning we set out for Fort Duquesne—the morning after that we came to several Indian camps—they gave us some bread, which was the first we tasted from the time we were taken. About a mile or two before we came to the fort, we met an old Indian, whose dress made him appear very terrifying to us; he had a brown coat on him, no shirt, his breast bare, a breech-clout, a pair of leggins and moccasons, his face and breast painted rudely with vermillion and verdigris, a large bunch of artificial hair, dyed of a crimson color, fixed on the top or crown of his head, a large triangle piece of silver hanging below his nose, that covered almost the whole of his upper lip; his ears (which had been cut according to their peculiar custom) were stretched out with fine brass wire, made in the form (but much larger) of what is commonly fixed in suspenders, so that, perhaps, he appeared something like what you might apprehend to be a likeness of the devil. As he approached toward us, the rest said something to him,—he took hold of me by the arm, and lashed me about from side to side, at last he threw me from him as far as he was able, then he took hold of my brother, and served him the same way. Shortly after that, they stopped and painted us, tying or fixing a large bunch of hawk's feathers on the top of each of our heads, then raised the war halloo, viz. one halloo for each scalp, and one for each prisoner, still repeating at certain intervals; we met several Indians who came running out to meet us—we were taken to the middle of their encampment into one of their chief's huts; after they had given a narrative of their adventure, the old chief drew out a small bag from behind his bed and took out a large belt of wampum and fixed it round my neck; we then started down to the fort, a great number of Indians of both sexes were paraded on each side of the path to see us as we went along; some of them were shoving in little fellows to strike us, and others advising me to strike them, but we seemed to be both afraid of each other; we were taken into a French house, where a number of Indians were sitting on the floor; one of the chiefs took my brother by the

hand and handed him to a Frenchman who was standing at a room door, which was the last sight I had of him: after that he took me by the hand, and made a speech for about half an hour, then handed me to an Indian who was sitting on the hearth smoking his pipe; he took me between his legs, (he could talk very good English,) and asked me several questions, telling me that I was his brother, that the people had killed a brother of his about a year before, and that these good men (meaning the warriors who took us) had gone and brought me to replace his deceased brother; he also told me that he had been raised amongst the white people, and that he had been taught to read when he was young, but that he had almost forgot it. I believe he was telling me the truth, for he knew all the letters and figures. He then took me by the hand and led me to the *Al-lee-ge-eon-ning* or Allegheny river, which signifies an impression made by the foot of a human being, for said they, the land is so rich about it that a person cannot travel through the lands adjoining it without leaving the mark of their feet. We got in a conoe and went across the river, where a great number of Indians were encamped. He led me through their encampment; towards evening we came back. Shortly after our return two young fellows took me by the hand and led me to the river, we got into a canoe and paddled about thirty or forty yards from the shore, when they laid down their paddles and laid hold of me by the wrists, and plunged me over head and ears under the water, holding me down till I was almost smothered, then drew me up to get breath. This they repeated several times. I had no other thought, but that they were going to drown me. I was at every interval pleading with them not to drown me; at last one of them said, "*me no killim, me washim.*" I plead with them to let me into shallow water, and I would wash myself, accordingly they did—I then began to rub myself; they signified to me to dive; I dipped my face into the water and raised it up as quick as I could; one of them stepped out of the canoe and laid hold of me on the back of my neck, and held me down to the bottom, till I was almost smothered, before he let me go. I then waded out; they put a new ruffled shirt on me, telling me that I was then an Indian, and that they would send me away to the rest of their friends. Accordingly I was sent off the next day with a female friend, to an uncle of my adopted brother's, who lived at a town called *She-nang-go*, on Beaver creek. Nothing remarkable happened during our journey, excepting several falls that I got off a young horse I was set on to ride. On the third or fourth night we arrived in *She-nang-go*, about an hour after dark: after the female friend whom I was sent with had informed the family who I was, they set up a lamentable cry, for some time: when their lamentation was over, they came to me one after another and shook me by the hand, in token that they considered me to stand in the same relationship to them as the one in whose stead I was placed. The next morning I was presented to my uncle, with whom I lived about a year. He was blind of one eye—a very good natured man. In the beginning of winter he used

to raise me up by day light every morning, and make me sit down in the creek up to my chin in the cold water, in order to make me hardy as he said, whilst he would sit on the bank smoking his pipe, until he thought I had been long enough in the water, he would then bid me to dive. After I came out of the water he would order me not to go near the fire until I would be dry. I was kept at that till the water was frozen over, he would then break the ice for me and send me in as before. Some time in the winter, perhaps not long before Christmas, I took very sick; I lay all winter at the fire side, and an old squaw attended me, (what little attendance I got;) she used to go out in the snow and hunt up herbs by the old tops; the roots of which she would boil and make a kind of drink for me. She would never suffer me to taste cold water, or any kind of flesh, or any thing that was sweet or salt. The only nourishment that I was suffered to take, was homony, or dumplings, made of coarse Indian meal boiled in water. As I said before, I lay all winter at the fire side; I had nothing but a small blanket to cover me, part of which I drew under me for my bed, my legs drew up so that I was obliged to crawl when I had occasion to go out of doors. I remained in that situation till corn planting time, when I began to get better. They anointed my knees and hams with bear's oil, and made me keep my knees stretched out as tight as I could bear them, by which means I got the use of my joints in about a month's time.

Shortly after I got able to run about, a dreadful accident happened in my hands, in the following manner: The most of the Indians of the town were either at their corn-fields or out a fishing—my uncle had been unwell for some time—he was below the town at the creek side, where he had an Indian doctor sweating him and conjuring out his disorder. He had a large pistol, which he had hung up by the guard at the head of his bed,—there were two brothers, relations of ours, the oldest was perhaps about my own age, the other about two years younger. The oldest boy took down the pistol and cocked it, threatening for diversion to shoot his brother: the little fellow ran off from us—I assisted him to let down the cock of the pistol, which he held in his left hand with the muzzle towards his body, and his right hand against the cock; I would then (after cautioning him to turn the muzzle past his body) draw the trigger, and he would let down the cock slowly. I advised him several times to lay by the pistol, which he would do; but as soon as his brother would come back to us, he would get it again. At last his brother got afraid and would not come near us any more. He then threatened to shoot me; I fled out of the house from him. The town lay in a semi-circular form, round a bend of the creek; there happened to be a woman at the upper end of the town, (as we lived at the lower end,) that had observed me when I fled out of the house from him—he immediately called me back to assist him to let down the cock; I refused to go, unless he would turn the butt of the pistol to me, which he did, I went in, in haste (and forgot to caution him to hold the muzzle to one side) and drew the trigger; the con-

sequence was, the pistol went off and shot him in the stomach, the pistol flew out of our hands ; he laid his hands across his breast and ran out of the house, screaming aloud as he ran ; I ran out of the house and looked after him, he went towards their own door, (about forty or fifty yards off,) he quit screaming before he fell ;—it was late in the evening ; his mother and grandmother were coming from their cornfield at that instant ; his grandmother just cast her eye towards him, as she came past him, and came to me where I was standing ; before they got near me, I told her that *Watook*, (for that was his name,) had shot himself ; she turned away from me without saying any thing. In a short time all the Indians in the town collected about me, examining me, and getting me to show them what way he took to shoot himself ; I told them that he took the pistol in his left hand and held the muzzle to his stomach, whilst he pushed the trigger from him with his thumb : I held to the one story. At last the woman (whom I mentioned had seen me when I fled out of the house from him) came and told them that she was standing out of doors looking at me across the bend of the creek, at the time she heard the report of the pistol, and that I was standing a considerable distance from the house at the time—at which they all dispersed.

There was something very singular in this affair, as the same woman and her husband, about a year after the above accident, was the means of saving my life when I was apparently drowned, as I shall have occasion to mention hereafter.

It happened to be the first funeral that I had seen amongst them, and not being acquainted with their customs, I was put to a terrible fright ; shortly after dark they began to fire their guns, which they always do when any one dies. As all the family had gone to the wake, I was left by myself in the house ; when the firing began I concluded that they were about to take my life ; I therefore crept under a bed that was set upon forks drove into the ground, a considerable height off the floor, where I lay as close to the wall as I could get, till about break of day, when I was roused by the report of their guns again. I did not go near the corpse—however I heard them say, that he bled none, as the colfing and the blaze of the powder had followed the ball into his body. There were several young squaws who had seen us running about with the pistol ; they frequently charged me with being the cause of the boy's death, which I always denied, but *Queek-queek-co-mooch-que*, a little white girl, (a prisoner,) who lived with the family that the deceased belonged to, was like to be the worst evidence against me,—she told them that she saw me have the pistol in my hands several times—but the woman's evidence overruled the whole of them ; however their minds were not entirely divested of the thoughts that I had taken his life, as they often cast it up to me afterwards, that I had shot *Watook ;* especially when I would happen to get into a quarrel with any of the little fellows, they would tell me that I had killed one of them already, and that I wanted to kill another ; however I declare the thing was merely accidental.

When I reflect on the above accident, and the circumstances attending it, my mind flows with gratitude to that Almighty Being whose wise providence directs the affairs of the world; I do not say that a lie is justifiable in the sight of God, yet I am led to believe that the woman was guided by providence in telling a manifest falsehood, which, perhaps, was the means of prolonging my days; as I am led to believe, had the true circumstances of the case been known to them, I never should have seen the light of another day; nor should I have expected that my body would have been laid under the ground, but that I would rather have been thrown into the creek, to be devoured by fish, or left above ground to be devoured by vermin, as I knew to be the case with two men, which I shall mention before I close this narrative.

Sometime in the summer following, we went to a treaty with the French at Presquile. On our way there, we went by an Indian town at or near where Meadville now stands: just as we got to the town, we observed a number of Batteaux coming down French Creek; the French came to the shore where they were; one of them offered to purchase me from the Indians; he offered for me an old spade, wanting the handle, (which, perhaps, was the lowest value that ever was set upon me,) they laughed scornfully at him for his folly: however, they decamped immediately, for fear the French might come and steal me away by night. When we got to Presquile, I was given up to my Indian mother whom I had never seen before. After the treaty was over, my old uncle returned to Shenanggo, and left me with my old mother and two brothers something older than myself; we had a step-father also, who hunted for us. We moved from Presquile near to fort *Le Beauf*, where my mother had raised a small patch of corn; we lived there till the fall, occasionally going to the fort to draw rations, as the French constantly supplied the Indians with provisions whilst they lay about the fort. The French always observed to fire off a swivel, as a salute, when the Indians came to the fort with prisoners or scalps.

Towards fall my old brother (I call him old because he was the oldest of the family; he was not more than twenty two or three) came to us, I had not seen him from the time I was given to him at fort Duquesne (or Pittsburgh) till then; he came to take us to Shenanggo to live amongst the rest of our friends. We had but one horse to carry our provisions, our apparel we carried on our backs like the terrapin, so that we had to travel on foot. We were a long time on the way, as they frequently stopped three or four days at a place to hunt. We arrived at Shenanggo in the beginning of winter. Not long after our arrival, I took a severe turn of the pleurisy, and lay very ill for about twenty days; my old mother and an old aunt paid great attention to me; observing, with regard to my drink and diet, as my former attendant had done before.

The next summer I had like to lose my life; all the Indians of the town, excepting one man and a woman, were out at their corn fields, leaving the young ones to take care of their houses. About

ten o'clock of the day, four of the little fellows and I went into the creek to bathe ourselves, the creek is perhaps about sixty or seventy yards wide; there is a ridge of rocks that reaches across the stream, where I had often observed the Indians wading across, the water being deep at each side: I ventured to wade over, and made out very well, until I got about a rod off the shore on the opposite side; when the water began to get too deep for me, I turned about, proud of my performance. When I had got about half way back I missed my course, and all at once stepped over the edge of the rocks, and went down over head and ears; I made a few springs as high as I could above the water, at last I swallowed so much water, and not having yet learned to swim, I was obliged to give over. When the little fellows who came to bath along with me, saw that I had given myself up, they raised the scream. The woman whom I mentioned before, came running to the bank to see what was the matter; they told her that *Isting-go-weh-hing* (for that was the name they gave me) was drowned. She immediately ran to the house and awaked her husband, who came as quick as possible (as they told me afterwards) to my relief; as I kept afloat all the time, he waded up to his chin before he could get a hold of me by the leg, he then trailed me through the water until he got to the rocks that I had stepped over, he then laid me on his shoulder and brought me out to the bank, where he threw me down, supposing that I was dead. It happened that my head was down hill; the water gushed out of my mouth and nose; he had previously sent off one of the little boys to inform my friends of the accident. After some time I began to show some signs of life. He then took me by the middle, clasping his hands across my belly, and shook me, the water still running plentifully out of my mouth and nose. By the time my friends arrived, I began to breathe more freely. They carried me up the bank to a *week-a-waum*, or house, and laid me down on a deer skin, where I lay till about the middle of the afternoon; at last I awoke out of sleep and was surprised to see a great number of Indians of both sexes standing around me. I raised my head, my old brother advanced toward me, and said, "*au moygh-t-ha-heeh a-moigh*," that is, rise, go and bathe yourself. I then recollected what I had been doing. He told me that if he would see me in the creek again he would drown me out right; however, the very next day I was paddling in the water again. Some time whilst we resided at *Shenang-go*, (perhaps in the latter end of November,) about thirty warriors returned through *Shenang-go*, from a tour; they were of the Mingo nation; they had a number of scalps with them, and a prisoner, a man of about twenty-five years of age; one of the party had got wounded in the body; the prisoner had a large bundle of blankets tied up and slung on his back, with a *hap-pees*, for the wounded Indian to sit on. I make no doubt, but that he had carried him the whole way from where he received the wound, which, I presume, could not be less than two hundred miles; they tarried about two hours in town, then started off again;—the prisoner had to take the

wounded Indian on his back again and march off; I understood they had to go a considerable distance beyond Presquile, which I presume could not be less than three hundred and fifty or four hundred miles, that the poor unfortunate prisoner had to carry the wounded Indian on his back, before they would get to their destination:—however he had one advantage of what other prisoners had to undergo, that was, he was exempted from a severe beating, at every town they went through before they got to their destination, which every grown person has to suffer, as I shall relate hereafter. I understood by them, that it was a general custom among all their nations, that if any one happened to get wounded, that the rest would do their utmost to take a prisoner, or prisoners, to carry their wounded.

We lived about two years and a half in Shenango: we then moved to where they were settling a new town, called *Kseek-he-oong*, that is, a place of salt, a place now well known by the name of Salt Licks, on the wast branch of Beaver, where we lived about one year: we moved there about the time that General Forbes took Fort Du Quesne from the French. My brother had been about three years married; they had a young son whom they thought a great deal of; my sister-in-law was very cross to me, when my brother was absent; he had heard of it, and asked me when we were by ourselves, if his wife did not strike me sometimes, when he was absent,—I told him she did,—he bid me to let him know if ever she would strike me again; not long after, my brother being absent, she went to the corn field to work, and left her son in my care; as soon as she left us, I began to divert myself with a foot ball; the little fellow was running after me crying aloud, and his mother heard him. While I was engaged in my diversion, she came behind me unnoticed, and knocked me down with the handle of a billhook. I took the first opportunity to inform my brother how she had treated me; he advised her not to treat me so any more, telling her what the consequence would be if she did. She was highly affronted at him, and went off and left us. About three days after, she came back, attended by a female cousin of hers, to carry off her moveables; whilst she was gathering up her goods, my brother stepped out, and began to try the strength of some small branches that had been recently chopped off a green tree; at seeing that, she fled out of the house and ran as fast as she was able,—he pursued her, and whipped her severely; she ran back to the house for protection, and squatted down behind his mother, who had occasionly come to see us; it put the thoughts of leaving us out of her head: neither did she ever strike me afterwards.

Sometime while we resided at *Kseek-he-oong*, or Salt Licks, *Mossooh-whese*, or Ben Dickson, invented a kind of punishment to inflict on boys who would do mischief, such as quarrelling, plundering watermelon, or cucumber patches, &c., in the following manner:—there is a kind of fish that abounds in the western waters, called a gar, that has a very long bill, and long sharp teeth; he took the bill of one of those fish, and wrapped a thin rag round it, projecting the

teeth through the rag. He took any one who would do any kind of mischief, and after wetting their thighs and legs, he would score them from the hip down to the heel, three or four times on each thigh and leg, and some times, if they were found guilty, a second or third time, he would score them from the top of the shoulder down to the wrists, and from the top of the shoulder, on the back, to the contrary hip, crossways. It happened once, that a nephew of his, a very mischievous boy, threw the entrails of a turtle in my face, then ran off as quick as he could from me round the house; I picked up a stone and pursued him, and threw it after him; it happened to light on the top of his head and knocked him down, and cut his head badly, or, it is probable, he would have concealed it, as he well knew what the consequence would be; for his back, arms, thighs and legs were almost constantly raw, by the frequent punishments he got for his mischief.

However, Mush-sooh-whese happened to be out a fishing at the time; he was informed when he came home of what had taken place; I was apprehensive of what would be my doom, and was advised by my friencs to hide myself; accordingly I got into a small addition to the house, where a number of bails of deer skin and fur were piled up: I had not been long there until I heard him enquiring for me; they told him that I had gone down to the creek, and was not returned yet: he therefore ordered one of my brothers, (who had been with him a fishing the day before,) to stand up until he would score him; as my brother was partly man grown, he refused; a struggle ensued—however, my brother was obliged to give up. The reason he gave for punishing others who were not present at the time the mischief was done, was, that if they should be present at the time that any one was promoting mischief, he should do his best endeavour to prevent it, or inform against those who had done it—as the informer was always exempted from the punishment aforesaid. I then heard him say, that, if I was to stay away a year he would score me; he then went to the creek on the hunt of me; after he was gone, they told me that I might as well come out as conceal myself; accordingly I did. In a short time he came back, grinning and showing his toeth as if he had got a prize; he ordered me to stand up at the side of a post; I obeyed his orders—he then took and wet my thighs and legs, to prevent the skin from tearing: he took the gar's bill, and gave me four scores, or scrapes, with it, from the point of the hip down to the heel—the mark of which I will carry to my grave.

My oldest brother was from home at the time the above punishment was inflicted on us; he came home that same night; I scarcely ever saw him more out of humour, than when he found the way we had beon treated. He said, (whether he was in earnest or not, I cannot tell,) that if he had been at home, he would have applyed his *tim-ma-heek-can*, to Mus-sook-whese's head, rather than suffer such an ignominious punishment, as he conceived it, to be inflicted

on any of his family. However, he told *Mus-sooh-whese*, never to do the like again without his consent.

I was very near being innocently punished, about a year afterwards, notwithstanding I had more than a dozen of witnesses to prove that I was not, in the course of that day, where the mischief was done; which was only the plundering of a watermelon patch.

Whilst we were living at *Kseek-he-oong*, one Andrew Wilkins, a trader, came to the town, and was taken ill while there—he sent me to the other end of the town with some beads, to purchase a fowl for him, to work off a physic with; when I came back, he was sitting alone in the house: as he could talk the Indian tongue telerably well, he began to question me about where I was taken from; I told him from Conococheague—he asked my name; I told him. As soon as he returned to Shippensburg, (which was his place of residence,) he informed my father that he had seen me, which was the first account they received of me, from the time I was taken. The next spring, we moved to a town about fifteen miles off, called *Mohon-ing*, which signifies a lick. Some time in the summer following, my father came to Mo-hon-ing, and found me out. I was shy in speaking to him, even by an interpreter, as I had at that time forgot my mother tongue. My Indian brother not being at home, my father returned to Pittsburg and left me.

My brother was gone to *Tus-ca-la-ways*, about forty or fifty miles off, to see and hear a prophet that had just made his appearance amongst them; he was of the Delaware nation; I never saw nor heard him. It was said, by those who went to see him, that he had certain hieroglyphics marked on a piece of parchment, denoting the probation that human beings were subjected to, whilst they were living on earth, and also, denoting something of a future state. They informed me that he was almost constantly crying whilst he was exhorting them. I saw a copy of his hieroglyphics, as numbers of them had got them copied and undertook to preach, or instruct others. The first, (or principal doctrine,) they taught them, was to purify themselves from sin, which, they taught, they could do by the use of emetics, and abstinence from carnal knowledge of the different sexes; to quit the use of fire arms, and to live entirely in the original state that they were in before the white people found out their country, nay, they taught that that fire was not pure that was made by steel and flint, but that they should make it by rubbing two sticks together, which I have frequently assisted to do, in the following manner: take a piece of red cedar, have it well seasoned, get a rod of bortree, well seasoned, gouge out a small bit with the point of a knife, cut off the cedar about an eighth of an inch from the edge, set the end of the bortree in it, having first stuck a knife in the side of the cedar, to keep the dust that will rub out by the friction; then take it between the hands, and rub it, pressing hard on the cedar and rubbing as quick as possible; in about half a minute the fire will kindle. It was said, that their prophet taught them, or made them believe, that he had his instructions immediately

from *Keesh-she-la-mil-lang-up*, or a being that *thought* us into being, and that by following his instructions, they would, in a few years, be able to drive the white people out of their country.

I knew a company of them, who had secluded themselves for the purpose of purifying from sin, as they thought they could do; I believe they made no use of fire-arms. They had been out more than two years before I left them; whether they conformed rigidly to the rules laid down to them by their prophet, I am not able to say with any degree of certainty,—but one thing I know, that several women resorted to their encampment; it was said, that they made use of no other weapons than their bows and arrows: they also taught, in shaking hands, to give the left hand in token of friendship, as it denoted that they gave the heart along with the hand,—but I believe that to have been an ancient custom among them, and I am rather of opinion, that the practice is a caution against enemies—that is, if any violence should be offered, they would have the right hand ready to seize their *tim-ma-heek-can*, or tomahawk, or their *paughk-sheek-can*, or knife, to defend themselves, if necessary.

The fall following, my father went out to fort Venenggo, or French Creek, along with Wilkins. Wilkins sent a special messenger to Mohoning, for my brother to take me to Venenggo, telling him that my father would purchase me from him; accordingly he took me off without letting me know his intention, or, it is probable, I would not have gone with him. When we got to Venenggo, we encamped about a mile from the garrison; my brother went to the garrison to bargain with my father for me, but told me nothing of it. The next morning my father and two others came to our camp, and told me that my brother wanted to see me at the fort; I went along with them; when we got there he told me that I must go home with my father, to see my mother and the rest of my friends; I wept bitterly—all to no purpose; my father was ready to start; they laid hold of me and set me on a horse—I threw my myself off; they set me on again, and tied my legs under the horse's belly, and started away for Pittsburg; we encamped about ten or fifteen miles from Venenggo; before we lay down, my father took his garters and tied my arms behind my back; however, I had them loose before my father lay down; I took care to keep it concealed from them by keeping my arms back as if they were tied. About midnight, I arose from between my father and John Simeons, who was to accompany us to Pittsburg; I stepped out from the fire and sat down as if I had a real necessity for doing so; my father and Simeons arose and mended up the fire; whilst they were laying the chunks together, I ran off as fast as I could; I had got near a hundred yards from the camp, when I heard them hunting a large dog, which they had along with them, after me; I thought the dog would certainly overtake me; I therefore climbed up a tall tree, as fast as I could; the dog stopped at the root of the tree, but as they continued to hunt him on, he ran off again—they came past the tree: after they passed by me, I climbed further up, until I got to some limbs, where I could rest

myself; the dog came back to the tree again,—after a short time they came back and stood a considerable time at the root of the tree —then returned to the fire; I could see them distinctly from where I was; I remained on the tree about an hour; I then went down and steered through the woods till I found the road; I went about two or three miles along it, and the wolves were making a hideous noise all around me: I went off the road a short distance and climbed up a dogwood sapling, and fixed myself on the branches of it, where I remained till break of day; I then got on the road again; I ran along as fast as I was able, for about five miles, where I came to an Indian camp: they told me that I had better not keep the road, alledging that I would certainly be pursued; I took their advice and went off the road immediately, and steered through the woods till I got to where my friends were encamped; they advised me to take along the road that we came, when we came there; telling me that they were going to return home that day; I made no delay, but went on about ten miles, and there waited till they came up with me. Not long after I left them, my father came to the camp; they denied that they had seen me—supposing that I had gone on to Mohoning by myself, telling him that if I had, that they would take me to Pittsburg that fall.

Soon after we got home to Mohoning, instead of taking me to Pittsburg, agreeable to their promise, they set out on their fall hunt, taking me along with them; we staid out till some time in the winter before we returned.

We lived about a mile out of Mohoning; there were some traders at *Kseek-he-oong*, or Salt Licks, early in the spring. A nephew of my adopted brother's had stole a horse from one Tom Green, a trader; he pursued the thief to Mohoning; he was gone out a trapping when Green came after him. Green waited three days on the Indian's return with the horse. The third night, about midnight, there came an alarm, which was notified by hallooing *Quaah!* still repeating four halloos at a time, at certain intervals. When we heard the alarm, my oldest brother went off to the town, to see what was the matter. In about two hours he returned; Green asked him what was the matter—he told him that it was some foolish young fellows that had done it, for diversion. Green did not seem to be satisfied with the answer. However, about sun-rise *Mussough-whese*, (an Indian, my adopted brother's nephew, known by the name of Ben Dickson, among the white people,) came to our house; he had a pistol and a large scalping knife, concealed under his blanket, belted round his body. He informed *Ket-tooh-ha-lend*, (for that was my adopted brother's name,) that he came to kill Tom Green; but *Ket-tooh-ha-lend* endeavoured to persuade him off it. They walked out together, and Green followed them, endeavouring, as I suppose, to discover the cause of the alarm the night before; in a short time they returned to the house, and immediately went out again. Green asked me to bring him his horse, as we heard the bell a short distance off; he then went after the Indians again,

and I went for the horse. As I was returning, I observed them coming out of a house, about two hundred yards from ours; *Ket-took-ha-lend* was foremost, Green in the middle; I took but slight notice of them, until I heard the report of a pistol; I cast my eyes towards them, and observed the smoke, and saw Green standing on the side of the path, with his hands across his breast; I thought it had been him that shot: he stood a few moments, then fell on his face across the path; I instantly got off the horse, and held him by the bridle,—*Ket-took-ha-lend* sunk his pipe tomahawk into his skull; *Mus-souh-whese* stabbed him under the arm-pit with his scalping knife; he had shot him between the shoulders with his pistol. The squaws gathered about him, and stripped him naked, trailed him down the bank, and plunged him into the creek; there was a fresh in the creek, at the time, which carried him off. *Mus-sough-whese* then came to me, (where I was holding the horse, as I had not moved from the spot where I was when Green was shot,) with the bloody knife in his hand; he told me that he was coming to kill me next; he reached out his hand and took hold of the bridle, telling me that, that was his horse; I was glad to parley with him on the terms, and delivered the horse to him. All the Indians in the town immediately collected together, and started off to the Salt Licks, where the rest of the traders were, and murdered the whole of them, and divided their goods amongst them, and likewise their horses. My adopted brother took two horse loads of beaver skin, and set off with them to *Tus-ca-law-ways*, where a number of traders resided, and sold the fur to them. There happened to be an old Indian, who was known amongst the traders by the name of Daniel; he cautioned the traders not to purchase the fur from him, assuring them that he had murdered some traders—to convince them, he showed them that the skins were marked with so many different marks, which convinced him in his opinion; however, either through fear or some other motive, they exchanged goods for the fur; the same evening, old Daniel offered his service to them, assuring them that he would endeavour to conduct them safe into Pittsburg, adding that if they would not take his advice, he was sure they would be all murdered by day light the next morning; they took his advice, and as they lived about a mile out of town, they had an opportunity of going away without being discovered; they started shortly after dark, as was conjectured by the Indians, leaving all their merchandise behind them; how many there were of them, I do not recollect of hearing; however, as I heard, they went on safe until they got to *Ksack-hoong*, an old Indian town at the confluence of the Beaver and Ohio, where they came to an Indian camp unawares; probably the Indians had discovered them before they reached the camp, as they were ready for them; as soon as they made their appearance, the Indians fired on them—the whole of them fell, excepting old Daniel, and one Calhoun, who made his escape into Pittsburg; old Daniel had a bullet shot into his saddle, close behind him, the mark

of which I frequently saw, after he made his escape back to his friends.

Mohoning lay on the frontier, as they had evacuated all their towns to the north of it, when the war commenced. Shortly after the commencement of the war, they plundered a tanyard near to Pittsburg, and carried away several horse loads of leather, they also committed several depredations along the Juniata; it happened to be at a time when the small-pox was in the settlement where they were murdering, the consequence was, a number of them got infected, and some died before they got home, others shortly after; those who took it after their return, were immediately moved out of the town, and put under the care of one who had had the disease before. In one of their excursions, they took some prisoners—amongst them was one of the name of Beaty, whom they beat unmercifully, when they took him to Mohoning; they set him to make bridles for them, (that is to fill old bits,) of the leather they took from Pittsburg; he appeared very cross; he would often run at the little fellows with his knife or awls, when they came to look at him where he was at work: however, they soon took him off to *Cay-a-haw-ge*, a town not far distant from Lake Erie.

We remained in Mohoning till shortly after the memorable battle at Brushy Run; we then moved to *Cay-a-haw-ga;* the day before we got there, they began to be alarmed at Beaty's behaviour; they held a council, and agreed to kill him, lest he should take some of their lives. They led him about fifty or sixty perhces out of the town, some walking before and some behind him; they then shot him with arrows! I went out the evening after we got there, along with some little fellows, to see him; he was a very disagreeable sight to behold; they had shot a great number of arrows into his body—then went off and left him exposed to the vermin!

The same year that Beaty was taken, *Ket-tooh-ha-lend* was their *Moy-a-sooh-whese*, or foreman, of a party consisting of nine Indians; they came to a house where there were two men and a woman who had killed a hog, and had a large pot of water on the fire, making ready to scald it—*Ket-tooh-ha-lend* rushed into the house—the rest stopped at the outside; he seized the woman and shoved her out of the door, and told the rest to take care of her; one of the men broke out of the house and made off, whilst the other catched hold of *Ket-tooh-ha-lend* by the arms, and endeavoured to put him into the pot of boiling water, shoving him back to the corner of the house, where two guns were standing—he said he frequently called on the rest to come in to assist him, but none of them would venture in. The man was constantly looking about, either for assistance or fear of the rest of the Indians; he therefore, after he was almost exhausted, watched his opportunity, and suddenly putting his hand up behind the man's back, and catching hold of his queue, jerked his head back, by which means he got his other arm disengaged, and drew his *Tim-ma-heek-can*, or tomahawk, and knocked him on the head. But to his great mortification, when he came out, he

found the woman whom he had shoved out of the door, lying dead and scalped.

We stayed but a short time in *Cay-a-haw-ge*, then moved across the country to the forks of *Moosh-king-oong*, which signifies clear eyes, as the river abounds with a certain kind of fish that have very clear eyes; from thence we took up the west branch to its source, and from thence I know not where.

Nothing remarkable happened during our peregrinations, excepting what we suffered by hunger, it being in the winter; we sometimes had to make use of the stems of turkey quills for food, by running them under hot embers till they would swell and get crisp. We have subsisted on gum bark, and sometime on white plantain; but the greater part of our time on a certain kind of root that has something of the resemblance of a potatoe.

In the spring we returned to the west branch of *Moosh-king-oong*, and settled in a new town which we called *Kta-ho-ling*, which signifies a place where roots have been dug up for food. We remained there during the summer.

Sometime in the summer, whilst we were living at *Kta-ho-ling*, a great number of Indians collected at the forks of *Moos-king-oong*, perhaps there were about three hundred or upwards; their intention was to come to the settlement and make a general massacre of the whole people, without any regard to age or sex; they were out about ten days when the most of them returned; having held a council, they concluded that it was not safe for them to leave their towns destitute of defence. However, several small parties went on to different parts of the settlements: it happened that three of them, whom I was well acquainted with, came to the neighborhood of where I was taken from—they were young fellows, perhaps none of them more than twenty years of age,—they came to a school house, where they murdered and scalped the master and all the scholars, except one, who survived after he was scalped, a boy about ten years old, and a full cousin of mine. I saw the Indians when they returned home with the scalps; some of the old Indians were very much displeased at them for killing so many children, especially *Neep-paugh-whese*, or Night Walker, an old chief, or half king,—he ascriebd it to cowardice, which was the greatest affront he could offer them.

In the fall we were alarmed by a report that the white people were marching out against them, which, in a short time, proved to be true; Col. Barquett, with an army, was then actually marching out against them. As the Delaware nation was always on the frontier, (which was the nation I was amongst,) they had the first notice of it, and immediately gave the alarm to the other nations adjoining them. A council was called: the result was, that they were scarce of ammunition, and were not able to fight him; that they were then destitute of clothing; and that, upon the whole, it was best to come on terms of peace with the white people. Accordingly they sent off special messengers to meet the army on their march, in order to let

them know that they were disposed to come on terms of peace with them. The messengers met the army at Tuscalaways. They crept up to the camp after dark, and informed the guard that they were sent by their nation to sue for peace. The commander of the army sent for them to come into camp; they went and delivered their mission. The Colonel took care to take hostages for their fidelity; the remainder were suffered to return; but he told them he would march his army on to *Moosh-king-oong*, where he expected to meet their chiefs and warriors, to come on terms of peace with him, assuring them at the same time, that he would not treat with them, but upon condition, that they would deliver up all the prisoners they had in their possession. The messengers returned, and gave a narrative of their mission. The *Sha-a-noo-wack*, or Shawanese, were not satisfied with the terms; however as the Delawares had left hostages with the commander of the army, the Shawanese acquiesced to come on terms of peace, jointly with the other tribes. Accordingly the army marched on to *Moosh-king-oong*. The day they arrived there, an express was sent off to one of their nearest towns, to inform them that they were ready to treat with them. We then lived about ten miles from *Moosh-king-oong;* accordingly they took all the prisoners to the camp, myself amongst the rest, and delivered us up to the army. We were immediately put under a guard,—a few days after, we were sent under a strong guard to Pittsburg. On our way two of the prisoners made their escape, to wit, one Rhoda Boyd and Elizabeth Studibaker, and went back to the Indians. I never heard whether they were ever brought back or not.—There were about two hundred of us—we were kept a few days in Pittsburg. There was one John Martin, from the Big Cove, came to Pittsburg after his family, who had been taken by the Indians the fall before I was taken: he got leave from the Colonel to bring me down along with his family. I got home about the middle of December, 1764, being absent (as I heard my parents say) eight years, four months, and sixteen days. Previous to my return, my father had sold his plantation, where I was taken from, and bought another about four miles from the former, where I have resided ever since.

When I reflect on the various scenes of life I came through during my captivity, methinks I see the hand of Providence, remarkably conspicuous, throughout the whole. First, What but the hand of Providence directed them to take us alive, when our scalps might have answered the same purpose? or that they should, when apparently in danger, risk their lives by the incumbrance of us, by carrying us on their backs? Secondly, That they should not have drowned me outright, when they washed me in the Allegheny river? Thirdly, That they took any care of me, when I was apparently on the point of death, by two severe fits of sickness? Fourthly, That they should have taken any notice of me, when I was, to all appearance, drowned at Shenanggo? Nay, I have often thought that the hand of Providence guided me in making my escape

from my father, as, in all probability, I would have been at the school, where the master and scholars were murdered, as I had two cousins among the number, one of whom was scalped, and who, I believe, is yet alive ;—or even when *Mus-sough-whese* came to me, after he had murdered Green, with the bloody knife in his hand. I say, me thinks I see the hand of Providence remarkably displayed throughout the whole.

How often are we exposed to dangers, which we have neither had knowledge of nor power to prevent ? I could have related many dangers that I was exposed to, during my captivity, which I have thought proper to omit in the foregoing narrative ; as I am conscious that there are numbers, who never have had the trial of what they were able to undergo, would be ready to charge me with falsehood, as I have often observed what other narrators have met with.

Perhaps it will not be amiss to conclude this narrative, with a few observations on the manners and customs of the aborigenes of our country.

INDIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

They count it very bad manners, for any one to speak while another is talking, or for any one to interrupt another in discourse. They will readily cast up to any one who would do so, that they were no better than *Sho-wan nough-kock*, or white people. Whilst one is delivering a discourse, or relating a story, they pay the greatest attention to him, occasionally repeating the word *ke-hel-lah*, which signifies, I am paying attention to what you are saying. I shall now enter on the detail, as near as I can recollect.

They have some confused notion of the immortality of the soul, but they differ widely even in that point of their creed. Some are of opinion, that after the soul leaves the body, it enters into the body of some foetus of their own nation, where it will have to undergo all the vicissitudes of life, ast hey had done whilst they were in the former body, and that they will go from one body to another throughout the endless ages of eternity. Others are of opinion, that as soon as their *Lin-nap pe-oc-can*, or soul, leaves the body, it takes its flight to *Keesh-she-la-mil-lang-up*, or a being that *thought* us into being, as the word signifies, or to *Mah-tan-tooh*, or bad spirit, that is, the devil, there to enjoy happiness or endure misery, according to deeds done in the body. Others are of opinion, that their *Lin-nap pe-oc-can*, will have to wander about on the earth, for the same period of time that they had lived in the world, and undergo the same vicissitudes that they had done whilst they remained in the body ; then after that, they will go to *Keesh-she-la-mil-lang-up*, where they expect to remain in a happy state forever. I never understood by them, that they had any idea of the resurrection of the body after death.*

* The above were the general points, or heads of their creed, before their prophet made his appearance amongst them.

As to their religion, (if they may be said to have any,) they generally select their seed corn, when they are pulling it. After they plant, they take part of what is left, and sometimes the whole, and pound it into meal, then knead it into a large cake, and bake it under the ashes, having previously procured the head and neck of a doe, which they boil into jelly, then invite one of the oldest Indians of the town to come and eat it, permitting him or her to carry off the remainder with them. This, they say, is an offering to their maker, praying that he would give them a good increase of what they put in the ground. In like manner when their corn is in the roasting-ear, before they eat any of it themselves, they hunt for a buck;—if they happen to get a large one, they count it a good omen. They boil the whole in their kettles, and take as much of the green corn as they judge to be sufficient for their purpose, scraping it off the cob, and thickening the broth with it; then they invite twelve of the oldest persons in the town, to wit, six men and six women. When they assemble at the place, each brings a small kettle and a spoon with them. They are told that the provision prepared is an offering to *Keesh-she-la-mil-lang-up*. Having previously divided the meat into twelve shares, they give each an equal portion, and also divide the broth, or rather mush in the same manner. After they have eaten till they are satisfied, they raise a loud halloo, thus, *h*——*o*, holding the sound as long as they are able to retain it with one breath, repeating it twelves times; stopping at certain intervals and thanking their Maker for sending them such good provisions. After the ceremony is over, they take the skin of the buck and give it to one of the twelve, whom they think is in most need of it; at the same time giving one of the other sex as much wampum as they value the skin to be worth; at which they step out of doors and sit down, with their faces towards the rising of the sun, and perform the same ceremony, with the addition of sounding the word *h*——*e*, twice, with a low voice. After all is over, each retires home, carrying what they left from their meal home with them.

They have also several other rites: such as making a burnt offering of the head and neck of a buck to the sun; which they will perform with great solemnity, in the following manner: When the hunting season commences, the first large buck they kill they cut the neck off the the body, close to the shoulders; carry it home with the horns on; kindle a large fire, placing the wood east and west; lay the offering on the middle of the fire, with the face of it toward the east; then they take a terrapine shell, with a parcel of small white stones in it, and walk round the fire, rattling the shell, and singing very loud until the whole is consumed, the rest of the family sitting round the fire the whole time without uttering one word; neither will they eat any of the flesh of the buck, till after the offering is entirely consumed. It would be endless to describe the offerings they make to their various deities, such as the moon, burnt offerings to angels, which they denominate *Sink-ho-leek-can-*

nack, which signifies spirits above. They also make offerings to their deceased relatives ; such as tobacco, bread, meat, watermelons, and sometime wampum and apparel. It would be unnecessary to be particular in describing the various offerings that they offer to their various deities. I shall therefore dismiss this subject, and enter on others more interesting.

When a woman is in her pregnancy, she generally provides a hut, to which she resorts, when the time of her delivery approaches—as she does also at certain other times—during which period she has no communication with any other person, except those who carry provisions to her. Before she comes to her house again, she washes herself, and all her clothes, let the season be ever so severe. How they became so far acquainted with the Mosaic law, as treats of uncleanness, is a mystery to me ! I shall therefore leave the subject to be developed by abler writers.

OF THEIR MODE OF WARFARE.

When any one takes it into his head to go a tour at war, he informs some of his friends, or intimates, of his design, and if any of them approve of it, they tell him they will go along with him. As soon as he has three or four of a company made up, they go to their council-house, (as they have one in every town,) at night; having previously provided a drum for that purpose, they beat it, and sing war songs, and dance war dances. They are soon joined by others. As soon as they think they have a sufficient number, they proclaim the day they intend to march, and he that made the first proposition of going, is their *Moy-a-ooh-whese*, or foreman, for that tour. When they are ready to march, their *Moy-a-ooh-whese*, or captain, puts his luggage on his back, takes up his gun and tomahawk, and sometimes his *baugh-cas-king-gue-heek-can*, or what we call death mallet, the rest following his example; he sings a war song, the rest, at the same time, pronouncing a kind of articulation, or noise, (which I am not able to spell, with all the assistance the English alphabet can give.) When he is done, they all at once set up a most hideous yell. He then marches foremost out of the house, the rest following one after another, in the form of what we call Indian file ; when he is got clear of the town, he fires off his gun, and the rest follow his example. He then raises a war song, or tune, (which actually has some music in it,) which he sings so loud, that he may be easily heard a mile or two off, at which he continues till he gets out of hearing, the rest raising hideous yells at certain intervals. It must be observed, that if any one draws back, (which is seldom the case,) he is reckoned to be a coward ; so that they would rather abide the consequence of whatever might befall them, than to be charged with cowardice. When they return, they fix what scalps they get on the end of a long pole, which their *Moy-a-ooh-whese*, or foreman, carries over his shoulder ; the prisoners either go before or close after him. He raises the war halloo as soon as he thinks he is near

enough the town to be heard: as soon as he is heard at the town, all the young men run out to meet them; the foremost takes hold of the pole that the scalps are fixed to, and runs to the council-house as fast as he is able; some of those who come out to meet them, pursue the one that carries off the scalps, and the rest fall to beating the prisoners, (that is, if the prisoners are men,) if they are women, some of the men take hold of them by the hand, and lead them along; as soon as the squaws observe them, they run to meet them, and follow the example of the men: the beating that the women get, depends on those who lead them—that is, whether they run fast or slow. They generally quit beating them when they get to the council-house—the severe usage they get, depends on the number of towns they have to pass through, as they have to undergo a like treatment at every town. When they get to their destination, they adopt them into some family. Those whom they design to burn, they paint their faces black: they have a custom, (it cannot be said to be a law,) that is, if any one will offer the value of thirty buck-skins for the victim, he must be given up to him, alledging they would have bad luck if they refused to accept it: the one who makes the purchase, keeps him as a slave, to hunt and raise corn for him. I knew an old Indian who made three of these purchases; he was a man that showed great lenity to the white people; although he had been a great warrior, when he was young, whilst they were at war with other nations—such as the Catawbas, Cherokees, &c. I recollect he gave all those whom he had purchased up, at the time I was given up. The old Indian had his body covered over, from head to foot, with certain hieroglyphics—which they performed by inserting gunpowder, or charcoal, into the skin with the point of a turkey quill, sharpened in the form of a pen, or some other instrument they have for that purpose; which always denotes valour.—The method they take to perform the operation, is by tying the person who has to undergo it, on a broad slab, stretching out his arms and legs at full length, fastening them to posts drove into the ground for the purpose. When one side is done they turn up the other. So great is their superstition, that they would rather suffer death than flinch. It must be observed it is but the fewest number will undergo the operation—as it is generally done at the risk of life; indeed it was almost entirely out of custom when I left them.

I understood by them that it was their general custom, after they had been in an engagement, for every one who had taken off a scalp, to bring it to their *Moy-a-ooh-whese*, or foreman, and throw it down at his feet. There was one, who, after scalping the head, then, for diversion, scalped a man's privates, and brought it to his Moya-ooh-whese. I have heard him relate the fact, (as I believe it to be,) more than twenty times, which generally created a great laughter amongst them. I also heard others relate it as a fact, who were present at the time it was done.

Another narrative I have frequently heard them relate, was, that

they were out on a tour against the southern nations,—that some time in the after part of the day, they discovered a track, which they followed till dark. They concluded to stop till morning; but old *Pee-til*,* that is Peter, an uncle of mine, (a most barbarous, inhuman old wretch,) told them that if they would follow him he would keep the track till day-light, they agreed to do so, and to their great surprise he shewed them the track the next morning, which they followed until about the middle of the day, when they came to an encampment of hunters, and surprised and killed a number of them.

I have often heard *Mus-sooh-whese*, or Ben Dickeson, relate that he had been down murdering, but was not satisfied with what he had done, because one white man had out-run him, and made his escape, notwithstanding he had shot at him when he was jumping over a fence, not more than four or five steps from him. He therefore left the company, and went to another part of the settlement, where he skulked about some time; at last, being at the side of a creek, one morning, he saw a deer in the water which he thought he would kill; whilst he was creeping up to the deer, he heard a rustling in the leaves close by him; on looking about, he saw a white man creeping towards the deer, whom he shot instantly on the spot, and pulled off his scalp. An old man, whom he supposed to be the father of the man he had killed, came running towards him, hallooing at him if he had killed the deer; as Dickeson could speak the English language perfectly well, he answered, Yes, by G—d, and if you don't believe me here is the skin; shaking his son's scalp at him. The old man made his escape from him.

OF MATRIMONY.

When a man takes the notion of marriage, (that is only those who are of some note amongst them,) he informs his mother, or some other female relative, of his intention of entering into the matrimonial state, requesting her to make a choice for him. She then mentions half a dozen or more whom she knows to be industrious, out of which he makes choice of two or three of the number—making a preference of one out of the whole; he then gives his mother, or other female relative, a shroud, or piece of broad-cloth about a yard and a half square; they are of different colours; some red, some black, and some blue, which the women double up and tie round their waist for a petticoat; a blanket or pair of leggins; and some-

* Old Peetil was a brother to An-nan-zees, whom I mentioned I had lived with the first year I was amongst them. Notwithstanding they were brothers, I presume that their natural tempers were as opposite, as that between an angel of light, and the old promoter of all mischief, or the devil.

Many cruelties I have heard others relate—which they said they had seen him do—besides one or two, that I had ocular demonstration of—how he treated two prisoners, (both females,) whom he had taken and kept as slaves; for he never would consent to have any of the white people adopted into his family.

times a shirt: if they are good hunters, and become pretty wealthy, they will sometimes send the whole as a present to the intended bride. The present is offered to the woman whom he first made choice of, and so on, alternately; if the first refuses to accept of it, the one that takes it is informed what part of the house he lies in: some time in the night, after they all retire to bed, the modest bride slips away to him and creeps down behind him—where she lies till about an hour or two before day; then she rises and goes home, pounds a mortar full of corn, bakes it into cakes, puts them into a basket, carries them to the groom's house and sets them down at his bed head; then goes home again: he rises up by day-light, takes some of the cakes, and his gun,—if he has good luck, and kills a deer soon, it is reckoned a good omen; he takes it on his back, and carries it to the bride's house, throws it down at the door, and goes his way home, which completes the nuptials. The modest bride appears shy and bashful for a few days—and only goes to the groom at nights after the family retire to bed: still observing to bring the groom his provisions every morning, (that is if she has any to spare.) In a few days she becomes more familiar, and at last contents herself to live along with him; they are generally jealous with their wives, and sometimes they will whip them severely if they judge them to be unfaithful to the marriage bed. It must be observed, that the women have to do all the domestic labour—such as raising corn, cutting firewood and carrying it home on their backs; and I have known the men when they had killed a deer five or six miles off, to carry the skin home on their backs, and send their wives for the carcase. The hard labor they are subjected to, is, perhaps, the reason they are not so prolific as civilized nations. They do not reckon polygamy to be a crime by the men, although a woman is obliged to content herself with one man at once. They are seldom guilty of incestuous marriages—I never knew but one instance of the kind whilst I was amongst them; and that was a man that took two sisters to wife at the same time. I have heard them say, that if a man was known to be guilty of incest with a near relation, even a first cousin, that he ought to be put to death.

OF THEIR FUNERALS.

When one dies, they dress the corpse with a shirt, a new blanket or shroud, a pair of new leggins and moccasons; tie belts and strings of wampum round the neck; paint the face with vermillion, and then stretch them out. As soon as day-light disappears, two of the relatives of the deceased go out of the house where the corpse lies, and fire off their guns, six rounds, as fast as they can load and fire. As soon as that is over, all the men in the town fire off their guns alternately. So that a stranger, not acquainted with their ways, would be led to believe that it was an engagement. As many as choose, go to the wake. The women occupy the side of the fire where the corpse is laid; the men the opposite side, where they

pass their time at playing cards; the women are engaged at a certain kind of play, which I think it needless to describe. At certain intervals the women quit their diversion, and set up a lamentable noise or tune, still repeating the relationship that existed between them and the deceased, at which the men quit the cards, and sit with great solemnity for about the space of half an hour: then go to their diversion again. About break of day they fire off their guns, as they had done the preceding evening. They dig the grave about four or five feet deep, directly east and west; they make slabs which they place on the bottom, and at each side; then lay in the corpse, with the head to the east, and put a broad slab over the top; then fill the grave nearly full of stones, heaping the dirt which they dug out of it on the top, so that when it is finished, it has the resemblance of a potatoe-hole; they set up a long pole at each end of the grave; they paint the one at the head, if the deceased has been a warrior, with certain hieroglyphics—denoting how often he had gone to war—how many he had killed—if he has been a *Moy-a-ooh-whese*, or foreman—how many men he had lost, and how often he had been wounded. For a year after the interment, the female relatives will frequently go to the grave, and lament over the deceased; they will sometimes take a parcel of tobacco to the grave, inviting some person, near of the same age of the deceased, to go along with them to smoke the tobacco, believing that the deceased will get the benefit of it after it is consumed.

The only punishment they inflict for murder is, to retaliate on some of the most respectable relatives of the murderer: they will keep it in memory to the third and fourth generation. I knew one who stabbed another under the arm with his knife, whose great grandfather, he said, had killed his great grandfather, many years before; they kept it in memory from one generation to another, till they found a fit object to wreak their vengeance upon. The fellow was told by the one who stabbed him, that he was going to revenge the death of his great grandfather on him; he gave him three stabs under the left arm, but he got cured of his wounds; I saw him several times afterwards, and I heard those who were present at the time when he was stabbed, say, that he sat as unconcerned as if nothing had ailed him, until some minutes after he had received the wounds; he then tumbled over in a fainting fit. The knife was taken from the one who stabbed him—I saw it frequently afterwards, as it was my adopted brother that took it, and undertook the cure; it was a common pocket knife, about three inches long in the blade.

LITIGATION.

Litigation is entirely unknown among them; they allow that all men have an equal right to the soil, except what they improve—and that only during the time they occupy it. When a family build a house and improve a piece of land, and afterwards remove to another town, (which they frequently do,) the first that comes, takes posses-

sion of the house and improvements, without any interruption. If the right owner returns within a year or two, they restore his house and field to him, without any contention.—If any one steals a horse, or any other property, the owner takes it wherever he can find it.—It must be observed, however, that they are seldom guilty of larceny amongst themselves, although they do not consider it to be a crime to steal from the white people.

They pretend greatly to necromancy. If a person loses any thing, those necromancers will readily undertake to tell him, or her, whether the property was stolen or lost—if stolen, who the thief is, and where it might be found. Those conjurers are also considered to be doctors; if they are applied to by the relatives of the sick, they will readily undertake the cure, still observing to conjure out the disease before they prescribe any medicine. The method they take is this:—They lay the patient on his back, or side, on the floor; the doctor, or conjurer, sits down with great solemnity at his head, rattles a terrapine shell, and sings a conjuring song for about a quarter of an hour, then lays down his shell, clasps his hands and makes a kind of articulation, or noise, that nearly resembles dogs that are going to fight, talking by the intervals as if he was conversing with familiar spirits; jirking from side to side, as if he were making some discovery, occasionally taking a sup of water, which he has set by his side, and blowing over his patient. After he has gone over his manœuvres, he pretends that he has discovered the disorder; as he pretends that he can see into the inside of the patient—he then gives directions what herbs to get, and how to make use of them. There were two of these conjuring doctors employed when I was sick, but I do not recollect that I got any benefit by them.

Whilst we were living at *Kseek-he-cong*, my brother took unwell, he complained of a severe pain on the back part of his neck, or rather between his shoulders—as they impute almost every disease, incident to their manner of living, to be the effect of witchcraft, my brother readily concluded, as well as others, that he was bewitched: he had no appetite, and appeared to pine away; he continued in that condition more than a month, when a trading Indian came to the town with liquor—as they are generally much addicted to intoxication, they soon got to drinking; the night after they got to their drunken frolick, they continued to drink without relaxation whilst the liquor was kept in the town. A number of them, of both sexes, were collected at our house—we had two fires in the middle of the house, one at the side of the other; they were all sitting promiscuously on deer and bear skins, spread on the floor for that purpose. There was a woman who had the reputation of being a witch; my brother was in such pain that he could not turn his head round without turning his body also; whilst they were sitting round the fire, the woman, who was perhaps about forty years of age, rose up instantly and clapped down on her knees behind his back, she clinched her hands, putting one on the part that was pained, the

other on the top of that, then applied her mouth to the uppermost hand; she sat in that position about half a minute, apparently sucking her fist; at last she threw herself back and struggled for a few moments, as if she was in a convulsion; after she rose up, she reached her hand across the fire to an Indian, who had the name of being a necromancer, he apparently took something out of her hand and held it close in his for a considerable time, then rose up and stepped out a few minutes. A few days after they had got over their drunken frolic, he came back, after taking a smoke of *Qush-a-tih-ok-kil-lick-ken-eek-can*, that is, tobacco and a mixture, such as sumac leaves, red sally bark, &c.—he drew up the edge of a deer-skin behind where she sat, when the woman reached her hand across the fire to him, he scraped up the earth where he drew out a leaf that had been folded up; when he unfolded the leaf, he took out a small piece of muscle-shell, which he said was what the woman gave him, and that it had been fixed between my brother's shoulders by a *Man-nit-tooh*, a spirit, or necromancer as the word signifies, which, he said, would undoubtedly have taken his life, had it not been taken off. If there was any deception in what I have related, there must have been several others deceived as well as myself; however, there was one thing I was not deceived in, that was, my brother recovered from that instant, and continued in perfect health until I left him, and that was at least four years afterwards.

When they returned from a tour at war, I have heard them relate the method they took to decoy the unwary; sometimes getting into wheat fields and bleating like a fawn, in order to decoy the people out to catch it, that they might take or kill them; sometimes fixing themselves near to a house, and about break of day they would gobble like a turkeycock, in order to decoy men out that they might kill them. Sometimes they have gone to houses, where they expected to meet with no resistance, in order to get information of the situation of the country, and after getting victuals, and the necessary information, they would murder their informers.

I might have also related the many necessary precautions we have taken, when we were apprehensive of danger; but I have exceeded the limits I prescribed in writing this narrative. I shall therefore close it, subscribing myself your humble servant,

JOHN McCULLOUGH.

AN ACCOUNT
OF THE CAPTIVITY OF
RICHARD BARD, ESQ.

Late of Franklin County, Penn. deceased, with his Wife and Family, and others.

COLLECTED FROM HIS PAPERS BY HIS SON, ARCHIBALD BARD.

My father, Richard Bard, lived in York County, now Adams, and owned the mill now called Marshall's mill, in what is called Carroll's tract, where, on the morning of the 13th of April, 1758, his house was invested by a party of nineteen Indians. They were discovered by a little girl called Hannah M'Bride, who was at the door, and on seeing them, screamed, and ran into the house. At this time, there were in the house, my father, mother, and lieutenant Thomas Potter, (brother of general Potter) who had come the evening before (being a full cousin) together with a child of about 6 months old, and a bound boy. The Indians rushed into the house and one of them, with a large cutlass in his hand, made a blow at Potter, but he so managed it as to wrest the sword from the Indian, and return the blow, which would have put an end to his existence, had not the point struck the ceiling, which turned the sword so as to cut the Indian's hand. In the mean time, Mr. Bard (my father) laid hold of a horseman's pistol that hung on a nail, and snapped it at the breast of one of the Indians, but there being tow in the pan it did not go off; at this, the Indians seeing the pistol, ran out of the house.—By this time one of the Indians at the door had shot at Potter, but the ball took him only in the little finger. The door was now shut and secured as well as possible; but finding the Indians to be very numerous, and having no powder or ball, and as the savages might easily burn down the house by reason of the thatched roof, and the quantity of mill wood piled at the back of the building, added to the declarations of the Indians, that they would not be put to death, determined them to surrender; on which a party of the Indians went to a field and made prisoners Samuel Hunter, and Daniel M'Manimy. A lad of the name of William White coming to the mill, was also made a prisoner. Having secured the prisoners, they took all the valuable effects out of the house, and set fire to the mill. They then proceeded towards the

mountain, and my mother enquiring of the Indians who had care of her, was informed that they were of the Delaware nation. At the distance of about seventy rods from the house, contrary to all their promises, they put to death Thomas Potter, and having proceeded on the mountain about three or four miles, one of the Indians sunk the spear of his tomahawk into the breast of the small child, and after repeated blows scalped it. After crossing the mountain, they passed the house of Mr. Halbert T—— and seeing him out, shot at him, but without effect. Thence, passing late in the evening M'Cord's old fort, they encamped about half a mile in the gap. The second day, having passed into the Path Valley, they discovered a party of white men in pursuit of them ; on which they ordered the prisoners to hasten, for should the whites come up with them, they should be all tomahawked. Having been thus hurried, they reached the top of the Tuskarora mountian and all had sat down to rest, when an Indian, without any previous warning, sunk a tomahawk into the forehead of Samuel Hunter, who was seated by my father, and by repeated blows put an end to his existence. He was then scalped, and the Indians, proceeding on their journey, encamped that evening some miles on the north of Sideling Hill. The next day they marched over the Alleghany mountain, through what is now called Blair's gap. On the fifth day, whilst crossing Stoney Creek, the wind blew a hat of my father's from the head of the Indian in whose custody he was. The Indian went down the stream some distance before he recovered it. In the mean time my father had passed the creek, but when the Indian returned, he severely beat my father with the gun, and almost disabled him from travelling any further. And now, reflecting that he could not possibly travel much further, and that if this was the case, he would be immediately put to death, he determined to attempt his escape that night. Two days before this, the half of my father's head was painted red. This denoted that a council had been held, and that an equal number were for putting him to death and for keeping him alive, and that another council was to have taken place to determine the question. Being encamped, my parents, who before this had not liberty to speak to one another, were permitted to assist each other in plucking a turkey, and being thus engaged, the design of escaping was communicated to my mother. After some of the Indians had laid down, and one of them was amusing the others, with dressing himself with a gown of my mother's, my father was called to go for water. He took a quart and emptying it of what water it contained, stept about six rods down to the spring. My mother perceiving this, succeeded so well in confining the attention of the Indians to the gown, that my father had got about one hundred yards, when the Indians from one fire, cried to those of another, *your man is gone.* They ran after him, and one having brought back the quart, said, *here is the quart, but no man.* They spent two days in looking after him, while the prisoners were confined in the camp ; but after an unsuccessful search, they proceeded down

the stream to the Alleghany river, thence to fort Duquesne, now fort Pitt. After remaining there one night and a day, they went about twenty miles down the Ohio, to an Indian town, on entering which a squaw took a cap off my mother's head, and with many others severely beat her. Now almost exhausted with fatigue, she requested leave to remain at this place, but was told she might, if she preferred being scalped to proceeding. They then took her to a town called Cususkey. On arriving at this place, Daniel M'Manimy was detained outside of the town, but my mother, the two boys and girls, were taken into the town, at the same time having their hair pulled, faces scratched, and beaten in an unmerciful manner. Here I shall extract from my father's papers the manner and circumstances of M'Manimy's death. This account appears to have been obtained from my mother, shortly after her return, who received it from those who had been eye witnesses of the tragical scene. The Indians formed themselves into a circle, round the prisoner, and commenced by beating him; some with sticks, and some with tomahawks. He was then tied to a post near a large fire, and after being tortured sometime with burning coals, they scalped him, and put the scalp on a pole to bleed before his face. A gun barrel was then heated red hot, and passed over his body, and with a red hot bayonet they pierced his body with many repetitions. In this manner they continued torturing him, singing and shouting, until he expired. Shortly after this, my mother set out from this place, leaving the two boys and girl, whom she never saw again, until they were liberated. She was now distressed beyond measure; going she knew not where, without a comforter, without a companion, and expecting to share the fate of M'Manimy in the next town she would reach. In this distressed situation she met a number of Indians among whom was a captive woman. To her my mother made known her fears, on which she was informed that her life was not in danger, for that belt of wampum, said she, about your neck, is a certain sign, that you are intended for an adopted relation. They, soon after, arrived at a town, and being taken into the council-house, two squaws entered in—one stept up and struck my mother on the side of the head. Perceiving that the other was about to follow this example, she turned her head and received a second blow. The warriors were highly displeased, such acts in a council-house being contrary to the usage. Here a chief took my mother by the hand, and delivered her to two Indian men, to be in the place of a deceased sister. She was put in charge of a squaw in order to be cleanly clothed. She had remained here, with her adopted friends near a month, when her party began to think of removing to the head waters of the Susquehanna, a journey of about two hundred miles. This was very painful to my mother, having already travelled above two hundred miles over mountains and swamps until her feet and legs were extremely swollen and sore. Fortunately, on the day of their setting out, a horse was given to her by her adopted brother; but before they had travelled far, one of

the horses in the company died, when she was obliged to surrender hers to supply its place. After proceeding on her journey some miles, they were met by a number of Indians, one of whom told her not be discouraged, as a peace was about to take place shortly, when she would have leave to return home. To this information she was the more disposed to give credit, as it came from one who was a chief counsellor in the Delaware nation with whom she was a prisoner. Having arrived near the end of her journey, to her great surprise, she saw a captive dead by the road side, having been tomahawked and scalped. She was informed that he had endeavoured to escape, but was overtaken at this place. On arriving at the place of destination, having, in all, travelled near five hundred miles, the fatigue which she had undergone, with cold and hunger, brought on a severe fit of sickness, which lasted near two months. In this doleful situation, having no person to comfort, or sympathize with her, a blanket was her only covering, and her bed was the cold earth, in a miserable cabin ; boiled corn was her only food. She was reduced to so weak a state as to consider herself as approaching the verge of dissolution. But recovering from her sickness, she met with a woman with whom she had been formerly acquainted. This woman had been in captivity some years, and had an Indian husband by whom she had one child. My mother reproved her for this, but received for answer, that before she had consented, they had tied her to a stake in order to burn her. She added, that as soon as their captive women could speak the Indian tongue, they were obliged to marry some one of them, or be put to death. This information, induced her to determine never to learn the Indian language, and she adhered to this determination all the time she remained with them, from the day of her captivity to that of her releasement, a space of two years and five months. She was treated during this time, by her adopted relations, with much kindness ; even more than she had reason to expect.

I shall now return to the narration of facts respecting my father, after he had made his escape from the Indians as before stated.

The Indians, as soon as he was missed, gave chase. Finding himself closely pursued, he hid in a hollow log until they had gone by and out of hearing, when, turning in a different direction, he resumed his flight. Two days, it has been said, were spent by the Indians in search of him ; in the mean time, with much fatigue and suffering, he came to a mountain four miles across, and at the top covered with snow. By this time he was almost exhausted, having travelled nearly constantly for two days and nights, and being without food, except a few buds plucked from the trees as he went along; his shoes were worn out ; and the country he travelled through being extremely rough and in many places covered with briers of a poisonous nature, his feet were very much lacerated and swollen. To add to his difficulties the mountain was overgrown with laurel, and the snow lodged upon its leaves so bent it down that he was unable in many places to get along in his weak condition, except by

creeping upon his hands and knees under the branches.—Three days had now elapsed since his escape; and although he feared that the Indians were still in pursuit of him, and that by travelling along the mountain they would find his tracks in the snow, and by that means be led to his place of concealment, yet he found himself so lame that he could proceed no farther. His hands also, by crawling upon them in the snow, became almost as much swollen as his feet. He was therefore compelled to lye by, without much prospect indeed of ever procreeding any farther on his journey. Besides the danger of being overtaken by his savage pursuers, he was in fact in a starving condition, not having tasted food since his escape, except the buds already mentioned, plucked as he journeyed on from the bean-wood or red-bud tree, as it is called. On the fifth day, however, as he was creeping on his hands and knees (not being able yet to walk) in search of buds or herbs to appease his hunger, he was fortunate enough to see a rattlesnake, which he killed and ate raw. After lying by three or four days, he allayed the swelling of his feet, by puncturing the festered parts with a thorn; he then tore up his breeches, and with the pieces bound up his feet as well as he could. Thus prepared, he again set out upon his journey, limping along with great pain; but he had no other alternative, except to remain where he was and die. He had gone but a few miles when, from a hill he had just ascended, he was startled by the welcome sound of a drum; he called as loud as he could, but there was no one to answer; it was but a delusion of the imagination. Sad and disappointed he journeyed on again, and on the eighth day crossed the Juniata by wading it, which, on account of his lameness, he accomplished with great difficulty. It was now night and very cold, and his clothes being wet, he was so benumbed that he was afraid to lie down lest he should perish; and he, therefore, lame and wearied as he was, determined to pursue his journey, although it was very dark. Providential circumstance! for in the course of the night as he wandered on, he scarcely knew whither, he was attracted by the sight of a fire apparently abandoned the day before, probably by a party of the settlers who were out in pursuit of the savages.—Remaining here till morning, he discovered a path leading in the direction of the settlements, which he followed with as much speed as he was able. This was the ninth day since his escape, during which time a few buds and four snakes were all he had to subsist on. In the afternoon of this day he was alarmed by suddenly meeting at a turn of his path three Indians; but they proved friendly, and instead of killing him, as he expected when he first saw them, they conducted him in a few hours to Fort Littleton, (in Bedford county,) a place well known to him, where he remained a few days, until sufficiently recruited in strength to proceed home.

Some time after my father's return home, he went to fort Pitt, which was then in the hands of the English, and a number of Indians being on the opposite side of the river, about to form a treaty, he one evening went over, to make enquiry concerning my

mother. My father observed among them several who were present when he was taken prisoner ; to these he discovered himself. But they professed not to know him, on which he enquired of them if they did not recollect having been at the taking of nine persons, referring them to the time and place. They then acknowledged it, and enquired of him how he got home, &c. after which he made enquiry concerning my mother, but they said they knew nothing of her, but promised to give him some information by the time of his return the next day. He then returned to the fort. Shortly after this, a young man, who had been taken by the Indians when a child, followed him, and advised him not to return, for that when he had left them he had heard them say, that they never had a stronger desire for any thing than to have sunk the tomahawk into his head, and that they had agreed to kill him on his return next day. After this man had requested my father not to mention any thing of his having been with him, or of the subject of their conversation, he returned to camp.

I may here state that from the time that my father was taken by the Indians, until my mother was released, he did little else than wander from place to place in quest of information respecting her, and after he was informed where she was, his whole mind bent upon contriving plans for her redemption. Desiring, with this view, to go again to Pittsburg, he fell in with a brigade of wagons, commanded by Mr. Irvine ; with them he proceeded as far as Bedford, but finding this a tedious way of travelling, he spoke to the commanding officer of the place to get captain White Eyes, who commanded a party of Indians, to promise to accompany him to Pittsburg. This was accordingly done, and the Indians having agreed to take him safe to Pitt, my father set out with them, having a horse and a new rifle. They had proceeded but about two miles, when an Indian turned off the road and took up a scalp which that morning had been taken off one of the wagoners. This alarmed my father not a little ; but having proceeded about ten miles further, the Indians again turned off the road, and brought several horses and a keg of whiskey which had been concealed. Shortly after this, the Indians began to drink so as to become intoxicated. White Eyes then signified to my father that as he had ran off from them, he would then shoot him, and raised his gun to take aim ; but my father, stepping behind a tree, ran round it while the Indian followed. This for a time gave great amusement to the bystanders, until a young Indian stepped up, twisted the gun out of the hands of White Eyes, and hid it under a log. The Indians became considerably intoxicated, and scattered, leaving White Eyes with my father. White Eyes then made at him with a large stick, aiming at his head, but my father threw up his arm, and received so severe a blow as to blacken it for weeks. At this time an Indian of another nation, who had been sent as an express to Bedford, came by. Captain White Eyes applied to him for his gun to shoot my father, but the Indian refused, as they were about making peace, and the killing of my father would bring on

another war: (being of different nations they were obliged to speak in English.) By this time my father, finding himself in a desperate situation, resolved at all events to attempt an escape; he said to captain White Eyes, our horses are going away, and went towards them, expecting every minute to receive a ball in his back, but on coming up to his horse, he got on him and took to the road; he had gone but a short distance when he saw the Indian who had taken the gun out of White Eyes hand sleeping at a spring, and I have often heard him say, had it have been any other of the Indians, he would have shot him. Fearing pursuit, he rode as fast as his horse could go, and, having travelled all night, he got to Pittsburg the next morning shortly after sun-rise, and he was not there more than three hours until the Indians were in after him: but from a fear of injury being done my mother, should he kill them, he suppressed his anger, and passed the matter by. Here he had an opportunity of writing her a letter, requesting her to inform her adopted friends, that if they would bring her in, he would pay them forty pounds. But having waited for an answer until he became impatient, he bargained with an Indian to go and steal her away. But the night before he was to start he declined going, saying that he would be killed if he went. In this situation he resolved at all hazards to go himself and bring her; for which purpose he set out and went to a place on the Susquehannah, I think it was called Shomoken, not far from what is called the Big Cherry Trees. From here he set out on an Indian path, along which he had travelled until evening, when he was met by a party of Indians who were bringing in my mother; the Indians past him by, and raised the war halloo—my mother felt distressed at their situation, and my father perceiving the Indians not to be in a good humor, began to promise them their pay, as he had promised by letter, when they would come to Shomoken, but the Indians told him that if he got them among the whites he would then refuse to pay them, and that they would then have no redress; finding they were thus apprehensive, he told them to keep him as a hostage out in the woods and send his wife into town, and he would send an order for the money to be paid them, and that if it was not done they might do with him as they pleased. This had the desired effect,—they got quite good humored and brought them in, on doing which the money was paid agreeably to promise. Before my father and mother left Shomoken, he requested an Indian who had been an adopted brother of my mother, if ever he came down amongst the white people to call and see him. Accordingly, some time afterwards the Indian paid him a visit, he living then about ten miles from Chambersburg. The Indian having continued for some time with him, went to a tavern, known by the name of M'Cormack's, and there became somewhat intoxicated, when a certain Newgen, (since executed in Carlisle for stealing horses,) having a large knife in his hand, struck it into the Indian's neck, edge foremost, designing thereby to thrust it in between the bone and throat, and by drawing it forward to cut his throat, but he partly missed his

aim, and only cut the forepart of the wind-pipe. On this Newgen had to escape from justice; otherwise the law would have been put in force against him. And it has been remarked, that ever after he continued to progress in vice until his death. A physician was brought to attend the Indian; the wound was sewed up, and he continued at my father's until he had recovered; when he returned to his own people, who put him to death, on the pretext of his having, as they said, joined the white people.

In August, 1764, (according to the best accounts of the time,) my father and his family, from fear of the Indians, having moved to my grandfather Thomas Poe's, about three miles from his own place, he took a black girl with him to his own place to make some hay—and being there at his work, a dog which he had with him began to bark and run towards and from a thicket of bushes. Observing these circumstances he became alarmed, and taking up his gun, told the girl to run to the house, for he believed there were Indians near. So they made towards the house, and had not been there more than an hour, when from the loft of the house they saw a party, commanded by Capt. Potter, late Gen. Potter, in pursuit of a party of Indians who had that morning murdered a school master of the name of Brown, with ten small children, and scalped and left for dead one by the name of Archibald McCullough, who recovered and was living not long since. It was remarkable that with but few exceptions, the scholars were much averse to going to school that morning. And the account given by McCullough is, that when the master and scholars met at the school, two of the scholars informed him that on their way they had seen Indians, but the information was not attended to by the master, who ordered them to their books; soon afterwards two old Indians and a boy rushed up to the door. The master seeing them, prayed them only to take his life and spare the children; but unfeelingly the two old Indians stood at the door whilst the boy entered the house and with a piece of wood, made in the form of an Indian maul, killed the master and scholars, after which the whole of them were scalped.

A NARRATIVE

OF FACTS FURNISHED BY

ROBERT ROBISON,

Who was an eye-witness to many of the transactions related—was wounded at the Kittanning when it was taken by Col. afterwards Gen. John Armstrong, and a second time at the skirmish at Buffalo Creek, where two of his brothers fell victims to savage fury.

He says, Sideling Hill was the first fought battle after Braddock's defeat; in the year 1756, a party of Indians came out of Conococheague, to a garrison named M'Cord's Fort, where they killed some and took a number prisoners.—They then took their course near to Fort Littleton; Captain Hamilton being stationed there with a company, hearing of their route at M'Cord's Fort, marched with his company of men, having an Indian with them who was under pay; this Indian led the company, came to the tracks of the Indians, and followed them to Sideling Hill, where they found them with their prisoners, giving the first fire but without doing much damage; the Indians returned the fire, defeated our men, and killed a number of them; my brother, James Robison, was among the slain.—The Indians had M'Cord's wife with them; they cut off Mr. James Blair's head, and threw it in Mrs. M'Cord's lap, saying that was her husband's head; but she knew it to be Blair's.

The next I remember of, was in the same year, the Woolcomber family, on Shearman's Creek; the whole of the inhabitants of the valley were gathered to a fort at George Robison's; but Woolcomber would not leave home; he said it was the Irish who were killing one another; these peaceable people, the Indians, would not hurt any person. Being at home, and at dinner, the Indians came in, and the Quaker asked them to come and eat dinner; an Indian answered that he did not come to eat, but for scalps; the son, a boy of 14 or 15 years of age, when he heard the Indian say so, repaired to a back door, and as he went out he looked back and saw the Indian strike the tomahawk into his father's head. The boy then ran over the creek, which was near to the house, and heard the screams of his mother, sisters and brothers.—The boy came to our

fort and gave us the alarm,—about forty went to where the murder was done and buried the dead.

In the month of September, 1757, Col. John Armstrong, with 307 men, went to Kittanning, undiscovered until we came to a place called the Forty Mile Lick, where the Indians trimmed the hair of the prisoners.—We lay there on Saturday night; the next morning the Colonel ordered two of our guides to spy the town; they went, and brought back word that the Indians were there.—The names of the spies were Thomas Barke and James Chalmers, both old traders.—We marched from that place to the town that day and night.

When we came within about six miles of the town, we observed a fire; our Colonel ordered two men to go and spy how many Indians there were at the fire; accordingly they went, but could see only four, the rest had lain down and could not be seen. The Colonel left Lieut. Hoge, with twelve men, to fight these supposed four; whereas the prisoners give the account, that there was twenty-five Indians sent out to kill meat for the company that was to be there next night, consisting of 150, destined for Virginia. These twelve men and their officer, crawled near the Indians before daybreak. An Indian came towards them and was like to come too near, the Indian not knowing any thing of them; these men fired at this Indian, but missed him, when all the Indians ran from the fire and left their guns standing at a rack, which they commonly have. Our men standing, and not laying hold of the Indians' guns, gave them time to return for their guns, and commence a battle. Out of which party the Indians killed the Lieutenant and five men, and wounded two others. Shortly after they began, we began at the town, and they heard our firing which discouraged the Indians greatly; our people telling them, your town is on fire, you dogs you: our people got off, and the Indians did not follow them as they would have done. When the Indian magazine blew up in the town, they ceased firing a considerable time, which report was heard at Fort Pitt. A boy of the name of Crawford, told afterwards, that he was up at the Kittanning the next day, with some French and Indians, and found Captain Jacobs, his squaw and son, with some others.

The form in which we made the attack was: our captains stood all in rank, each company behind their captain; the word was given, every man do for himself; we rushed down to the town, the Indians' dogs barked, and the first house we came to, the Indian came out, and held his hand, as shading the light from his eyes, looking towards us until there were five guns fired at him; he then ran, and with a loud voice called *shewanick*, which signifies white men; there was in the house a young woman, a prisoner, who came out with both her hands raised up, but the guns were firing so fast she got frightened, and ran back to the house again, where she got a grain of swan shot through her arm; she then made out a second time and was received by us; the Indians being then alarmed, were running through the cornfield; they fired on us, but to no purpose;

we rushed into the town, and they all left it except Captain Jacobs, his squaw, son, and one called by the traders Pisquetum, and some others that were blown up with their magazine; we relieved five prisoners, besides the young woman which we first took, she was re-taken when Captain Mercer's company was broken, which I shall give you an account of.

When we had ended our tragedy in the town, we then prepared for the road, we had six killed, and six wounded, our Colonel was among the wounded; before the Indians gave up, the Colonel says, is there none of you lads, that will set fire to these rascals that have wounded me, and killed so many of our men? John Ferguson, a soldier, swore that he would; he goes to a house covered with bark, and takes a slice of bark which had fire on it, he rushes up to the cover of Jacobs' house and held it there until it had burned about one yard square, then he ran, and the Indiens fired at him—the smoke blew about his legs but the shot missed him; all eyes were upon the magazine, watching when these fellows would come forth; they remained until their guns took fire, and went off like a platoon; their magazine blew up at the same time; then Jacobs and those before mentioned sprang out, Jacobs' squaw wielded a tomahawk round her head before she jumped the fence; Jacobs fell first, then his wife, and then his son, in proportion seven feet high. We were then preparing to leave the town, when Captain Mercer, who had his right arm broken in the town—his company was chiefly composed of traders, who persuaded their captain that there would not one living man of us ever get home, and if he, Capt. Mercer, would go with them, they would take him a near cut—accordingly all his company went with him but Sergeant Brown, and twelve men; the Captain, however, and his men, unfortunately fell in with the Indians that Lieut. Hoge had been fighting with that morning; they fell upon his company and broke it, killing about twenty men; Captain Mercer having a horse, Thomas Burke, ensign Scott and he, drove to the road that we had gone along; there the Captain's arm broke loose, and he was forced to stop and dress it; he became faint; in the mean time they espied an Indian coming from following us; Burke and Scott mounted Mercer's horse and rode off, leaving him to his fate; but Mercer lay down behind a log, it happening to be thick of weeds, the Indian came about six feet from him, and seeing Burke and Scott riding, he gave out a halloo and ran after; in a short time Mercer heard two guns go off; he then went down through a long plumb bottom, and lay there until night, when he made the best of his way. It was at the time of the plumbs being ripe, but that did not last long enough, for the Captain had a month to struggle with, before he got home,—all the food he got after the plumbs were done, was one rattle snake, and had to eat that raw. On the north side of the Allegheny mountain, he saw one day what he thought to be an Indian, and the other saw him; both took trees and stood a long time; at last the Captain thought he would go forward and meet his fate, but when he came near, he found it to be

one of his own men; both rejoiced to meet, and both in that situation scarcely able to walk; they pushed over the mountain, and were not far from Frankstown, when the soldier lay down, unable to go any further, with an intention never more to rise. The Captain went about seven miles, when he also lay down, giving up all hopes of ever getting home. At this time there was a company of Cherokee Indians in king's pay, and being at Fort Littleton Captain Hamilton sent some of them to search along the foot of the Allegheny mountain to see if there were any signs of Indians on that route, and these Indians came upon Captain Mercer, able to rise; they gave him food, and he told them of the other; they took the Captain's track and found him, and brought him to Fort Littleton, carrying him on a bier of their own making. We took fourteen scalps in this expedition.

As for our retreating from the Kittanning, we met with no opposition, only a few Indians on this side of the town fired on us; they shot about two hundred yards, and shot Andrew Douglas through both ancles. We had no more injury done until we came to this side of the Allegheny mountain, when one Samuel Chambers, having left his coat at the Clear Fields, desired leave of Colonel Armstrong to go back for his coat, and to bring three horses which had given out; Colonel Armstrong advised against it, but Chambers insisted on going, and so went back; when he came to the top of the mountain, a party of Indians fired on him but missed him; Chambers then steered towards Big Island, the Indians pursued and the third day killed him on French Margaret's Island. So the Indians told old Captain Patterson.

The next was General Boquet, the second war, when the Indians thought they were able to kill and take us all themselves, the French being bound by the last treaty of peace not to supply the Indians with powder and lead, the Indians not knowing this until they were in need of ammunition. They however did much mischief; they fought Boquet at Bushy Run, but were defeated. At this time Boquet went down the Ohio seventy-five miles below Fort Pitt, and sent one David Owens, who had been married to an Indian woman, and had by her three children, when taking a thought that he would advance himself, killed and scalped his wife and children and brought their scalps to Philadelphia; he received no reward, but was made ambassador between General Boquet and the Indians.

When Owens was sent to let the Indians know they might have peace, they made a prisoner of him, for the murder he had committed, two of his wife's brothers being there; Owens gave them to know, if they killed him they would never get peace.

The Indians held council three days upon him; they then let him go and came up themselves, agreeably to the invitation which was sent to them, and agreed to give up the prisoners. So ended that campaign.

In this second war, on the fifth day of July, 1763, the Indians

came to Juniata, it being harvest time, and the white people were come back to reap their crops; they came first to the house of Wm. White; it was on the Sabbath day; the reapers were all in the house; the Indians crept up nigh to the door and shot the people lying on the floor, and killed Wm. White, and all his family that were there, excepting one boy, who, when he heard the guns, leaped out of the window and made his escape.

This same party went to Robert Campbell's on the Tuscarora creek, surprised them in the same way, shot them on the floor where they were resting themselves; one George Dodds being there harvesting, had just risen, and gone into the room and lay down on the bed, setting his gun beside him. When the Indians fired, one of them sprung into the house with his tomahawk in his hand, running up to where a man was standing in the corner; Dodds fired at the Indian not six feet from him, the Indian gave a halloo and ran out as fast as he could: there being an open in the loft above the bed, Dodds sprung up there and went out by the chimney, making his escape, and came to Shearman's Valley; he came to William Dickson's and told what had happened, there being a young man there which brought the news to us, who were harvesting at Edward Elliott's; other intelligence we got in the night; John Graham, John Christy and James Christy, were alarmed in the evening by guns firing at William Anderson's, where the old man was killed with his Bible in his hand; supposed he was about worship; his son also was killed, and a girl that had been brought up from a child by the old people; Graham and the Christys came about midnight; we hearing the Indians had got so far up the Tuscarora Valley, and knowing Collin's family and James Scott's were there about harvest, twelve of us concluded to go over Bigham's gap and give those word that were there; when we came to Collins's we saw that the Indians had been there, had broke a wheel, emptied a bed, and taken flour, of which they made some water gruel; we counted thirteen spoons made of bark; we followed the tracks down to James Scotts, where we found the Indians had killed some fowls; we pursued on to Graham's, there the house was on fire, and burned down to the joists; we divided our men into two parties, six in each, my brother with his party came in behind the barn, and myself with the other party came down through an oats field; I was to shoot first, the Indians had hung a coat upon a post, on the other side of the fire from us, I looked at it, and saw it immovable, and therefore walked down to it and found that the Indians had just left it; they had killed four hogs and had eaten at pleasure; our company took their tracks, and found that two companies had met at Graham's and had gone over the Tuscarora mountian. We took the run gap; the two roads meeting at Nicholson's, they were there first, heard us coming and lay in ambush for us; they had the first fire; being twenty-five in number, and only twelve* of us; they killed five, and wounded myself. They then

* The names of the twelve were *William Robison*, who acted as captain, *Robert Robison*, the relator of this narrative, *Thomas Robison*, being three brothers, *John*

went to Alexander Logan's, where they emptied some beds, and passed on to George M'Cords.

A party of forty men came from Carlisle, in order to bury the dead at Juniata, when they saw the dead at Buffalo creek they returned home; then a party of men came with captain Dunning, but before they came to Alexander Logan, his son John, Charles Coyle, William Hamilton, with Bartholomew Davis, followed the Indians to George M'Cord's, where they were in the barn; Logan, and these with him were all killed, except Davis, who made his escape. The Indians then returned to Logan's house again, where captain Dunning and his party came on them and they fired some time at each other; Dunning had one man wounded.

I forgot to give you an account of a murder done at our own fort in Shearman's valley, in July 1756, the Indians waylaid the fort in harvest time and kept quiet until the reapers were gone; James Wilson remaining some time behind the rest, and I not being gone to my business, which was hunting deer, for the use of the company,

Graham, Charles Elliott, William Christy, James Christy, David Miller, John Elliott, Edward M'Connel, William M'Alister, and *John Nicholson:* the persons killed were William Robison, who was shot in the belly with buck shot and got about half a mile from the ground; John Elliot, then a boy of about seventeen years of age; having emptied his gun, he was pursued by an Indian with his tomahawk, who was within a few perches of him, when Elliott had poured some powder into his gun by random, out of his power horn, and having a bullet in his mouth, put it in the muzzle, but had no time to ram it down; he turned and fired at his pursuer, who clapped his hand on his stomach and cried, och! then turned and fled. Elliott had ran but a few perches farther, when he overtook William Robison, weltering in his blood, in his last agonies; he requested Elliott to carry him off, who excused himself, by telling him of his inability to do so, and also of the danger they were in; he said he knew it, but desired him to take his gun with him, and, peace or war, if ever he had an opportunity of an Indian, to shoot him for his sake. Elliott brought away the gun, and Robison was not found by the Indians.

Thomas Robison stood on the ground until the whole of his people were fled, nor did the Indians offer to pursue, until the last man left the field; Thomas having fired and charged a second time, the Indians were prepared for him, and when he took aim past the tree, a number fired at him at the same time; one of his arms was broken, he took his gun in the other and fled, going up a hill he came to a high log, and clapped his hand, in which was his gun, on the log to assist in leaping over it, while in the attitude of stooping, a bullet entered his side, going in a triangular course through his body, he sunk down across the log; the Indians sunk the cock of his gun into his brains, and mangled him very much. John Graham was seen by David Miller sitting on a log, not far from the place of attack, with his hands on his face, and the blood running through his fingers. Charles Elliott and Edward M'Connell took a circle round where the Indians were laying, and made the best of their way to Buffalo creek, but they were pursued by the Indians, and where they crossed the creek there was a high bank, and as they were endeavouring to ascend the bank they were both shot, and fell back into the water.

Thus ended this unfortunate affair to those engaged, but at the same time it appears as if the hand of Povidence had been in the whole transaction; for there is every reason to believe, that spies had been viewing the place the night before, and the Indians were within three quarters of a mile of the place from which the men had started, where there would have been from twenty to thirty men, perhaps in the field reaping, and all the guns that could be depended on were in this small company except one, so that they might have become an easy prey, and instead of those five brave men, who lost their lives, three times that number might have suffered. The two Christy's were out about a week, before they could make their escape; the Indians one night passed so nigh to them, that they could have touched them with their guns.

Wilson standing at the fort gate, I desired liberty to shoot his gun at a mark, upon which he gave me the gun, and I shot; the Indians on the upper side of the fort, thinking they were discovered, rushed on a daughter of Robert Miller, and instantly killed her, and shot at John Simmeson; they then made the best of it that they could, and killed the wife of James Wilson* and the widow Gibson, and took Hugh Gibson and Betsey Henry prisoners; the reapers, being forty in number, returned to the fort and the Indians made off.

I shall relate an affair told me by James M'Clung, a man whom I can confide in for truth, it being in his neighbourhood. An Indian came to a tavern, called for a gill of whiskey, drank some out of it; when there came another Indian in, he called for a gill also, and set it on the table, without drinking any of it, and took out the first Indian, discoursing with him for some time; the first Indian then stripped himself naked, and lay down on the floor, and stretched himself, the other stood at the door, and when he was ready, he stepped forward with his knife in his hand, and stabbed the Indian who was lying down, to the heart; he received the stab, jumped to his feet, drank both the gills of whisky off, and dropped down dead; the white people made a prisoner of the other Indian, and sent to the heads of the nation; two of them came and examined the Indian, who was prisoner, and told them to let him go, he had done right.

Sir, yours, &c.

ROBERT ROBISON.

* While the Indian was scalping Mrs. Wilson, the relator shot at and wounded him, but he made his escape.

THE

NARRATIVE OF Dr. KNIGHT.*

About the latter end of the month of March, or the beginning of April, of the year 1782, the western Indians began to make incursions upon the frontiers of Ohio, Washington, Youghagany, and Westmoreland counties. In consequence of these predatory invasions, the principal officers of the above mentioned counties, namely, Colonels Williamson and Marshall, tried every method in their power to set on foot an expedition against the Wyandot towns, which they could effect no other way than by giving all possible encouragement to volunteers. The plan proposed was as follows: Every man furnishing himself with a horse, a gun, and one month's provision, should be exempted from two tours of militia duty. Likewise that every one who had been plundered by the Indians should, if the plunder could be found at their towns, have it again by proving it to be his property: and all horses lost on the expedition, by unavoidable accidents, were to be replaced by horses taken in the enemy's country.

* The following extract from a letter by Judge H. H. Brackenridge to a former publisher, will explain one circumstance in this relation. It is given for the purpose also of pointing out the authorship of this and the three next succeeding narratives, and of vouching for their truth.

"Sir:--Agreeably to your rrequest, I have collected and send you the relations of Slover and Knight, which appeared in the papers subsequent to Crawfords expedition, to which they relate. That of Slover I took down from his own mouth; that of Knight I think he wrote himself and gave it to me. I saw Knight on his being brought into the garrison at Pittsburg; he was weak and scarcely able to articulate. When he began to be able to speak a little, his Scottish dialect was much broader than it had been when I knew him before. This I remarked as usual with persons in a fever, or sick, they return to the vernacular tongue of their early years. It was three weeks before he was able to give any thing like a continued account of his sufferings.

After a treaty or temporary peace had taken place, I saw traders who had been with the Indians at Sandusky, and had the same account from the Indians themselves which Knight gave of his escape, but the Indian who had him in charge had magnified the stature and bulk of the body of Knight to save his credit; but was laughed at by the Indians who knew him to be a weak, feeble man, which was the reason that a guard of one Indian had been thought sufficient. The reason of the gun not going off, was that the Indian had plugged it, as usually done, to keep the wet from entering the touch-hole. The Indians confirmed the account of Slover in all particulars, save as to the circumstance of his escape, which they said was with the assistance of the Squaws. The story of the lame Indian, and of the trial of Mamachtaga is extracted from a memorandum made at the time."

The time appointed for the rendezvous, or general meeting of the volunteers, was fixed to be on the 20th of May, and the place, the old Mingo town on the west side of the river Ohio, about 40 miles below Fort Pitt, by land, and I think about 75 by water.

Col. Crawford was solicited by the general voice of these western counties and districts to command the expedition. He accordingly set out as volunteer and came to Fort Pitt two days before the time appointed for the assembling of the men. As there was no surgeon yet appointed to go with the expedition, colonel Crawford begged the favour of Gen. Irving to permit me to accompany him, (my consent having been previously asked) to which the General agreed, provided Colonel Gibson did not object.

Having obtained permission of the Colonel, I left Fort Pitt on Tuesday, May 1st, and the next day, about one in the afternoon, arrived at the Mingo bottom. The volunteers had not all crossed the river until Friday morning the 24th; they then distributed themselves into eighteen companies, choosing their captains by vote. There were chosen also, one colonel commandant, four field and one brigade major. There were four hundred and sixty-five who voted.

We began our march on Saturday, May 25th, making almost a due west course, and on the fourth day reached the old Moravian town, upon the river Muskingum, about 60 miles from the river Ohio. Some of the men, having lost their horses on the night preceding, returned home.

Tuesday the 28th in the evening, Major Brenton and Captain Bean went some distance from camp to reconnoitre: having gone about one quarter of a mile, they saw two Indians, upon whom they fired, and then returned to camp. This was the first place in which we were discovered, as we understood afterwards.

On Thursday the fourth of June, which was the eleventh day of our march, about 1 o'clock we came to the spot where the town of Sandusky formerly stood: the inhabitants had moved 18 miles lower down the creek, near the lower Sandusky: but as neither our guides or any who were with us, had known any thing of their removal, we began to conjecture there were no Indian towns nearer than the lower Sandusky, which was at least forty miles distant.

However, after refreshing our horses, we advanced on in search of some of their settlements, but had scarcely got the distance of three or four miles from the old town, when a number of our men expressed their desire to return, some of them alledging that they had only five days' provision: upon which the field officers and captains determined, in council, to proceed that afternoon. Previous to the calling of this council, a small party of light horse had been sent forward to reconnoitre.

I shall here remark, by the way, that there are a great many extensive plains in the country: The woods in general grew very thin, free from brush and underwood; so that light horsemen may advance a considerable distance before an army without being much exposed to the enemy.

Just as the council ended, an express returned from the above mentioned party of light horse, with intelligence "that they had been about three miles in front, and had seen a large body of Indians running towards them." In a short time we saw the rest of the light horse, who joined us, and having gone one mile further, met a number of Indians who had partly got possession of a piece of woods before us, whilst we were in the plains, but our men, alighting from their horses and rushing into the woods, soon obliged them to abandon that place.

The enemy being by this time reinforced, flanked to the right, and part of them coming in our rear, quickly made the action more serious. The firing continued very warm on both sides, from four o'clock until the dusk of the evening, each party maintaining their ground. Next morning, about six o'clock, some guns were discharged at the distance of two or three hundred yards, which continued till day, doing little or no execution on either side.

The field officers then assembled and agreed, as the enemy were every moment increasing, and we had already a number wounded, to retreat that night. The whole body was to form into three lines, keeping the wounded in the centre. We had four killed and twenty-three wounded: of the latter, seven were dangerously, on which account as many biers were got ready to carry them; most of the rest were slightly wounded, and none so badly but that they could ride on horseback. After dark the officers went on the out-posts and brought in all the men as expeditiously as they could. Just as the troops were about to form, several guns were fired by the enemy, upon which some of our men spoke out and said, our intention was discovered by the Indians, who were firing alarm guns.—Upon which, some in front hurried off and the rest immediately followed, leaving the seven men that were dangerously wounded, some of whom, however, got off on horseback, by means of some good friends, who waited for and assisted them.

We had not got a quarter of a mile from the field of action, when I heard Col. Crawford calling for his son John Crawford, his son-in-law Major Harrison, Major Rose and William Crawford, his nephews, upon which I came up and told him I believed they were before us.—He asked, is that the doctor?—I told him it was.—He then replied, that they were not in front, and begged of me not to leave him—I promised him I would not.

We then waited, and continued calling for these men till the troops had passed us. The Colonel told me his horse had almost given out, that he could not keep up with the troops, and wished some of his best friends to remain with him: he then exclaimed against the militia for riding off in such an irregular manner, and leaving some of the wounded behind, contrary to his orders.—Presently there came two men riding after us, one of them an old man, the other a lad: we enquired if they had seen any of the above persons, and they answered they had not.

By this time there was a very hot. firing before us, and, as we

judged, near where our main body must have been. Our course was then nearly south-west, but changing it, we went north about two miles, the two men remaining in company with us. Judging ourselves to be now out of the enemy's lines, we took a due east course, taking care to keep at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards apart, and directing ourselves by the north star.

The old man often lagged behind, and when this was the case never failed to call for us to halt for him. When we were near the Sandusky Creek, he fell one hundred yards behind, and cried out, as usual, for us to halt. While we were preparing to reprimand him for making a noise, I heard an Indian halloo, as I thought, one hundred and fifty yards from the man, and partly behind him; after this we did not hear the man call again, neither did he ever come up to us any more. It was now past midnight, and about day-break Col. Crawford's and the young man's horses gave out, and they left them. We pursued our journey eastward, and about two o'clock fell in with Capt. Biggs, who had carried Liet. Ashly from the field of action, who had been dangerously wounded. We then went on about the space of an hour, when a heavy rain coming on, we concluded it was best to encamp, as we were encumbered with the wounded officer. We then barked four or five trees, made an encampment and a fire, and remained there all that night. Next morning we again prosecuted our journey, and having gone about three miles found a deer which had been recently killed. The meat was sliced from the bones and bundled up in the skin with a tomahawk lying by it. We carried all with us, and in advancing abont one mile further, espied the smoke of a fire. We then gave the wounded officer into the charge of the young man, desiring him to stay behind, whilst the Colonel, the Captain and myself, walked up as cautiously as we could toward the fire. When we came to it, we concluded, from several circumstances, some of our people had encamped there the preceding night. We then went about roasting the venison, and when just about to march, observed one of our men coming upon our tracks. He seemed at first very shy, but having called to him he came up and told us he was the person who had killed the deer, but upon hearing us come up, was afraid of Indians, hid in a thicket and made off.—Upon this we gave him some bread and roasted venison, proceeded together on our journey, and about two o'clock came upon the paths by which we had gone out. Capt. Biggs and myself did not think it safe to keep the road, but the Colonel said the Indians would not follow the troops farther than the plains, which we were then considerably past. As the wounded officer rode Capt. Biggs' horse, I lent the Captain mine; the Colonel and myself went about one hundred yards in front, the Captain and the wounded officer in the centre, and the two young men behind. After we had travelled about one mile and a half, several Indians started up within fifteen or twenty steps of the Colonel and I. As we at first discovered only three, I immediately got behind a large black oak, made ready my piece and raised it up to take sight,

when the Colonel called to me twice not to fire; upon that one of the Indians ran up to the Colonel and took him by the hand. The Colonel then told me to put down my gun, which I did. At that instant one of them came up to me, whom I had formerly seen very often, calling me doctor, and took me by the hand. They were Delaware Indians of the Wingenim tribe. Captain Biggs fired amongst them, but did no execution. They then told us, to call these people and make them come there, else they would go and kill them, which the Colonel did, but they four got off and escaped for that time. The Colonel and I were then taken to the Indian camp, which was about half a mile from the place where we were captured. On Sunday evening, five Delawares, who had posted themselves at some distance further on the road, brought back to the camp, where we lay, Capt. Biggs and Lieut. Ashley's scalps, with an Indian scalp which Capt. Biggs had taken in the field of action: they also brought in Biggs' horse and mine; they told us the two other men got away from them.

Monday morning, the tenth of June, we were paraded to march to Sandusky, about 33 miles distant: they had eleven prisoners of us and four scalps, the Indians being seventeen in number.

Col. Crawford was very desirous to see a certain Simeon Girty, who lived among the Indians, and was on this account permitted to go to town the same night, with two warriors to guard him, having orders at the same time to pass by the place where the Colonel had turned out his horse, that they might, if possible, find him.—The rest of us were taken as far as the old town, which was within eight miles of the new.

Tuesday morning, the 11th, Col. Crawford was brought out to us on purpose to be marched in with the other prisoners. I asked the Colonel if he had seen Mr. Girty?—He told me he had, and that Girty had promised to do every thing in his power for him, but that the Indians were very much enraged against the prisoners; particularly Capt. Pipe, one of the chiefs; he likewise told me that Girty had informed him that his son-in-law, Col. Harrison, and his nephew, William Crawford, were made prisoners by the Shawanese, but had been pardoned. This Captain Pipe had come from the towns about an hour before Col. Crawford, and had painted all the presoners' faces black.

As he was painting me, he told me I should go to the Shawanese towns and see my friends. When the Colonel arrived he painted him black also, told him he was glad to see him, and that he would have him shaved when he came to see his friends at the Wyandot town. When we marched, the Colonel and I were kept back between Pipe and Wyngenim, the two Delaware chiefs, the other nine prisoners were sent forward with a party of Indians. As we went along we saw four of the prisoners lying by the path tomahawked and scalped, some of them were at the distance of half a mile from each other. When we arrived within half a mile of the place where the Colonel was executed, we overtook the five prisoners that

remained alive: the Indians had caused them to sit down on the ground, as they did, also the Colonel and myself, at some distance from them; I was there given in charge to an Indian fellow to be taken to the Shawanese towns.

In the place where we were now made to sit down, there was a number of squaws and boys, who fell on the five prisoners and tomahawked them. There was a certain John McKinley amongst the prisoners, formerly an officer in the 13th Virginia Regiment, whose head an old squaw cut off, and the Indians kicked it about upon the ground. The young Indian fellows came often where the Colonel and I were, and dashed the scalps in our faces. We were then conducted along toward the place where the Colonel was afterwards executed: when we came within about half a mile of it, Simeon Girty met us, with several Indians on horseback; he spoke to the Colonel, but as I was about one hundred and fifty yards behind, could not hear what passed between them.

Almost every Indian we met struck us either with sticks or their fists. Girty waited till I was brought up, and then asked, was that the doctor?—I answered him yes, and went towards him, reaching out my hand, but he bid me begone, and called me a damned rascal; upon which the fellow who had me in charge, pulled me along.—Girty rode up after me and told me I was to go to the Shawanese towns.

When we were come to the fire, the Colonel was stripped naked, ordered to sit down by the fire, and then they beat him with sticks and their fists. Presently after, I was treated in the same manner. They then tied a rope to the foot of a post about fifteen feet high, bound the Colonel's hands behind his back and fastened the rope to the ligature between his wrists. The rope was long enough either for him to sit down or to walk round the post once or twice and return the same way. The Colonel then called to Girty and asked if they intended to burn him?—Girty answered yes. The Colonel said he would take it all patiently. Upon this Captain Pipe, a Delaware chief, made a speech to the Indians, consisting of about thirty or forty men, and sixty or seventy squaws and boys.

When the speech was finished, they all yelled a hideous and hearty assent to what had been said. The Indian men then took up their guns and shot powder into the Colonel's body, from his feet as far up as his neck. I think not less than seventy loads were discharged upon his naked body. They then crowded about him, and to the best of my observation, cut off his ears: when the throng had dispersed a little, I saw the blood running from both sides of his head in consequence thereof.

The fire was about six or seven yards from the post to which the Colonel was tied: it was made of small hickory poles, burnt quite thro' in the middle, each end of the poles remaining about six feet in length. Three or four Indians, by turns, would take up, individualiy, one of these burning pieces of wood and apply it to his naked body, already burned black with the powder. These tormentors

presented themselves on every side of him, so that which ever way he ran round the post they met him with the burning faggots and poles. Some of the squaws took broad boards, upon which they would put a quantity of burning coals and hot embers and throw them on him, so that in a short time he had nothing but coals of fire and hot ashes to walk upon.

In the midst of these extreme tortures he called to Simeon Girty and begged of him to shoot him: but Girty making no answer he called to him again.—Girty then, by way of derision, told the Colonel he had no gun, at the same time turning about to an Indian who was behind him, he laughed heartily, and by all his gestures seemed delighted at the horrid scene.

Girty then came up to me and bade me prepare for death. He said, however, I was not to die at that place, but to be burnt at the Shawanese towns. He swore by G—d I need not expect to escape death, but should suffer it in all its extremities.

He then observed that some prisoners had given him to understand that if our people had him they would not hurt him; for his part, he said, he did not believe it, but desired to know my opinion of the matter; but being at that time in great anguish and distress for the torments the Colonel was suffering before my eyes, as well as the expectation of undergoing the same fate in two days, I made little or no answer.—He expressed a great deal of ill will for Colonel Gibson, and said he was one of his greatest enemies, and more to the same purpose, to all which I paid very little attention.

Colonel Crawford at this period of his sufferings, besought the Almighty to have mercy on his soul, spoke very low, and bore his torments with the most manly fortitude. He continued in all the extremities of pain for an hour and three quarters, or two hours longer, as near as I can judge, when at last being almost spent, he lay down on his belly: they then scalped him and repeatedly threw the scalp in my face telling me "that was my great captain."—An old squaw (whose appearance every way answered the ideas people entertain of the devil) got a board, took a parcel of coals and ashes and laid them on his back and head after he had been scalped; he then raised himself upon his feet and began to walk round the post: they next put a burning stick to him as usual, but he seemed more insensible of pain than before.

The Indian fellow who had me in charge, now took me away to captain Pipe's house, about three quarters of a mile from the place of the Colonel's execution.—I was bound all night, and thus prevented from seeing the last of the horrid spectacle. Next morning, being June 12th, the Indian untied me, painted me black, and we set off for the Shawanese town, which he told me was somewhat less than forty miles from that place. We soon came to the spot where the Colonel had been burnt, as it was partly in our way; I saw his bones laying amongst the remains of the fire, almost burnt to ashes; I suppose after he was dead they had laid his body on the fire.

The Indian told me, that was my Big Captain, and gave the scalp halloo. He was on horseback and drove me before him.

I pretended to this Indian I was ignorant of the death I was to die at the Shawanese town, affected as cheerful a countenance as possible, and asked him if we were not to live together, as brothers in one house, when we should get to the town? He seemed well pleased, and said, yes.—He then asked me if I could make a wigwam!—I told him I could—he then seemed more friendly;—we went that day, as near as I can judge, about 25 miles, the course partly south-west.—The Indian told me we should next day come to the town, the sun being in such a direction, pointing nearly south. At night, when we went to rest, I attempted very often to untie myself, but the Indian was extremely vigilant, and seldomly shut his eyes that night.—About day break he got up and untied me: he next began to mend up the fire, and as the gnats were troublesome, I asked him if I should make a smoke behind him?—He said, yes.—I then took the end of a dogwood fork which had been burnt down to about 18 inches long—it was the longest stick I could find, yet too small for the purpose I had in view—then I picked up another smaller stick and taking a coal of fire between them went behind him—then turning suddenly about, I struck him on the head with all the force I was master of; which so stunned him that he fell forwards with both his hands into the fire, but seeing him recover and get up, I seized his gun while he ran off howling in a most fearful manner—I followed him with a determination to shoot him down, but pulling back the cock of the gun with too great violence I believe I broke the main-spring. I pursued him, however,. about thirty yards, still endeavouring to fire the gun, but could not; then going back to the fire I took his blanket, a pair of new moccasons, his hoppes, powder-horn, bullet-bag, (together with the gun) and marched off, directing my course toward the five o'clock mark. About half an hour before sunset I came to the plains which I think are about sixteen miles wide.—I laid me down in a thicket till dark and then, by the assistance of the north star, made my way through them and got into the woods before morning. I proceeded on the next day and about noon crossed the paths by which our troops had gone out; these paths are nearly east and west, but I went due north all that afternoon, with a view to avoid the enemy.

In the evening I began to be very faint, and no wonder; I had been six days prisoner, the last two days of which I had eat nothing, and but very little the first three or four; there were wild gooseberries in abundance in the woods, but being unripe required mastication, which at that time I was not able to perform on account of a blow received from an Indian on the jaw with the back of a tomahawk: there was a weed that grew plentifully in that place, the juice of which I knew to be grateful and nourishing; I gathered a bundle of the same, took up my lodging under a large spreading beach tree, and having sucked plentifully of the juice, went to sleep. Next day I made a due east course, which I generally kept the rest of my

journey.—I often imagined my gun was only wood-bound, and tried every method I could devise to unscrew the lock, but never could effect it, having no knife nor any thing fitting for the purpose. I had now the satisfaction to find my jaw begin to mend, and in four or five days could chew any vegetable proper for nourishment, but finding my gun only a useless burden, I left it in the wilderness. I had no apparatus for making fire to sleep by, so that I could get but little rest on account of the gnats and musquitos ; there are likewise a great many swamps in the country through which I passed, which occasioned me very often to lie wet.

I crossed the river Muskingum about three or four miles below Fort Laurence, and aimed for the Ohio river.—All this time my food was gooseberries, young nettles, the juice of herbs, a few service-berries, and some May apples, together with two young blackbirds and a terrapin, which I devoured raw.—When my food sat heavy on my stomach, I used to eat a little wild ginger, which put all to rights.

I came to the Ohio river about five miles below Fort M'Intosh, in the evening of the 21st day after I had made my escape, and on the 22d, about seven o'clock in the moning, being the 4th day of July, arrived safe, though very much fatigued, at the Fort.

THE

NARRATIVE OF JOHN SLOVER.



Having in the last war been a prisoner amongst the Indians many years, and so being well acquainted with the country west of the Ohio, I was employed as a guide in the expedition under Colonel William Crawford against the Indian towns on or near the river Sandusky. It would be unnecessary for me to relate what is so well known, the circumstances and unfortunate event of that expedition; it will be sufficient to observe, that having on Tuesday the fourth of June fought the enemy near Sandusky, we lay that night in our camp, and the next day fired on each other at the distance of three hundred yards, doing little or no execution. In the evening of that day, it was proposed by Colonel Crawford, as I have been since informed, to draw off with order; but at the moment of our retreat the Indians (who had probably perceived that we were about to retire) firing alarm guns, our men broke and rode off in confusion, treading down those who were on foot, and leaving the wounded men who supplicated to be taken with them.

I was with some others on the rear of our troops, feeding our horses in the glade, when our men began to break.—The main body of our people had passed by me a considerable distance before I was ready to set out. I overtook them before they crossed the glade, and was advanced almost in front. The company in which I was, had separated from me, and had endeavoured to pass a morass; for coming up I found their horses had stuck fast in the morass, and endeavouring to pass, mine also in a short time stuck fast.—I ought to have said that the company of five or six men with which I had been immediately connected, and who were some distance to the right of the main body, had separated from me, &c.—I tried a long time to disengage my horse, until I could hear the enemy just behind me and on each side, but in vain. Here then I was obliged to leave him.—The morass was so unstable that I was to the middle in it, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I got across it, but having at length succeeded, I came up with the six men who had left their horses in the same manner I had done; two of these, my companions, having lost their guns.

We travelled that night, making our course towards Detroit, with a view to shun the enemy, who we conceived to have taken the paths

by which the main body of our people had retreated. Just before day, we got into a second deep morass and were under the necessity of detaining until it was light to see our way throught it. The whole of this day we travelled toward the Shawanese towns, with a view of throwing ourselves still farther out of the search of the enemy. About ten o'clock this day we sat down to eat a little, having tasted nothing from Tusday, the day of our engagement, until this time, which was on Thursday ; and now the only thing we had to eat was a scrap of pork to each. We had sat down just by a warrior's path, which we had not suspected, when eight or nine warriors appeared. —Running off hastily, we left our baggage and provisions but were not discoveved by the party; skulking some time in the grass and bushes, we returned to the place and recovered our baggage. The warriors had hallooed as they passed, and were answered by others on our flanks.

In our journey through the glades, or wide extended dry meadows, about twelve o'clock this day we discovered a party of Indians in front, but skulking in the grass and bushes were not perceived by them. In these glades we were in great danger, as we could be seen at a considerable distance. In the afternoon of this day there fell a heavy rain, the coldest I ever felt. We halted while it rained, and then travelling on, we saw a party of the enemy about two hundred yards before us, but hiding ourselves in the bushes, we had again the good fortune not to be discovered.

On this day, which was the second after the retreat, one of our company, who was affected with a rheumatic swelling, was left behind some distance in a swamp. Waiting for him some time, we saw him coming within one hundred yards, as I sat on the body of an old tree mending my moccasins, but taking my eye from him I saw him no more.—He had not observed our tracks, but had gone a different way.—We whistled on our chargers and afterwards hallooed for him, but in vain.—Nevertheless he was fortunate in missing us, for he afterwards came safe into Wheeling. We travelled on until night, and were on the waters of Muskingum from the middle of this day.

Having catched a fawn, we made a fire in the evening, and had a repast, having in the mean time eaten nothing but the small bit of pork I mentioned before. We set off at break of day.—About nine o'clock the third day we fell in with a party of the enemy about twenty miles from the Tuscarawas, which is about 135 miles from Fort Pitt. They had come upon our tracks, or had been on our flanks, and discovered us, and then having got before, had way-laid us, and fired before we perceived them. At the first fire one of my companions fell before me, and another just behind ; these two had guns : there were six men in company, and four guns, two of these rendered useless by reason of the wet, when coming through the swamp the first night ; we had tried to discharge them, but could not. When the Indians fired I ran to a tree, but an Indian presenting himself fifteen yards before me, desired me to deliver myself up and

I should not be hurt: My gun was in good order, but apprehending the enemy behind might discharge their pieces at me, I did not risk firing, which I had afterwards reason to regret, when I found what was to be my fate, and that the Indian who was before me and presented his gun, was one of those who had just before fired. Two of my companions were taken with me in the same manner, the Indians assuring us we should not be hurt. But one in company, James Paul, who had a gun in order, made his escape, and has since come into Wheeling. One of these Indians knew me, and was of the party by whom I was taken in the last war. He came up and spoke to me, calling me by my Indian name, Mannuchcothee, and upbraiding me for coming to war against them. I will take a moment here to relate some particulars of my first captivity, and my life since.

I was taken from New River, in Virginia, by the Miamese, a nation of Indians by us called the Picts, among whom I lived six years; afterwards, being sold to a Delaware, and by him put into the hands of a trader, I was carried amongst the Shawanese, with whom I continued six years; so that my whole time amongst these nations was twelve years, that is, from the eighth to the twentieth year of my age. At the treaty at Fort Pitt in the fall preceding what is called Dunmore's war, which, if I am right, was in the year 1773, I came in with the Shawanese nation to the treaty, and meeting with some of my relations at that place, was by them solicited to relinquish the life of a savage, which I did with some reluctance, this manner of life having become natural to me, inasmuch as I had scarcely known any other. I enlisted as a soldier in the Continental army, at the commencement of the war, and served fifteen months, when I was properly discharged.

To return: The party by whom we were made prisoners had taken some horses, and left them at the glades we had passed the day before. They had followed on our tracks from these glades, on our return to which we found the horses, which we mounted and rode. We were carried to Wachatomakak, a town of the Mingoes and Shawanese.—I think it was on the third day we reached the town, and when we were approaching it, the Indians, in whose custody we were, began to look sour, having been kind to us before, and given us a little meat and flour to eat, which they had found or taken from some of our men on their retreat. This town is small, and we were told was about two miles distant from the main town, to which they meant to carry us.

The inhabitants of this town came out with clubs and tomahawks, struck, beat and abused us greatly. One of my campanions they seized, and having stripped him naked, blackened him with coal and water: this was the sign of being condemned to be burnt: the man seemed to surmise it, and shed tears. He asked me the meaning of his being blackened; but I was forbid by the enemy, in their own language, to tell him what was intended.—In English, which they spoke easily, having been often at Fort Pitt, they assured him

he was not to be hurt. I know of no reason for making him the first object of their cruelty, unless it was that he was the oldest.

A warrior had been sent to the greater town to acquaint them with our coming, and prepare them for the frolic; for on our coming to it, the inhabitants came out with guns, clubs and tomahawks. We were told that we had to run to the council house, about three hundred yards. The man that was blackened was about twenty yards before us in running the gauntlet: they made him their principal object, men, women and children beating him, and those who had guns firing loads of powder on him as he run naked, putting the muzzles of their guns to his body, shouting, hallooing and beating their drums in the mean time.

The unhappy man had reached the door of the council house, beaten and wounded in a manner shocking to the sight; for having arrived before him, we had it in our power to view the spectacle; it was indeed the most horrid that can be conceived: they had cut him with their tomahawks, shot his body black, burnt it into holes with loads of powder blown into him: a large wadding had made a wound in his shoulder whence the blood gushed.

Agreeably to the declaration of the enemy when he first set out, he had reason to think himself secure when he had reached the door of the council house.—This seemed to be his hope, for coming up with great struggling and endeavor, he laid hold of the door but was pulled back and drawn away by them; finding they intended no mercy, but putting him to death, he attempted several times to snatch or lay hold of some of their tomahawks, but being weak could not effect it. We saw him borne off and they were a long time beating, wounding, pursuing and killing him.

That same evening I saw the dead body of this man close by the council house.—It was mangled cruelly and the blood mingled with the powder was rendered black. The same evening I saw him, after he had been cut into pieces and his limbs and his head about two hundred yards on the outside of the town put on poles. That evening also, I saw the bodies of three others in the same black and mangled condition: these I was told had been put to death the same day, and just before we had reached the town. Their bodies, as they lay, were black and bloody, being burnt with powder; two of these were Harrison and young Crawford. I knew the visage of Colonel Harrison, and I saw his clothing and that of young Crawford, at the town. They brought horses to me and asked if I knew them?—I said they were Harrison's and Crawford's. They said they were.

The third of these men I did not know, but believe to have been Col. M'Cleland, the third in command on the expedition.

The next day the bodies of these men were dragged to the outside of the town, and their carcases being given to the dogs, their limbs and hands were stuck on poles.

My surviving companion, shortly after we had reached the council house, was sent to another town, and I presume was burnt or executed in the same manner.

In the evening the men assembled in the council house: this is a large building, about fifty yards in length, twenty-five wide, and about sixteen feet in height, built of split poles covered with bark. Their first object was to examine me, which they could do in their own language, as I could speak the Miame, Shawanese and Delaware languages, which I had learned during my early captivity in the last war: I found I had not forgotten these languages, especially the two former, being able to speak them as well as my native tongue.

They began by interrogating me concerning the situation of our country—our provisions—our numbers—the state of the war between us and Britain, &c. I informed them that Cornwallis had been taken, which next day, when Matthew Elliott, with James Girty, came, he affirmed to be a lie, and the Indians seemed to give full credit to his declaration.

Hitherto I had been treated with some appearance of kindness, but now the enemy began to alter their behaviour towards me. Girty had informed them, that when he asked me how I liked to live there, I had said that I intended to embrace the first opportunity to take a scalp and run off.—It was, to be sure, very probable that if I had such intentions, I would communicate it to him. Another man came to me and told me a story of his having lived on the South Branch of the Potomac, in Virginia, and having three brothers there, he pretended he wanted to get away, but I suspected his design; nevertheless, he reported that I had consented to go.—In the mean time, I was not tied, and could have escaped, but having nothing to put on my feet, I waited some time longer to provide for this.

I was invited every night to the war dances, which they usually continued until almost day. I could not comply with their desire, believing these things to be the service of the devil.

The council lasted fifteen days; from fifty to one hundred warriors being usually in council, and sometimes more. Every warrior is admitted to the councils; but only the chiefs, or head warriors, have the privilege of speaking. The head warriors are accounted such from the number of scalps or prisoners they have taken.

The third day M'Kee was in council, and afterwards was generally present. He spoke little, and did not ask any questions or speak to me at all. He lives about two miles out of the town, has a house built of squared logs, with a shingled roof; he was dressed in gold-laced clothes. I had seen him at the former town through which I passed.

I think it was on the last day of the council, save one, that a speech came from Detroit, brought by a warrior who had been counselling with the commanding officer of that place. The speech had been long expected, and was in answer to one some time before sent from the town to Detroit. It was in a belt of wampum, and began with addressing them, "My children," and enquiring why they continued to take prisoners? "Provisions are scarce; when prison-

ers are brought in we are obliged to maintain them, and still some of them are running away, and carrying tidings of our affairs: when any of your people fall into the hands of the rebels they show no mercy: why then should you take prisoners? Take no more prisoners, my children, of any sort; man, woman or child."

Two days after, a party of every near nation being collected, it was determined on to take no more prisoners of any sort. They had held a large council, and the determination was, that if it were possible they could find a child of a span or three inches long, they would show no mercy to it. At the conclusion of the council it was agreed upon by all the tribes present, viz: the Tawaws, Chiappawaws, the Wyandots, the Mingoes, the Delawares, the Shawanese, the Munses, and a part of the Cherokees, that should any of the nations who were not present take any prisoners, these would rise against them, take away the prisoners and put them to death.

In the course of these deliberations I understood what was said perfectly. They laid plans against our settlements of Kentucky, the Falls, and towards Wheeling. These it will be unnecessary for me to mention in this narrative.

There was one council held at which I was not present. The warriors had sent for me as usual, but the squaw with whom I lived would not suffer me to go, but hid me under a large quantity of skins. It may have been from an unwillingness that I should hear in council the determination with respect to me, that I should be burnt.

About this time twelve men were brought in from Kentucky, three of whom were burnt on this day; the remainder were distributed to other towns, and all, as the Indians informed me, were burnt.—This was after the speech came from Detroit.

On this day, also, I saw an Indian who had just come into town, and who said that the prisoner he was bringing to be burnt, and who he said was a doctor, had made his escape from him.—I knew this must have been Dr. Knight, who went as surgeon of the expedition. The Indian had a wound four inches long in his head, which he acknowledged the doctor had given him: he was cut to the scull. His story was, that he had untied the doctor, being asked by him to do so, the doctor promising that he would not go away; that while he was employed in kindling the fire, the doctor snatched up the gun, and came behind and struck him; that he then made a stroke at the doctor with his knife, which he laid hold of, and his fingers were cut almost off, the knife being drawn through his hand; that he gave the doctor two stabs, one in the belly, the other in the back: he said the doctor was a great, big, tall, strong man. Being now adopted into an Indian family, and having some confidence for my safety, I took the liberty to contradict this, and said that I knew the doctor, who was a weak, little man. The other warriors laughed immoderately, and did not seem to credit him. At this time I was told that Colonel Crawford was burnt, and they greatly exulted over it.

The day after the council I have mentioned, about forty warriors, accompanied by Geo. Girty, came, early in the morning, round the house where I was. The squaw gave me up; I was sitting before the door of the house; they put a rope round my neck, tied my arms behind my back, stripped me naked, and blacked me in the usual manner. George Girty, as soon as I was tied, damned me, and said I now should get what I had deserved many years. I was led away to a town distant about five miles, to which a messsenger had been despatched to desire them to prepare to receive me.—Arriving at this town, I was beaten with clubs and the pipe ends of their tomahawks, and was kept for some time tied to a tree before a house door. In the mean while the inhabitants set out to another town about two miles distant, where I was to be burnt, and where I arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Here also was a council-house, part of it covered and part of it without a roof. In the part of it where no cover was, but only sides built up, there stood a post about sixteen feet in height, and in the middle of the house around the post, there were three piles of wood, built about three feet high and four feet from the post. Being brought to the post, my arms were tied behind me, and the thong or cord with which they were bound was fastened to the post; a rope also was put about my neck and tied to the post about four feet above my head. During the time they were tying me, piles of wood were kindled and began to flame.

Death by burning, which appeared to be now my fate, I had resolved to sustain with patience. The divine grace of God had made it less alarming to me: for on my way this day, I had been greatly exercised in regard to my latter end. I knew myself to have been a regular member of the church, and to have repented and sought forgiveness for my sins; but though I had often heard of the faith of assurance, had known nothing of it; but early this day, instantaneously, by a change wrought upon me sudden and perceivable as lightning, an assurance of my peace made with God sprung up in my mind. The following words were the subject of my meditation—"In peace thou shalt see God. Fear not those who can kill the body. In peace shalt thou depart." I was on this occasion, by a confidence in mind not to be resisted, fully assured of my salvation: this being the case, I was willing, satisfied, and glad to die.

I was tied to the post, as I have already said, and the flame was now kindled. The day was clear, not a cloud to be seen: if there were clouds low in the horizon, the sides of the house prevented me from seeing them, but I heard no thunder, nor observed any sign of approaching rain. Just as the fire of one pile began to blaze, the wind rose; from the time they began to kindle the fire and to tie me to the post, until the wind began to blow, was about fifteen minutes. The wind blew a hurricane, and the rain followed in less than three minutes. The rain fell violently; and the fire, though it began to

blaze considerably, was instantly extinguished. The rain lasted about a quarter of an hour.

When it was over the savages stood amazed, and were a long time silent.—At last one said, "We will let him alone till morning, and take a whole day's frolic in burning him." The sun at this time was about three hours high. It was agreed upon, the rope about my neck was untied, and making me sit down, they began to dance around me. They continued dancing in this manner until eleven o'clock at night; in the mean time, beating, kicking, and wounding me with their tomahawks and clubs.

At last one of the warriors, the Half Moon, asked me if I was sleepy? I answered, Yes. The head warrior then selected three men to take care of me. I was taken to a block house; my arms were tied until the cord was hid in the flesh; they were tied in two places, round the wrist and above the elbows. A rope was fastened about my neck, and tied to a beam of the house, but permitting me to lie down on a board. The three warriors were constantly harassing and troubling me, saying, "How will you like to eat fire to-morrow—you will kill no more Indians now." I was in expectation of their going to sleep; when at length, about an hour before day-break, two laid down; the third smoked a pipe, talked to me, and asked the same painful questions. About half an hour after, he also laid down and I heard him begin to snore. Instantly I went to work, and as my arms were perfectly dead with the cord, I laid myself down upon my right arm which was behind my back, and keeping it fast with my fingers, which had still some life and strength, I slipped the cord from my left arm over my elbow and my wrist. One of the warriors now got up and stirred the fire: I was apprehensive that I should be examined, and thought it was over with me; but my hopes revived when he laid down agaid. I then attempted to unloose the rope about my neck, tried to knaw it, but in vain, as it was as thick as my thumb and as hard as iron, being made of a buffalo hide: I wrought with it a long time, gave it up, and could see no relief. At this time I saw day break and heard the cock crow: I made a second attempt almost without hope, pulling the rope by putting my fingers between my neck and it, and to my great surprise it came easily untied: it was a noose with two or three knots tied over it.

I stept over the warriors as they lay, and having got out of the house, looked back to see if there was any disturbance; I then ran throngh the town into a corn field; in my way I saw a squaw with four children lying asleep under a tree: going a different way into the field I untied my arm, which was greatly swelled and turned black: having observed a number of horses in the glade as I ran through it, I went back to catch one, and on my way found a piece of an old rug or quilt hanging on a fence which I took with me: having caught the horse, the rope with which I had been tied serving for a halter, I rode off: the horse was strong and swift, and the woods being open and the country level, about ten o'clock that day

I crossed the Sciota river at a place by computation full fifty miles from the town. I had rode about twenty miles on this side Sciota by three o'clock in the afternoon, when the horse began to fail and could no longer go on a trot. I instantly left him, and on foot ran about twenty miles farther that day, making in the whole the distance of near one hundred miles. In the evening I heard hallooing behind me, and for this reason did not halt until about ten o'clock at night, when I sat down, was extremely sick, and vomited; but when the moon rose, which might have been about two hours after, I went on and travelled until day.

During the night I had a path, but in the morning judged it prudent to forsake the path and take a ridge for the distance of fifteen miles in a line at right angles to my course, putting back as I went along with a stick the weeds which I had bended, lest I should be tracked by the enemy. I lay the next night on the waters of Muskingum: the nettles had been troublesome to me after my crossing the Sciota, having nothing to defend myself but the piece of a rug which I had found, and which while I rode I used under me by way of saddle; the briers and thorns were now painful to me and prevented me from travelling in the night until the moon appeared: In the mean time I was hindered from sleeping by the musquetoes, for even in the day I was under the necessity of travelling with a handful of bushes to brush them from my body.

The second night I reached Cushakim; next day came to Newcomer's-town, where I got about seven raspberries, which were the first thing I ate from the morning in which the Indians had taken me to burn me, until this time, which was now about three o'clock the fourth day. I felt hunger very little, but was extremely weak; I swam Muskingum river at Oldcomer's-town, the river being about two hundred yards wide; having reached the bank I sat down, looked back and thought I had a start of the Indians if any should pursue. That evening I travelled about five miles, next day came to Stillwater, a small river, in a branch of which I got two small crawfish to eat: Next night I lay within five miles of Wheeling, but had not slept a wink during this whole time, that being rendered impossible by the musquetoes, which it was my constant employment to brush away. Next day I got to Wheeling, and saw a man on the island in the Ohio opposite to that post; calling to him and asking for particular persons who had been on the expedition, and telling him that I was Slover, he at length, with great difficulty, was persuaded to come over and bring me across in his canoe.

A SHORT MEMOIR
OF
COLONEL CRAWFORD.

In the course of a perambulation through the county of Fayttee (Penn.) in the summer of 1839, the writer chanced upon the scite of what was once the residence of Col. Wm. Crawford—who

"Stands the shadow of a name once great."

It is situated on the bank of the Youghiogheny, a few hundred yards below where the town of New Haven now stands, and all that remains at this day, of what was once the hospitable mansion of Col. Crawford, is a few old logs, which appear to have outlived the ravages of modern improvement, and remain a sad memento of his unhappy fate.

Col. Crawford was one of the first pioneers that settled in the valley of the Youghiogheny. He emigrated from Berkley county, Virginia, in 1768, with his family, but had been out himself the year previous, to fix upon a location, and build a cabin for their reception. I suppose when Mr. Crawford shouldered his rifle, and took up his line of march, solitary and alone, to visit the country beyond the blue ridge, he followed the road by which the unfortunate Braddock had travelled with his army a few years before. At any rate he fixed the location of his residence precisely at the place where Braddock's army crossed the Youghiogheny river, which place retains to this day the name of Braddock's Ford.

Whether Col. Crawford fixed upon this spot by accident or design, it is at least certain that it was a very favorable location. From its then being on the only leading road to this remote region, he was enabled to see all travellers visiting the Indian country, and being himself an intelligent and hospitable man, his house was made the stopping place of the weary pioneer. He was the intimate friend and acquaintance of *General Washington*, who was frequently an inmate of his humble dwelling during his frequent visits to this section of the country, for the purpose of locating lands and attending to business for the government, with the Indians.

The vicissitudes and dangers of the first settlers on the Indian frontiers, have now, many of them, become matters of history, and are well known; but a great number of thrilling incidents were lost by the troubles and unsettled state of the times in which they occurred, and are now forever consigned to the tomb of oblivion.

Such is the case with many adventures in the life of Col. Crawford. His connexions and contemporaries have nearly all followed him to the land of spirits ; his papers and records were never preserved and very little else than a few brief stories remain to tell of his virtues and his fame.

He was born about the year 1732, and was from manhood an active warrior against the savages. During the French war he distinguished himself by his bravery and good conduct, and was much noticed by Gen. Washington, who obtained for him an ensigncy.

At the commencement of the Revolution, he raised a regiment by his own exertions, and held the commission of Colonel in the continental army. He is said to have possessed a sound judgment—was a man of singular good nature, great humanity and remarkable hospitality. He was about 50 years of age when he met the horrid death described in the narrative of Dr. KNIGHT.

A NARRATIVE

OF THE CAPTIVITY AND ESCAPE OF FRANCES SCOTT,

OF WASHINGTON COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

On Wednesday the 29th day of June, 1785, late in the evening, a large company of armed men passed the house, on their way to Kentucky—some part of whom encamped within two miles. Mr. Scott living on a frontier part, generally made the family watchful; but on this calamitous day, after so large a body of men had passed, shortly after night, he lay down in his bed, and imprudently left one of the doors of his house open; the children were also in bed, and asleep. Mrs. Scott was nearly undressed, when, to her unutterable astonishment and horror, she saw rushing in through the door that was left open, painted savages with presented arms, raising a hideous shriek—Mr. Scott being awake, instantly jumped out of his bed, but was immediately fired at: he forced his way through the middle of the enemy and got out of the door, but fell a few paces from thence. An Indian seized Mrs. Scott, and ordered her to a particular spot, and not to move: others stabbed and cut the throats of the three youngest children in their bed, and afterwards lifted them up and dashed them down on the floor, near the mother; the eldest a beautiful girl of eight years old, awoke, escaped out of the bed, ran to her parent, and, with the most plaintive accents, cried, "O mama! mama! save me;"—the mother, in the deepest anguish of spirit, and with a flood of tears, entreated the savages to spare her child; but, with a brutal fierceness, they tomahawked and stabbed her in the mother's arms. Adjacent to Mr. Scott's dwelling house another family lived, of the name of Ball.—The Indians also attacked them at the same instant they did Mr. Scott's; but the door being shut the enemy fired into the house through an opening between two logs, and killed a young lad; they then essayed to force the door open, but a surviving brother fired through the door, and the enemy desisted, and went off: the remaining part of the family ran out of the house and escaped. In Mr. Scott's house were four good rifles, well loaded, and a good deal of clothing, and furniture, part of which belonged to people that had left it on their way to Kentucky. The Indians loaded themselves with the plunder, being 13 in number, then speedily made off, and continued travelling all night; next morning their chief alotted to each man his share; and detached nine of the party to steal horses from the inhabitants on Clinch. The eleventh day after Mrs. Scott's captivity the four Indians that had her in charge, stopped at a place fixed upon for a rendezvous, and to hunt, being now in great want of provisions.—Three went out, and the chief, being an old man, was left to take care of the prisoner, who, by this time, expressed a willingness to proceed to the Indian

towns, which seemed to have the desired effect of lessening her keeper's vigilance. In the day time, as the old man was graning a deer skin, the captive pondering on her situation, and anxiously looking for an opportunity to make her escape, took the resolution, and went to the Indian carelessly, asked liberty to go a small distance to a stream of water, to wash the blood off her apron, that had remained besmeared since the fatal night of the murder of her little daughter. He told her, in the English tongue, "go along;" she then passed by him, his face being in a contrary direction from that she was going, and he very busy. She, after getting to the water, proceeded on without delay, made to a high barren mountain, and travelled until late in the evening, when she came down into the valley, in search of the track she had been taken along; hoping thereby to find the way back, without the risk of being lost, and perishing with hunger in uninhabited parts. On coming across the valley to the river side, she observed in the sand tracks of two men, that had gone up the river, and had just returned. She concluded these to have been her pursuers, which excited emotions of gratitude and thankfulness to divine providence for so timely a deliverance. Being without any provisions—having no kind of weapon or tool to assist her in getting any, and being almost destitute of clothing, and knowing that a vast tract of rugged, high mountains intervened, between where she was and the inhabitants eastwardly—the distance of the Kentucky settlements unknown,—almost as ignorant as a child of the method of steering through the woods, it may well be supposed to have excited painful sensations. But certain death, either by hunger or wild beasts, seemed preferable to being in the power of wretches who had excited in her mind such horror. She addressed heaven for protection, and taking courage, proceeded onward. After travelling three days, she had nearly met with the Indians, as she supposed, that had been sent to Clinch to steal horses, but providentially hearing their approach, concealed herself among the cane, until the enemy had passed. This giving a fresh alarm, and her mind being filled with consternation, she got lost, proceeding backwarks and forwards for several days; at length she came to a river, that seemed to come from the east; concluding it was Sandy river, she resolved to trace it to its source, which is adjacent to the Clinch settlements. After proceeding up the same several days, she came to where the river runs through the great Laurel mountain, where there is a prodigious water-fall, and numerours high, craggy cliffs along the water's edge; that way seemed impassable—the mountain steep and difficult: however, our unhappy traveller concluded that the latter way was the best. She therefore ascended for sometime, but coming to a range of inaccessible rocks, she turned her course towards the the foot of the mountain and the river side: after getting into a deep gulley, and passing over several high, steep rocks, she reached the river side, where, to her inexpressible affliction, she found that a perpendicular rock, or rather one that hung over, of 15 or 20 feet high, formed the bank. Here

a solemn pause took place ; she essayed to return, but the height of the steeps and rocks she had passed over, prevented her. She then returned to the edge of the precipice, and viewed the bottom of it, as the certain spot to end all her troubles, to remain on the top to pine away with hunger, or be devoured by wild beasts. After serious meditation, and devout exercises, she determined on leaping from the height, and accordingly jumped off. Although the place she had to alight was covered with uneven rocks, not a bone was broken ; but, being exceedingly stunned by the fall, she remained unable to proceed for some space of time. The dry season caused the river to be shallow—she travelled in it, and where she could, by its edge, until she got through the mountain, which she concluded was several miles. After this, as she was travelling along the bank of the river, a venomous snake bit her on the ancle : she had strength to kill it, and knowing its kind, concluded that death must soon overtake her. By this time, Mrs. Scott was reduced to a mere skeleton with fatigue, hunger and grief: probably this state of her body was the means of preserving her from the effects of the poison : be that as it may, very little pain succeeded the bite, and what little swelling there was, fell into her feet. Our wanderer now left the river and after proceeding a good distance, she came to where the valley parted into two, each leading a different course.—Here a painful suspense again took place : a forlorn creature, almost exhausted, and certain that if she was far led out of the way, she would never see a human creature.—During these reflections, a beautiful bird passed close by her, fluttering along the ground, and went out of sight up one of the valleys. This drew her attention, and whilst considering what it might mean, another bird of the same appearance in like manner fluttered past her, and took the same valley the other had done. This determined her choice of the way ; and in two days, which was on the 11th day of August, she reached that settlement on Clinch, called New Garden ; whereas (she is since informed by wood-men) had she taken the other valley, it would have led her back towards the Ohio.

Mrs. Scott relates, that during her wandering from the tenth of July to the eleventh of August, she had no other subsistence but chewing and swallowing the juice of young cane stalks, Sassafras leaves, and some other plants she did not know the names of; that, on her journey, she saw Buffaloes, Elks, Deer, and frequently Bears and Wolves ; not one of which, although some passed very near her, offered to do her the least harm. One day a Bear came near her, with a young Fawn in his mouth, and, on discovering her he dropped his prey and ran off. Hunger prompted her to go and take the flesh and eat it: but, on reflection, she desisted, thinking that the Bear might return and devour her ; besides, she had an aversion to raw flesh.

Mrs. Scott continued in a low state of health, and remained inconsolable for the loss of her family, particularly bewailing the cruel death of her little daughter.

THE TRIAL OF MAMACHTAGA,

AN INDIAN,

At a Court of Oyer and Terminer for the County of Westmoreland, in 1784–5.

I know the particulars of the following story well, because one of the men (Smith) was shingling a house for me in the town of Pittsburg, the evening before he was murdered by Mamachtaga, and for which murder, and some others, this Indian was tried.—Smith had borrowed a blanket of me, saying that he was about to cross the river (Allegheny) to the Indian camp on the west side.—Here a party of Indians, mostly Delawares, had come in, it being just after the war, and the greater part of these Indians having professed themselves friendly during the war, and their chief, Killbuck, with his family and that of several others, having remained at the garrison, or on an island in the Ohio river, called Killbuck's Island, and under the reach of the guns of the fort. Mamachtaga had been at war against the settlements with others of the Delawares who were now at this encampment.

I went myself over to the encampment, the next morning, and found the Indians there. Two men had been murdered, Smith and another of the name of Evans, and two wounded, one of them a dwarf of the name of Freeman. According to the relation which I got from the wounded, there were four white men together in a cabin when Mamachtaga, without the least notice, rushed in and stabbed Smith mortally, and had stabbed Evans, who had seized the Indian who was entangled with the dwarf among his feet attempting to escape, and who had received wounds also in the scuffle; the other white man had also received a stab. It would appear that the Indian had been in liquor, according to the account of the other Indians and of the white men who escaped. Killbuck appeared greatly cast down, and sat upon a log, silent. Mamachtaga made no attempt to escape.—He was now sober and gave himself up to the guard that came over, affecting not to know what had happened. The seat of justice of Westmoreland county being 30 miles distant, and the jail there not being secure, he was taken to the guard-house of the garrison, to be confined until a court of Oyer and Terminer could be holden in the county. Living in the place and being of

the profession of the law, said I to the interpreter, Joseph Nicholas, one day, Has that Indian any fur or peltry, or has he any interest with his nation that he could collect some and pay a lawyer to take up his defence for this homicide? The interpreter said that he had some in the hands of a trader in town, and that he could raise from his nation any quantity of racoon or beaver, provided it would answer any purpose. I was struck with the pleasantry of having an Indian for a client, and getting a fee in this way, and told the interpreter to go to the Indian, and explain the matter to him, who did so, and brought me an account that Mamachtaga had forty weight of Beaver, which he was ready to make over, being with a trader in town, William Amberson, with whom he had left it, and that he had a brother who would set off immediately to the Indian towns, and procure a hundred weight or more if that would do any good, but the interpreter stipulated that he should have half of all that should be got, for his trouble in bringing about the contract.—Accordingly he was dispatched to the Indian, from whom he brought, in a short time, an order for the beaver in the hand of the trader, with Mamachtaga (his mark.) The mark was something like a turkey's foot and these people have no idea of an hieroglyphic merely abstract, as a strait line or a curve, but it must bear some resemblance to a thing in nature. After this, as it behoved me, I went to consult with my client and arrange his defence, if it were possible to make one on which a probable face could be put. Accompanied by the interpreter, I was admitted to the Indian, so that I could converse with him; he was in what is called the black hole, something resembling that kind of hole which is depressed in the floor, and which the Southern people have in their cabins, in which to keep their esculent roots, from the frost during the winter season. Not going down into the hole as may be supposed, though it was large enough to contain two or three, and was depressed about eight feet, being the place in which delinquent or refractory soldiery had been confined occasionally for punishment, but standing on the floor above, I desired the interpreter to put his questions. This was done, explaining to him the object of the enquiry, that it was to serve him, and by knowing the truth, be prepared for his defence; he affected to know nothing about it, nor was he disposed to rely upon any defence that could be made. His idea was that he was giving the beaver as a commutation for his life. Under this impression it did not appear to me proper that I should take the beaver, knowing that I could do nothing for him; besides, seeing the manner in which the dark and squalid creature was accommodated with but a shirt and breech-clout on, humanity dictated that the beaver should be applied to procure him a blanket and food additional to the bread and water which he was allowed. Accordingly I returned the order to the interpreter, and desired him to procure and furnish these things. He seemed reluctant, and thought we ought to keep the perquisite we had got. On this, I thought it most advisable to retain the order and give it to a trader in town with directions to furnish these articles occasio-

ally to the officer of the guard, which I did, taking the responsibility upon myself to the interpreter for his part of the beaver.

An Indian woman, known by the name of the Grenadier Squaw, was sitting doing some work by the trap-door of the cell, or hole in which he was confined, for the trap-door was kept open and a sentry at the outer door of the guard-house, the Indian woman was led by sympathy to sit by him. I had a curiosity to know the force of abstract sentiment, in preferring greater evils to what with us would seem to be lesser; or rather the force of opinion over pain. For knowing the idea of the Indians with regard to the disgrace of hanging, I proposed to the Indian woman, who spoke English as well as Indian, and was a Delaware herself, (and Mamachtaga was of that nation,) to ask him which he would choose, to be hanged or burnt? Whether it was that the woman was struck with the inhumanity of introducing the idea of death, she not only declined to put the question, but her countenance expressed resentment. I then recollected, and have since attended to the circumstance, that amongst themselves, when they mean to put any one to death, they conceal the determination, and the time, until it is about to be put in execution, unless the blacking the prisoner, which is a mark upon such as are about to be burnt, may be called an intimation; but it is only by those who are accustomed to their manners that it can be understood. However, I got the question put by the interpreter, at which he seemed to hesitate for some time, but said he would rather be shot or be tomahawked. In a few days it made a great noise through the country that I was to appear for the Indian, and having acquired some reputation in the defence of criminals, it was thought possible by some that he might be acquitted by *the crooks of the law*, as the people expressed it; and it was talked of publickly to raise a party and come to town and take the interpreter and me both, and hang the interpreter, and exact an oath from me not to appear in behalf of the Indian. It was, however, finally concluded to come in to the garrison and demand the Indian, and hang him themselves.—Accordingly, a party came, in a few days, and about break of day summoned the garrison, and demanded the surrender of the Indian; the commanding officer remonstrated, and prevailed with them to leave the Indian to the civil authority. Upon which they retired, firing their guns as they came through the town. The interpreter, hearing the alarm, sprang up in his shirt, and made for a hill above the town, called Grant's-hill. On seeing him run, he was taken for the Indian, who they supposed had been suffered to escape, and was pursued, until the people were assured that it was not the Indian. In the mean time he had run some miles, and swimming the river, lay in the Indian country until he thought it might be safe to return.

It was not without good reason that the interpreter was alarmed, for having been some years amongst the Indians, in early life a prisoner, and since a good deal employed in the Indian trade, and on all occasions of treaty, employed as an interpreter, he was associated in the public mind with an Indian, and on this occasion,

considered as the abetter of the Indian, from the circumstance of employing council to defend him. And before this time a party had come from the Chartiers, a settlement south of the Monongahela, in the neighbourhood of this town, and had attacked some friendly Indians on the Island in the Ohio, (Killbuck's Island) under the protection of the garrison, had killed several, and amongst them some that had been of essential service to the whites, in the expeditions against the Indian towns, and on scouting parties, in case of attacks upon the settlements. One to whom the whites had given the name of Wilson, (Capt. Wilson) was much regretted by the garrison.

A day or two after his return, the interpreter came to me, and relinquished all interest in the beaver that was lodged with the trader, or expected from the towns, that he might, to use his own language, wipe his hands of the affair, and be clear of the charge of supporting the Indian. The fact was, that as to beaver from the towns I expected none, having been informed in the mean time by the friendly Indians, that Mamachtaga was a bad man, and was thought so by his nation; that he had been a great warrior; but was mischievous when in liquor, having killed two of his own people; that it would not be much regretted in the nation to hear of his death; and that, except his brother, no one would give any thing to get him off.

He had the appearance of great ferocity; was of tall stature, and fierce aspect; he was called Mamachtaga, which signifies trees blown across, as is usual in a hurricane or tempest by the wind, and this name had been given him from the ungovernable nature of his passion. Having, therefore, no expectation of peltry or fur in the case, it was no great generosity in me to press upon the interpreter the taking of half the beaver, as his right in procuring the contract; but finding me obstinate in insisting upon it, he got a friend to speak to me, and at length I suffered myself to be prevailed upon to let him off and take all the beaver that could be got to myself.

It did not appear to me advisable to relinquish the defence of the Indian, fee or no fee, lest it should be supposed that I yielded to the popular impression, the fury of which, when it had a little spent itself, began to subside, and there were some who thought the Indian might be cleared, if it could be proved that the white men killed had made the Indian drunk, which was alleged to be the case; but which the wounded and surviving persons denied, particularly the dwarf, (William Freeman,) but his testimony, it was thought, would not be much regarded, as he could not be said to be *man grown*, and had been convicted at the Quarter Sessions of stealing a keg of whiskey some time before.

At a court of Oyer and Terminer holden for the county of Westmoreland, before Chief Justice M'Kean, and Bryan, Mamachtaga was brought to trial.—The usual forms were pursued.—An interpreter, not Nicholas, but a certain Handlyn, stood by him and interpreted, in the Delaware language, the indictment and the meaning of it, and the privilege he had to deny the charge, that is, the plea of

"*not guilty.*" But he could not easily comprehend that it was matter of form, and that he must say "*not guilty;*" for he was unwilling to deny, as unbecoming a warrior to deny the truth. For though he did not confess, yet he did not like to say that he had not killed the men; only that he was drunk, and did not know what he had done; but "supposed he should know when he was under the ground." The court directed the plea to be entered for him, and he was put upon his trial.

He was called upon to make his challenges, which the interpreter explained to him, which he was left to make himself, and which he did as he liked the countenances of the jury, and challenged according to the sourness, or cheerfulness of the countenance, and what he thought indications of a mild temper. The jurors, as they were called to the book, being told in the usual form, "Prisoner, look upon the juror—juror, look upon the prisoner at the bar—are you related to the prisoner?" One of them, a German of a swarthy complexion, and being the first called, took the question amiss, thinking it a reflection, and said with some anger, that "he thought that an uncivil way to treat Dutch people, as if he could be the brother, or cousin, of an Indian;" but the matter being explained to him by another German on the jury, he was satisfied, and was sworn.

The meaning of the jury being on oath, was explained to the Indian, to give him some idea of the solemnity and fairness of the trial. The testimony was positive and put the homicide beyond a doubt; so that nothing remained for me, in opening his defence, but the offering to prove that he was in liquor, and that this had been given him by the white people, the traders in town. This testimony was overruled, and it was explained to the Indian that the being drunk could not by our law excuse the murder. The Indian said "he hoped the good man above would excuse it."

The jury gave their verdict, guilty, without leaving the bar. And the prisoner was remanded to jail. In the mean time there was tried at the same court another person, (John Bradly,) on a charge of homicide, but who was found guilty of *manslaughter* only. Towards the ending of the court, these were both brought up to receive sentence. The Indian was asked what he had to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him. This was interpreted to him, and he said that he would rather *run awhile.* This was under the idea of the custom among the Indians of giving time to the murderer, according to the circumstances of the case, to run, during which time if he can satisfy the relations of the deceased, by a commutation for his life, a gun, a horse, fur, and the like, it is in their power to dispense with the punishment, but if this cannot be done, having not enough to give, or the relations not consenting to take a commutation, he must come at the end of the time appointed, to the spot assigned, and there, by a warrior of the nation, or some relative, son, brother, &c. of the deceased, be put to death, in which case the tomahawk is the usual instrument.

No instance will occur in which the condemned will not be punctual to his engagement. And I think it very probable, or rather can have no doubt, but that if this Indian had been suffered to run at this time, that is, go to his nation, on the condition to return at a certain period, to receive the sentence of what he would call the council, he would have come, with as much fidelity, as a man challenged, would on a point of honor come to the place assigned, and at the time when, to risk himself to his adversary. Such is the force of opinion, from education, on the human mind.

Sentence having been pronounced upon the convict of manslaughter—(In this case, the first part of the sentence, as the law directs, was that of hanging, which is done until the *benefit of clergy is prayed by the prisoner;* but not understanding this, he was not prepared for the shock;—nothing could exceed the contortion of his muscles when a sentence, contrary to what he had expected, was pronounced. Being a simple man, he made a hideous outcry, gave a most woful look to the court, and begged for mercy; and it was not for some time after that, having the matter explained to him, and the benefit of clergy being allowed, he could be composed.)—Sentence of *burning in the hand* was now pronounced; at this moment the sheriff came in with a rope to bind up his hand to a beam of the low and wooden court house in which we were, in order that the hot iron might be put upon it.

Sentence of hanging had been previously pronounced upon the Indian, on which he had said that he would prefer to be shot; but it being explained to him that this could not be done, he had the idea of hanging in his mind. Accordingly, by a side glance, seeing the sheriff coming in with a rope, which was a bed cord he had procured, having nothing else, in our then low state of trade and manufactures, Mamachtaga conceived that the sentence was about to be executed presently upon him, and that the rope was for this purpose, which coming unaware upon him, he lost the command of himself for a moment; his visage grew black, his features were screwed up, and he writhed with horror and aversion—the surprise not having given time to the mind to collect itself, and on the acquired principle of honor, to conceal its dismay, or on those of reason to bear with and compose itself to its fate. Even when undeceived and made acquainted that he was not to die then, he remained under a visible horror, the idea of immediate death, and especially of hanging, giving a tremor, like the refrigeration of cold upon the human frame.

Before he was taken from the bar, he wished to say something, which was to acknowledge, that his trial had been fair, and to express a wish, that his nation would not revenge his death, or come to war on his acccount.—Being asked as he was taken off, by some of those accompanying the sheriff, in conducting him to jail, whom he thought the judges to be, before whom he had been tried, and who were on the bench in scarlet robes, which was the official custom of that time, and being of the Delaware nation, amongst

whom Moravian missionaries had been a good deal, and as it would seem, mixing some recollections which he had derived from this source, he answered that the one, meaning the chief justice, was God, and the other Jesus Christ.

At the same court of Oyer and Terminer was convicted a man for the crime against nature, and at a court of Quarter Sessions a short time after, another person had been convicted of larceny, and was now confined in the same jail, and in fact in the same room, for there was but one, with the Indian and the white man before-mentioned; and though, upon account of his youth and family connections, the jury in finding a verdict had recommended him to pardon, for which the supreme executive council of the State had been petitioned some time before; nevertheless he could not restrain the wickedness of his mind and had prevailed upon the white man, guilty of the crime against nature, as he had to die at any rate, to save the disgrace of being hanged, to consent to be murdered by the Indian. The creature was extremely simple, and had actually consented, and the young culprit had prepared a knife for the purpose, but the Indian refused, though solicited, and offered liquor, saying that he had killed white men enough already.

A child of the jailer had been taken sick, and had a fever. The Indian said he could cure it, if he had roots from the woods, which he knew. The jailer taking off his irons which he had on his feet, took his word that he would not make his escape, while he let him go to the woods to collect roots, telling him that if he did make his escape, the great council, the judges, would hang him, (the jailer,) in his place. But for greater security the jailer thought proper to accompany him to the woods, where roots were collected, which on their return were made use of in the cure of the child.

The warrant for the execution of the Indian and of the white man, came to hand, and on the morning of the execution the Indian expressed a wish to be painted, that he might die like a warrior. The jailer, as before, unironed him, and took him to the woods to collect his usual paints, which having done, he returned, and prepared himself for the occasion, painting highly with the rouge which they use on great occasions.

A great body of people assembled at the place of execution, the white man was hung first, and afterwards the Indian ascended a ladder placed to the cross timber of the gibbet; the rope being fastened, when he was swung off it broke, and the Indian fell.—having swooned a little, he rose with a smile, and went up again, a stronger rope in the mean time having been provided, or rather two put about his neck together, so that his weight was supported, when he underwent the sentence of the law and was hanged till he was dead.

This was during the Indian war, and this place on the verge of the settlement, so that if the Indian had taken a false step, and gone off from the jailer while he was looking for roots for the cure, or for

painting, it would have been easy for him to have made his escape; but such is the force of opinion, as we have before said, resulting from the way of thinking amongst the Indians, that he did not seem to think that he had the physical power to go. It was nevertheless considered an imprudent thing in the jailer to run this risk. For if the Indian had made his escape, it is morally certain that in the then state of the public mind, the jailer himself would have fallen a sacrifice to the resentment of the people.

THE

STORY OF THE LAME INDIAN.

In Pittsburg, (Pennsylvania,) about the year 1786, one evening just at twilight, there was found sitting in a porch, an Indian with a light pole in his hand. He spoke in broken English to the person of the house who first came out, and asked for milk. The person (a girl) ran in and returning with others of the family, they came to see what it was that had something like the appearance of a human skeleton. He was to the last degree emaciated, with scarcely the semblance of flesh upon his bones. One of his limbs had been wounded, and it had been on one foot and by the help of the pole that he had made his way to this place. Being questioned, he appeared too weak to give an account of himself, but asked for milk, which was given him, and word sent to the commanding officer of the garrison at that place, (General William Irwin) who sent a guard and had him taken to the garrison. After having had food, and being now able to give some account of himself, he was questioned by the interpreter, (Joseph Nicholas.) He related that he had been on Beaver river trapping, and had a difference with a Mingo Indian, who had shot him in the leg, because he had said he wished to come to the white people.

Being told that this was not credible, but that he must tell the truth, and that in so doing he would fare the better, he gave the following account; to wit, that he was one of a party which had struck the settlement in the *last moon*, attacked a fort, killed some and took some prisoners. (This appeared to be a fort known by the name of Waltour's Fort, by the account which he gave, which is at the distance of twenty-three miles from the town, on the Pennsylvania road towards Philadelphia, and within eight miles of what is now Greensburg.) He stated that it was there he received his wound.

The fact was that the old man, Waltour, his daughter and two sons, were at work in the field, having their guns at some distance, which they seized on the appearance of the Indians, and made towards the fort. This was one of those stockades or block-houses to which a few families of the neighbourhood collected in times of danger, and going to their fields in the day, returned at night to this place of security.

These persons in the field were pursued by the Indians and the young woman taken. The old man with his sons kept up a fire as they retreated, and had got to the distance of about a hundred and fifty yards from the fort when the old man fell. An Indian had got upon him and was about to take his scalp, when one in the fort, directing his rifle, fired upon the Indian, who gave a horrid yell and made off, limping on one foot. This was in fact the very Indian, as it now appeared, that had come to town.—He confessed the fact, and said, that on the party with which he was, being pursued, he had hid himself in the bushes a few yards from the path along which the people from the fort came in pursuit of them.

After the mischief was done, a party of our people had pursued the Indians to the Allegheny river, tracing their course, and had found the body of the young woman whom they had taken prisoner but had tomahawked and left. The Indian, as we have said, continuing his story to the interpreter, gave us to understand that he lay three days without moving from the place where he first threw himself into the bushes, until a pursuit might be over, lest he should be tracked; that after this he had got along on his hands and feet, until he found this pole in the marsh which he had used to assist him, and in the mean time had lived on berries and roots; that he had come to a post some distance, and thought of giving himself up, and lay all day on a hill above the place, thinking whether he would or not, but seeing that they were all militia men and no regulars he did not venture.—(The Indians well know the distinction between regulars and militia, and from these last they expect no quarter.)

The post of which he spoke was about 12 miles from Pittsburg on the Pennsylvania road, at the crossings of what is called Turtle Creek. It was now thirty-eight days since the affair of Waltour's Fort, and during that time this miserable creature had subsisted on plants and roots, and had made his way on one foot by the help of the pole. According to his account, he had first attempted a course to his own country, by crossing the Allegheny river a considerable distance above the town, but strength failing to accomplish this, he had wished to gain the garrison where the regular troops were, having been at this place before the war; and in fact he was now known to some of the garrison by the name of Davy. I saw the creature in the garrison after his confession, some days, and was struck with his endeavours to conciliate good will by smiling and affecting placability and a friendly disposition.

The question now was what to do with him. From the mode of war carried on by the savages, they are not entitled to the laws of nations. But are we not bound by the laws of nature, to spare those that are in our power; and does not our right to put to death cease, when an enemy ceases to have it in his power to injure us. This *diable boitieux*, or devil on two sticks, as they may be called, his leg and his pole, would not seem to be likely to come to war again.

In the mean time the widow of the man who had been killed at

Waltour's Fort, and mother of the young woman who had been taken prisoner and found tomahawked, accompanied by a deputation of the people of the settlement, came to the garrison, and addressing themselves to the commanding officer, demanded that the Indian should be delivered up, that it might be done with him as the widow and mother and relations of the deceased should think proper. After much deliberation, the country being greatly dissatisfied that he was spared, and a great clamour prevailing through the settlement, it was thought advisable, to let them take him, and he was accordingly delivered up to the militia of the party which came to demand him. He was put upon a horse and carried off with a view to take him to the spot where the first mischief had been done, (Waltour's Fort.) But as they were carrying him along, his leg, the fracture of which by this time was almost healed, (the surgeon of the garrison having attended to it,) was broken again by a fall from the horse, which had happened some way in carrying him.

The intention of the people was to summon a jury of the country and try him, at least for the sake of form, but as they alledged, in order to ascertain whether he was the identical Indian that had been of the party at Waltour's Fort, though it is not very probable that he would have had an impartial trial, there having been a considerable prejudice against him. The circumstance of being an Indian would have been sufficient to condemn him. The idea was, in case of a verdict against him, which seemed morally certain, to execute him, according to the Indian manner, by torture and burning. For the fate of Crawford and others was at this time in the minds of the people, and they thought retalliation a principle of natural justice.

But while the Jury were collecting, sometime must elapse, that night at least, for he was brought to the Fort, or block-house in the evening. Accordingly a strong guard was appointed to take care of him, while in the mean time, one who had been deputed sheriff went to summon a jury, and others to collect wood, and materials for the burning, and to fix upon the place, which was to be the identical spot where he had received his wound, while about to scalp the man whom he had shot in the field, just as he was raising the scalp halloo, twisting his hand in the hair of the head, and brandishing his scalping-knife. It is to be presumed that the guard may be said to have been off their guard somewhat on account of the lameness of the prisoner, and the seeming impossibility that he could escape; but it so turned out that while engaged in conversation, on the burning that was to take place, or by some other cause of inattention, he had been permitted to climb up at a remote corner of the block-house, get to the joists, from thence upon the wall-plate of the block-house, and from thence, as was supposed, to get down on the outside between the roof and the wall-plate, for the block-house was so constructed that the roof overjutted the wall of the block-house, resting on the ends of the joists that protruded a foot or two beyond the wall, so that those within could fire down upon the Indians, who should approach the house to set fire to it, or attempt the door. But towards morning the Indian was missed, and when the jury met,

there was no Indian to be brought before them. Search had been made by the guard every where; the jury joined in the search, and the militia went out in all directions, in order to track his course and regain the prisoner.—But no discovery could be made, and the guard were much blamed for their want of vigilance, though some supposed that he had been let go from feelings of humanity, that they might not be under the necessity of burning him.

The search had been abandoned; but three days after this, a lad looking for his horses, saw an Indian with a pole or long stick, just getting on one of them by the help of a log, or trunk of a fallen tree; he had made a bridle of bark, as it appeared, which was on the horse's head, and with which, and his stick guiding the horse, he set off at a smart trot, in a direction towards the frontier of the settlement. The boy was afraid to discover himself, or reclaim his horse, but ran home and gave the alarm, on which a party, in the course of the day, was collected, and started in pursuit of the Indian; they tracked the horse until it was dark, and were then obliged to lie by; in the morning, taking it again, they tracked the horse as before, but found the course varied, taking into branches of streams to prevent pursuit, and which greatly delayed them, requiring considerable time to trace the stream and find where the horse had taken the bank and come out—sometimes taking along hard ridges, though not directly in his course, where the tracks of the horse could not be seen. In this manner he had gotten on to the Allegheny river, where they found the horse with the bark bridle, and where he appeared to have been left but a short time before. The sweat was scarcely dry upon his sides; for the weather was warm and he appeared to have been ridden hard; the distance he had come was about 90 miles. It was presumed the Indian had swam the river, into the uninhabited and what was then called the Indian country, where it was unsafe for the small party that were in pursuit to follow.

After the war, I took some pains to inform myself whether he had made his way good to the Indian towns, the nearest of which was Sandusky, at the distance of about two hundred miles; but it appeared that after all his efforts he had been unsuccessful, and had not reached home. He had been drowned in the river or famished in the woods, or his broken limb had occasioned his death.

In like manner I have made inquiry respecting the Indian who had Dr. Knight in custody when he made his escape; for I had myself taken down, from the Doctor's own mouth, the narrative of his escape, and could not conceive, nor could the Doctor say, why it was that the gun, when he presented it to the Indian, and snapped it, did not go off. The Indian himself had been surprised at it, and did not recollect that he had plugged the touch-hole to keep it from the wet, nor did the Doctor discover this.—The Indian, to excuse himself, had represented the Doctor as a man of great stature and strength, but the Indians laughed at him when they came to know, and were informed by some from the other town that had seen him sent on, that he was a man of small stature and of little strength.

AFFECTING HISTORY

OF THE DREADFUL DISTRESSES OF

FREDERICK MANHEIM'S FAMILY.



Frederick Manheim, an industrious German, with his family, consisting of his wife, Catharine a daughter of eighteen years of age, and Maria and Christina, his youngest children, (twins,) about sixteen, resided near the river Mohawk, eight miles west of Johnston. On the 19th of October, 1779, the father being at work at some distance from his habitation, and the mother and eldest daughter on a visit at a neighbor's, two hostile Canassadaga Indians rushed in and captured the twin sisters.

The party to which these savages belonged, consisted of fifty warriors, who, after securing twenty-three of the inhabitants of that neighborhood, (among whom was the unfortunate Frederick Manheim,) and firing their houses, retired for four days with the utmost precipitancy, till they were quite safe from pursuit. The place where they halted on the evening of the day of rest, was a thick pine swamp, which rendered the darkness of an uncommonly gloomy night still more dreadful. The Indians kindled a fire, which they had not done before, and ordered their prisoners, whom they kept together, to refresh themselves with such provisions as they had. The Indians ate by themselves. Instead of retiring to rest after supping, the appalled captives observed their enemies busied in operations which boded nothing good. Two saplings were pruned clear of branches up to the very top, and all the brush cleared away for several rods around them. While this was doing, others were splitting pitch-pine billets into small splinters above five inches in length, and as small as one's little finger, sharpening one end, and dipping the other in melted turpentine.

At length, with countenances distorted by infernal fury, and with hideous yells, the two savages who had captured the hapless Maria and Christina, leaped into the midst of their circle, and dragged those ill-fated maidens, shrieking, from the embraces of their companions. These warriors had disagreed about whose property the girls should be, as they had jointly seized them; and, to terminate the dispute, agreeably to the abominable usage of the savages, it was determined by the chiefs of the party, that the prisoners, who gave rise to the contention, should be destroyed; and that their captors should be the principal agents in the execrable business. These

furies, assisted by their comrades, stripped the forlorn girls, already convulsed with apprehensions, and tied each to a sappling, with their hands as high extended above their heads as possible; and then pitched them, from their knees to their shoulders, with upwards of six hundred of the sharpened splinters above described, which, at every puncture, were attended with screams of distress, that echoed and re-echoed through the wilderness. And then, to complete the infernal tragedy, the splinters, all standing erect on the bleeding victims, were every one set on fire, and exhibited a scene of monstrous misery, beyond the power of speech to describe, or even the imagination to conceive. It was not until near three hours had elapsed from the commencement of their torments, and they had lost almost every resemblance of the human form, that these hapless virgins sunk into the arms of their deliverer, Death.

SUFFERINGS OF THE
Rev. JOHN CORBLY AND FAMILY.

RELATED IN A LETTER TO THE REV. WM. ROGERS.

Dear Sir:—The following is a just and true account of the tragical scene, of my family's falling by the savages, which I related when at your house in Philadelphia, and you requested me to forward in writing. On the second Sabbath in May, in the year 1782, being my appointment at one of my meeting houses, about a mile from my dwelling house, I sat out with my dear wife and five children, for public worship.—Not suspecting any danger, I walked behind two hundred yards, with my Bible in my hand, meditating—as I was thus employed, all on a sudden, I was greatly alarmed with the frightful shrieks of my dear family before me—I immediately ran, with all the speed I could, vainly hunting a club as I ran, till I got within forty yards of them; my poor wife seeing me, cried to me to make my escape—an Indian ran up to shoot me—I then fled, and by so doing out-ran him.—My wife had a sucking child in her arms: this little infant they killed and scalped.—They then struck my wife several times, but not getting her down, the Indian who aimed to shoot me, ran to her, shot her through the body, and scalped her: my little boy, an only son, about six years old, they sunk the hatchet into his brains, and thus despatched him. A daughter, besides the infant, they also killed and scalped. My eldest daughter, who is yet alive, was hid in a tree, about twenty yards from the place where the rest were killed, and saw the whole proceedings. She, seeing the Indians all go off, as she thought, got up, and deliberately crept out from the hollow trunk; but one of

them espying her, ran hastily up, knocked her down, and scalped her—also her only surviving sister, one on whose head they did not leave more than an inch round, either of flesh or skin, besides taking a piece out of her skull. She, and the before-mentioned one, are still miraculously preserved, though, as you must think, I have had, and still have, a great deal of trouble and expense with them, besides anxiety about them, insomuch that I am, as to worldly circumstances, almost ruined. I am yet in hopes of seeing them cured; they still, blessed be God, retain their senses, notwithstanding the painful operations they have already and must yet pass through.

Muddy Creek, Washington County, July 8, 1785.

REMARKABLE ENCOUNTER OF A WHITE MAN WITH TWO INDIANS.

IN A LETTER TO A GENTLEMAN OF PHILADELPHIA.

Dear Sir:—I wrote you a note, a few days ago, in which I promised you the particulars of an affair between a white man of this county, and two Indians.—The story is as follows:

The white man is upwards of sixty years of age; his name is David Morgan, a kinsman of Col. Morgan, of the Rifle Battalion. This man had, through fear of the Indians, fled to a fort about twenty miles above the province line, and near the east side of the Monongahela river. From thence he sent some of his younger children to his plantation, which was a mile distant, there to do some business in the field. He afterwards thought fit to follow, and see how they fared. Getting to his field, and seating himself upon the fence, within view of his children, where they were at work, he espied two Indians making towards them; on which he called to his children to make their escape. The Indians immediately bent their course towards him. He made the best haste to escape away, that his age and consequent infirmity would permit; but soon found he would be overtaken, which made him think of defence. Being armed with a good rifle, he faced about, and found himself under the necessity of running four or five perches towards the Indians, in order to obtain shelter behind a tree of sufficient size.

This unexpected manœuvre obliged the Indians, who were close by, to stop, where they had but small timber to shelter behind, which gave Mr. Morgan an opportunity of shooting one of them dead upon the spot. The other, taking the advantage of Morgan's

empty gun, advanced upon him, and put him to flight a second time, and being lighter of foot than the old man, soon came up within a few paces, when he fired at him, but fortunately missed him. On this, Mr. Morgan faced about again, to try his fortune, and clubbed his firelock. The Indian, by this time, had got his tomahawk in order for a throw, at which they are very dexterous. Morgan made the blow, and the Indian the throw, almost at the same instant, by which the little finger was cut off Morgan's left hand, and the one next to it almost off, and his gun broke off by the lock. Now they came to close grips. Morgan put the Indian down; but soon found himself overturned, and the Indian upon him, feeling for his knife, and yelling most hideously, as their manner is when they look upon victory to be certain. However, a woman's apron, which the Indian had plundered out of a house in the neighborhood, and tied on him, above his knife, was now in his way, and so hindered him getting at it quickly, that Morgan got one of his fingers fast in his mouth, and deprived him of the use of that hand, by holding it, and disconcerted him considerably by chewing it; all the while observing how he would come on with his knife. At length the Indian had got hold of his knife, but so far towards the blade, that Morgan got a small hold on the hinder end; and as the Indian pulled it out of the scabbard, Morgan giving his finger a severe screw with his teeth, twitched it out through his hand, cutting it most grievously. By this time they were both got partly on their feet; the Indian was endeavoring to disengage himself; but Morgan held fast by the finger, and quickly applied the point of the knife to the side of the savage; a bone happening in the way, prevented its penetrating any great depth, but a second blow, directed more towards the belly, found free passage into his bowels. The old man turned the point upwards, made a large wound, burying the knife therein, and so took his departure instantly to the fort, with the news of his adventure.

On the report of Mr. Morgan, a party went out from the fort, and found the first Indian where he had fallen; the second they found not yet dead, at one hundred yards distance from the scene of action, hid in the top of a fallen tree, where he had picked the knife out of his body, after which had come out parched corn, &c., and had bound up his wound with the apron aforementioned; and on first sight he saluted them with, How do do, broder, how do do, broder? But alas! poor savage, their brotherhood to him extended only to tomahawing, scalping, and, to gratify some peculiar feelings of their own, skinning them both; and they have made drum heads of their skins.

Westmoreland, April 26, 1779.

SINGULAR PROWESS OF A WOMAN,

IN A COMBAT WITH SOME INDIANS.

RELATED IN A LETTER TO A LADY OF PHILADELPHIA.

MADAM:—I have written to Mr. ———, of your city, an account of an affair between a white man and two Indians. I am now to give you a relation in which you will see how a person of your sex acquitted herself in defence of her own life and that of her husband and children.

The lady who is the subject of this story, is named Experience Bozarth.—She lives on a creek called Dunkard Creek, in the south-west corner of this county. About the middle of March last, two or three families, who were afraid to stay at home, gathered to her house and there stayed—looking on themselves to be safer than when all scattered about at their own houses.

On a certain day, some of the children thus collected, came running in from play, in great haste, saying, there were ugly red men. One of the men in the house stepped to the door, where he received a ball in the side of his breast, which caused him to fall back into the house. The Indian was immediately in over him, and engaged with another man who was in the house. The man tossed the Indian on a bed, and called for a knife to kill him. (Observe, these were all the men that were in the house.) Now Mrs. Bozarth appears the only help, who not finding a knife at hand, took up an axe that lay by, and with one blow cut out the brains of the Indian. At that instant, (for all was instantaneous,) a second Indian entered the door, and shot the man dead, who was engaged with the Indian on the bed. Mrs. Bozarth turned to this second Indian, and with her axe gave him several large cuts, some of which let his entrails appear. He bawled out murder, murder. On this, sundry other Indians (who had hitherto been fully employed, killing some children out of doors) came rushing to his relief; the head of one of these Mrs. Bozarth clave in two with her axe, as he stuck it in at the door, which laid him flat upon the ground. Another snatched hold of the wounded, bellowing fellow, and pulled him out of doors, and Mrs. Bozarth, with the assistance of the man who was first shot in the door, and by this time a little recovered, shut the door after them, and fastened it, where they kept garrison for several days,

the dead white man and dead Indian both in the house with them, and the Indians about the house besieging them. At length they were relieved by a party sent for that purpose.

This whole affair, to shutting the door, was not, perhaps, more than three minutes in acting.

Westmoreland, April 26, 1779.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SUEFERINGS OF

MASSY HERBESON

AND HER FAMILY,

Who were taken Prisoners by a party of Indians.—Given on oath, before John Wilkins, Esq. one of the Justices of the Peace for the Commonwealth of Penn'a.

Massy Herbeson, on her oath, according to law, being taken before John Wilkins, Esq. one of the commonwealth's justices of the peace in and for the county of Alleghany, deposeth and saith, that on the 22d day of this instant, she was taken from her own house, within two hundred yards of Reed's block-house, which is called twenty-five miles from Pittsburg; her husband, being one of the spies, was from home; two of the scouts had lodged with her that night, but had left her house about sunrise, in order to go to the block-house, and had left the door standing wide open. Shortly after the two scouts went away, a number of Indians came into the house, and drew her out of bed by the feet; the two eldest children, who also lay in another bed were drawn out in the same manner; a younger child, about one year old, slept with the deponent. The Indians then scrambled about the articles in the house; whilst they were at this work, the deponent went out of the house, and hallooed to the people in the block-house; one of the Indians then ran up and stopped her mouth, another ran up with his tomahawk drawn, and a third ran and seized the tomahawk and called her his squaw; this last Indian claimed her as his, and continued by her; about fifteen of the Indians then ran down toward the block-house and fired their guns at the block and store-house, in consequence of which one soldier was killed and another wounded, one having been at the spring, and the other in coming or looking out of the store-house. This deponent telling the Indians there were about forty men in the block-house, and each man had two guns, the Indians went to them that were firing at the block-house, and brought them back.—They then began to drive the deponent and her children away; but a boy, about three years old, being unwilling to leave the house, they took it by the heels, and dashed it against the house,

then stabbed and scalped it. They then took the deponent and the two other children to the top of the hill, where they stopped until they tied up the plunder they had got. While they were busy about this, the deponent counted them, and the number amounted to thirty-two, including two white men, that were with them, painted like the Indians.

That several of the Indians could speak English, and that she knew three or four of them very well, having often seen them go up and down the Allegheny river; two of them she knew to be Seneccas, and two Munsees, who had got their guns mended by her husband about two years ago. That they sent two Indians with her, and the others took their course towards Puckty. That she, the children, and the two Indians had not gone above two hundred yards, when the Indians caught two of her uncle's horses, put her and the youngest child on one, and one of the Indians and the other child on the other. That the two Indians then took her and the children to the Allegheny river, and took them over in bark canoes, as they could not get the horses to swim the river. After they had crossed the river, the oldest child, a boy of about five years of age, began to mourn for his brother, when one of the Indians tomahawked and scalped him. That they travelled all day very hard, and that night arrived at a large camp covered with bark, which, by appearance, might hold fifty men; that night they took her about three hundred yards from the camp, into a large dark bottom, bound her arms, gave her some bed clothes, and lay down one on each side of her.—That the next morning they took her into a thicket on the hill side, and one remained with her till the middle of the day, while the other went to watch the path, lest some white people should follow them. They then exchanged places during the remainder of the day; she got a piece of dry venison, about the bulk of an egg, that day, and a piece about the same size the day they were marching; that evening, (Wednesday the 23d) they moved her to a new place, and secured her as the night before: during the day of the 23d, she made several attempts to get the Indian's gun or tomahawk, that was guarding her, and, had she succeeded, she would have put him to death. She was nearly detected in trying to get the tomahawk from his belt.

The next morning (Thursday) one of the Indians went out, as on the day before, to watch the path. The other lay down and fell asleep. When she found he was sleeping, she stole her short gown, hankerchief, a child's frock, and then made her escape;—the sun was then about half an hour high—that she took her course from the Alleghany, in order to deceive the Indians, as they would naturally pursue her that way; that day she travelled along Conequenessing creek.—The next day she altered her course, and, as she believes, fell upon the waters of Pine Creek, which empties into the Allegheny. Thinking this not her best course, she took over some dividing ridges,—lay on a dividing ridge on Friday night, and on Saturday came to Squaw run—continued down the run until an Indian, or some other person, shot a deer; she saw the person about one

hundred and fifty yards from her—the deer running and the dog pursuing it, which, from the appearance, she supposed to be an Indian dog.

She then altered her course, but again came to the same run, and continued down it until she got so tired that she was obliged to lie down, it having rained on her all that day and the night before; she lay there that night; it rained constantly; on Sunday morning she proceeded down the run until she came to the Allegheny river, and continued down the river till she came opposite to Carter's house, on the inhabited side, where she made a noise, and James Closier brought her over the river to Carter's house.

Sworn before me, at Pittsburg, this 28th day of May, 1792.

JOHN WILKINS.

SUFFERINGS OF

PETER WILLIAMSON,

ONE OF THE SETTLERS IN THE BACK PARTS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I was born within ten miles of the town of Aberdeen, in the north of Scotland; at eight years of age, being a sturdy boy, I was taken notice of by two fellows belonging to a vessel, employed (as the trade then was) by some of the worthy merchants of Aberdeen, in that villainous and execrable practice, of stealing young children from their parents, and selling them as slaves in the plantations abroad, and on board the ship easily cajoled by them, where I was conducted between decks, to some others they had kidnapped in the same manner, and in about a month's time set sail for America. When arrived at Philadelphia, the captain sold us at about sixteen pounds per head. What became of my unhappy companions I never knew; but it was my lot to be sold for seven years, to one of my countrymen, who had in his youth been kidnapped like myself, but from another town.

Having no children of his own, and commisserating my condition, he took care of me, indulged me in going to school, where I went every winter for five years, and made a tolerable proficiency. With this good master, I continued till he died, and, as a reward for my faithful service, he left me two hundred pounds currency, which was then about a hundred and twenty pounds sterling, his best horse, saddle, and all his wearing apparel.

Being now seventeen years old, and my own master, having money in my pocket, and all other necessaries, I employed myself in jobbing for near seven years; when I resolved to settle, and married the daughter of a substantial planter. My father-in-law made me a deed of gift of a tract of land that lay (unhappily for me, as it has since proved) on the frontiers of the province of Pennsylvania, near the forks of Delaware, containing about two hundred acres, thirty of which were well cleared and fit for immediate use, on which were a good house and barn. The place pleasing me well, I settled on it. My money I expended in buying stock, household furniture, and

implements for out-of-door work ; and being happy in a good wife, my felicity was complete : but in 1754, the Indians, who had for a long time before ravaged and destroyed other parts of America unmolested, began now to be very troublesome on the frontiers of our province, where they generally appeared in small skulking parties, committing great devastations.

Terrible and shocking to human nature were the barbarities daily committed by these savages ! Scarce did a day pass but some unhappy family or other fell victims to savage cruelty. Terrible, indeed, it proved to me, as well as to many others ; I that was now happy in an easy state of life, blessed with an affectionate and tender wife, became suddenly one of the most unhappy of mankind : scarce can I sustain the shock which for ever recurs on recollecting the fatal second of October, 1754. My wife that day went from home, to visit some of her relations ; as I staid up later than usual, expecting her return, no one being in the house besides myself, how great was my surprize and terror, when, about eleven o'clock at night, I heard the dismal war-whoop of the savages, and found that my house was beset by them. I flew to my chamber window, and perceived them to be twelve in number. Having my gun loaded, I threatened them with death, if they did not retire. But how vain and fruitless are the efforts of one man against the united force of so many blood-thirsty monsters ! one of them that could speak English, threatened me in return, " That if I did not come out they would burn me alive," adding, however, " That if I would come out and surrender myself prisoner they would not kill me." In such deplorable circumstances, I chose to rely on their promises, rather than meet death by rejecting them ; and accordingly went out of the house, with my gun in my hand, not knowing that I had it. Immediately on my approach, they rushed on me like tigers, and instantly disarmed me. Having me thus in their power, they bound me to a tree, went into the house, plundered it of every thing they could carry off, and then set fire to it, and consumed what was left before my eyes. Not satisfied with this, they set fire to my barn, stable, and out houses, wherein were about 200 bushels of wheat, six cows, four horses, and five sheep, all which were consumed to ashes.

Having thus finished the execrable business, about which they came, one of the monsters came to me with a tomahawk and threatened me with the worst of deaths, if I would not go with them. I agreed to go ; they then untied me, and gave me a load to carry, under which I travelled all that night, full of the most terrible apprehensions, lest my unhappy wife should likewise have fallen into their cruel power. At day break, my infernal masters ordered me to lay down my load, when, tying my hands again round a tree, they forced the blood out at my fingers' ends. And then seeing them kindling a fire near the tree to which I was bound, the most dreadful agonies seized me, from the apprehension that I was going to be made a sacrifice to their barbarity. The fire being made, they for some time danced round me, whooping, hallooing and shrieking

in a frightful manner. Being satisfied with this sort of mirth, they proceeded in another way; taking the burning coals, and sticks flaming with fire at the ends, holding them to my face, head, hands, and feet, and at the same time threatening to burn me entirely if I cried out: thus tortured almost to death, I suffered their brutalities, without being allowed to vent my anguish otherwise than by shedding silent tears; and these being observed, they took fresh coals, and applied them near my eyes, telling me my face was wet, and that they would dry it for me, which indeed they cruelly did. How I underwent these tortures has been matter of wonder to me, but God enabled me to wait with more than common patience for the deliverance I daily prayed for.

At length they sat down round the fire, and roasted the meat, of which they had robbed my dwelling.—When they had supped, they offered some to me: though it may easily be imagined I had but little appetite to eat, after the tortures and miseries I had suffered, yet was I forced to seem pleased with what they offered me, lest by refusing it, they should resume their hellish practices. What I could not eat, I contrived to hide, they having unbound me till they imagined I had eat all; but then they bound me as before, in which deplorable condition I was forced to continue the whole day. When the sun was set, they put out the fire, and covered the ashes with leaves, as is their custom, that the white people might not discover any traces of their having been there.

Going from thence along the Susquehanna, for the space of six miles, loaded as I was before, we arrived at a spot near the Apalachian mountains, or Blue-hills, where they hid their plunder under logs of wood. From thence they proceeded to a neighbouring house, occupied by one Jacob Snider and his unhappy family, consisting of his wife, five children, and a young man, his servant.—They soon got admittance into the unfortunate man's house, where they immediately, without the least remorse, scalped both parents and children: nor could the tears, the shrieks, or cries of poor innocent children, prevent their horrid massacre: having thus scalped them, and plundered the house of every thing that was moveable, they set fire to it, and left the distressed victims amidst the flames.

Thinking the young man belonging to this unhappy family, would be of service to them in carrying part of their plunder, they spared his life, and loaded him and myself with what they had here got, and again marched to the Blue-hills, where they stowed their goods as before. My fellow sufferer could not support the cruel treatment which we were obliged to endure, and complaining bitterly to me of his being unable to proceed any farther, I endeavoured to animate him, but all in vain, for he still continued his moans and tears, which one of the savages perceiving, as we travelled along, came up to us, and with his tomahawk gave him a blow on the head, which felled the unhappy youth to the ground, whom they immediately scalped and left. The suddenness of this murder shocked me to such a degree, that I was in a manner motionless, expecting my fate

would soon be the same: however, recovering my distracted thoughts, I dissembled my anguish as well as I could from the barbarians; but still, such was my terror, that for some time I scarce knew the days of the week, or what I did.

They still kept on their course near the mountains, where they lay skulking four or five days, rejoicing at the plunder they had got. When provisions became scarce, they made their way towards the Susquehanna, and passed near another house, inhabited by an old man, whose name was John Adams, with his wife and four small children, and meeting with no resistance, they immediately scalped the mother and her children before the old man's eyes. Inhuman and horrid as this was, it did not satisfy them; for when they had murdered the poor woman, they acted with her in such a brutal manner, as decency will not permit me to mention. The unhappy husband, not being able to avoid the sight, entreated them to put an end to his miserable being; but they were as deaf to the tears and entreaties of this venerable sufferer, as they had been to those of the others, and proceeded to burn and destroy his house, barn, corn, hay, cattle, and every thing the poor man, a few hours before, was master of. Having saved what they thought proper from the flames, they gave the old man, feeble, weak, and in the miserable condition he then was, as well as myself, burdens to carry, and loading themselves likewise with bread and meat, pursued their journey towards the Great Swamp. Here they lay for eight or nine days, diverting themselves, at times, in barbarous cruelties on the old man: sometimes they would strip him naked, and paint him all over with various sorts of colours: at other times they would pluck the white hairs from his head, and tauntingly tell him, "He was a fool for living so long, and that they should shew him kindness in putting him out of the world." In vain were all his tears, for daily did they tire themselves with the various means they tried to torment him; sometimes tying him to a tree, and whipping him; at other times, scorching his furrowed cheeks with red-hot coals, and burning his legs quite to the knees. One night after he had been thus tormented, whilst he and I were condoling each other at the miseries we daily suffered, 25 other Indians arrived, bringing with them 20 scalps and 3 prisoners, who had unhappily fallen into their hands in Conogocheague, a small town near the river Susquehanna, chiefly inhabited by the Irish. These prisoners gave us some shocking accounts of the murders and the devastations committed in their parts; a few instances of which will enable the reader to guess at the treatment the provincials have suffered. This party, who now joined us, had it not, I found, in their power to begin their violences so soon as those who visited my habitation; the first of their tragedies being on the 25th of October, 1754, when John Lewis, with his wife and three small children, were inhumanly scalped and murdered; and his house, barn, and every thing he possessed, burnt and destroyed. On the 28th, Jacob Miller, with his wife and six of his family, with every thing on his plantations, shared the same fate. The 30th,

the house, mill, barn, twenty head of cattle, two teams of horses, and every thing belonging to George Folke, met with the like treatment, himself, wife, and all his miserable family, consisting of nine in number, being scalped, then cut in pieces and given to the swine. One of the substantial traders, belonging to the province, having business that called him some miles up the country, fell into the hands of these ruffians, who not only scalped him, but immediately roasted him before he was dead; then, like cannibals, for want of other food, eat his whole body, and of his head made what they called an Indian pudding.

The three prisoners that were brought with these additional forces, constantly repining at their lot, and almost dead with their excessively hard treatment, contrived at last to make their escape; but being far from their own settlements, and not knowing the country, were soon after met by some other tribes, or nations, at war with us, and brought back. The poor creatures, almost famished for want of sustenance, having had none during the time of their escape, were no sooner in the power of the barbarians, than two of them were tied to a tree, and a great fire made round them, where they remained till they were terribly scorched and burnt; when one of the villains with his scalping knife ripped open their bellies, took out their entrails, and burned them before their eyes, whilst the others were cutting, piercing and tearing the flesh from their breasts, hands, arms and legs, with red hot irons, till they were dead. The third unhappy victim was reserved a few hours longer, to be, if possible, sacrificed in a more cruel manner: his arms were tied close to his body, and a hole being dug, deep enough for him to stand upright, he was put into it, and earth rammed and beat in all round his body, up to his neck, so that his head only appeared above ground; they then scalped him, and there let him remain for three or four hours, in the greatest agonies; after which they made a small fire near his head, causing him to suffer the most excrutiating torments; whilst the poor creature could only cry for mercy, by killing him immediately, for his brains were boiling in his head,—inexorable to all he said, they continued the fire, till his eyes gushed out of their sockets; such agonizing torments did this unhappy creature suffer for near two hours before he was quite dead.—They then cut off his head, and buried it with the other bodies; my task being to dig the graves, which, feeble and terrified as I was, the dread of suffering the same fate enabled me to do.

A great snow now falling, the barbarians were fearful, lest the white people should, by their tracks, find out their skulking retreats, which obliged them to make the best of their way to their winter quarters, about two hundred miles farther from any plantations or inhabitants. After a long and painful journey, being almost starved, I arrived with this infernal crew at Alamingo. There I found a number of wigwams, full of their women and children. Dancing, singing and shouting were their general amusements. And in all their festivals and dances, they relate what successes they have had,

and what damages they have sustained in their expeditions; in which I now unhappily became part of their theme. The severity of the cold increasing, they stripped me of my clothes for their own use, and gave me such as they usually wore themselves, being a piece of blanket, and a pair of mockasons, or shoes, with a yard of coarse cloth, to put round me instead of breeches.

At Alamingo I remained near two months, till the snow was off the ground. Whatever thoughts I might have had of making my escape, to carry them into execution was impracticable, being so far from any plantations or white people, and the severe weather rendering my limbs in a manner quite stiff and motionless: however, I contrived to defend myself against the inclemency of the weather as well as I could, by making myself a little wigwam with the bark of the trees, covering it with earth, which made it resemble a cave; and, to prevent the ill effects of the cold, I kept a good fire always near the door. My liberty of going about, was, indeed, more than I could have expected, but they well knew the impracticability of my escaping from them. Seeing me outwardly easy and submissive, they would sometimes give me a little meat, but my chief food was Indian corn. At length the time came when they were preparing themselves for another expedition against the planters and white people: but before they set out, they were joined by many other Indians.

As soon as the snow was quite gone, they set forth on their journey towards the back parts of the province of Pennsylvania; all leaving their wives and children behind in their wigwams. They were now a formidable body, amounting to near 150. My business was to carry what they thought proper to load me with, but they never entrusted me with a gun. We marched on several days without any thing particular occurring, almost famished for want of provisions; for my part, I had nothing but a few ears of Indian corn, which I was glad to eat dry; nor did the Indians themselves fare much better, but as we drew near the plantations, they were afraid to kill any game, lest the noise of their guns should alarm the inhabitants.

When we again arrived at the Blue-hills, about thirty miles from the Irish settlements before-mentioned, we encamped for three days, though God knows, we had neither tents nor any thing else to defend us from the inclemency of the air, having nothing to lie on by night but the grass.

During our stay here, a sort of council of war was held, when it was agreed to divide themselves into companies of about twenty men each; after which every captain marched with his party where he thought proper. I still belonged to my old masters, but was left behind on the mountains with ten Indians, to stay till the rest should return; not thinking it proper to carry me nearer to Conococheague, or the other plantations.

Here I began to meditate an escape, and though I knew the country around very well, yet I was very cautious of giving the least

suspicion of any such intention. However, the third day after the grand body left us, my companions thought proper to traverse the mountains in search of game for their subsistence, leaving me bound in such a manner that I could not escape: at night, when they returned, having unbound me, we all sat down together to supper on what they had killed, and soon after (being greatly fatigued with their day's excursion) they composed themselves to rest, as usual. I now tried various ways to discover whether it was a scheme to prove my intentions or not; but after making a noise and walking about, sometimes touching them with my feet, I found there was no pretence. Then I resolved, if possible, to get one of their guns, and, if discovered, to die in my defence, rather than be taken: for that purpose I made various efforts to get one from under their heads, (where they always secured them,) but in vain. Disappointed in this, I began to despair of carrying my designs into execution: yet, after a little recollection, and trusting myself to the Divine protection, I sat forward, naked and defenceless as I was. Such was my terror, however, that in going from them I halted, and paused every four or five yards, looking fearfully towards the spot where I had left them, lest they should awake and miss me; but when I was two hundred yards from them, I mended my pace, and made as much haste as I possibly could to the foot of the mountains; when, on a sudden, I was struck with the greatest terror on hearing the wood-cry, as it is called, which the savages I had left were making, upon missing their charge. The more my terror increased, the faster I pushed on, and, scarce knowing where I trod, drove through the woods with the utmost precipitation, sometimes falling and bruising myself, cutting my feet and legs against the stones in a miserable manner. But, faint and maimed as I was, I continued my flight till day-break, when, without having any thing to sustain nature, but a little corn left, I crept into a hollow tree, where I lay very snug, and returned my thanks to the Divine Being, that had thus far favored my escape. But my repose was in a few hours destroyed at hearing the voices of the savages near the place where I was hid, threatening and talking how they would use me, if they got me again. However, they at last left the spot, where I heard them, and I remained in my apartment all that day without further molestation.

At night I ventured forwards again, frightened, thinking each twig that touched me a savage. The third day I concealed myself in like manner as before, and at night travelled, keeping off the main road as much as possible, which lengthened my journey many miles. But how shall I describe the terror I felt on the fourth night, when, by the rustling I made among the leaves, a party of Indians, that lay round a small fire, which I did not perceive, started from the ground, and, seizing their arms, ran from the fire amongst the woods. Whether to move forward or rest where I was I knew not, when to my great surprise and joy, I was relieved by a parcel of swine that made towards the place where I guessed the savages to be; who, on

seeing them, imagined that they had caused the alarm, very merrily returned to the fire, and lay again down to sleep. Bruised, crippled and terrified as I was, I pursued my journey till break of day, when, thinking myself safe, I lay down under a great log, and slept till about noon. Before evening, I reached the summit of a great hill, and looking out if I could spy any habitations of white people, to my inexpressible joy, I saw some which I guessed to be about ten miles distant.

In the morning I continued my journey towards the nearest cleared lands I had seen the day before, and, about four o'clock in the afternoon, arrived at the house of John Bell, an old acquaintance, where knocking at the door, his wife, who opened it, seeing me in such a frightful condition, flew from me, screaming, into the house. This alarmed the whole family, who immediately fled to their arms, and I was soon accosted by the master with his gun in his hand. But on making myself known, (for he before took me to be an Indian,) he immediately caressed me, as did all his family, with extraordinary friendship, the report of my being murdered by the savages having reached them some months before. For two days and nights they very affectionately supplied me with all necessaries, and carefully attended me till my spirits and limbs were pretty well recovered, and I thought myself able to ride, when I borrowed of these good people a horse and some clothes, and set forward for my father-in-law's house in Chester county, about one hundred and forty miles thence, where I arrived on the 4th day of January, 1755, (but scarce one of the family could credit their eyes, believing with the people I had lately left, that I had fallen a prey to the Indians,) where I was received and embraced by the whole family with great affection; upon enquiring for my dear wife, I found she had been dead two months! This fatal news greatly lessened the joy I otherwise should have felt at my deliverance from the dreadful state and company I had been in.

REMARKABLE ADVENTURES

OF

JACKSON JOHONNET,

A SOLDIER UNDER GENERAL HARMAR AND GENERAL ST. CLAIR,

Containing an account of his Captivity, Sufferings and Escape from the Kickappoo Indians.

THERE is seldom a more difficult task undertaken by man, than the act of writing a narrative of a person's own life; especially where the incidents border on the marvellous. Prodigies but seldom happen; and the veracity of the relaters of them is still less frequently vouched for; however, as the dispensations of Providence towards me have been too striking not to make a deep and grateful impression, and as the principal part of them can be attested to by living evidences, I shall proceed, being confident that the candid reader will pardon the inaccuracies of an illiterate soldier, and that the tender-hearted will drop the tear of sympathy, when they realise the idea of the sufferings of such of our unfortunate country folks as fall into the hands of the western Indians, whose tender mercies are cruelties.

I was born and brought up at Falmouth, Casco-bay, where I resided until I attained to the seventeenth year of my age. My parents were poor, the farm we occupied small and hard to cultivate, their family large and expensive, and every way fitted to spare me to seek a seperate fortune; at least these ideas had gained so great an ascendancy in my mind, that I determined, with the consent of my parents, to look out for a way of supporting myself.

Having fixed on the matter firmly, I took leave of my friends, and sailed, the 1st of May 1791, on board a coasting schooner for Boston. Having arrived in this capitol, and entirely out of employment, I had many uneasy sensations, and more than once sincerely wished myself at home with my parents; however, as I had set out on an important design, and as yet met with no misfortune, pride kept me from this act, while necessity urged me to fix speedily on some mode of obtaining a livelihood.

My mind was severely agitated on this subject one morning, when a young officer came into my room, and soon entered into conversation on the pleasures of a military life, the great chance there was for an active young man to obtain promotion, and the grand prospect opening for making great fortunes in the western country. His discourse had the desired effect; for, after treating me with a bowl

or two of punch, I enlisted, with a firm promise on his side to assist me in obtaining a sergeant's warrant before the party left Boston.

An entire new scene now opened before me. Instead of becoming a sergeant, I was treated severely for my ignorance in a matter I had till then scarcely thought of, and insultingly ridiculed for remonstraing against the conduct of the officer. I suffered great uneasiness on these and other accounts, of a similar kind, for some time: at length, convinced of the futility of complaint, I applied myself to study the exercise, and in a few days became tolerably expert. The beginning of July we left Boston, and proceeded on our way to join the western army. When we arrived at Fort Washington, I was ordered to join Capt. Pheloh's company, and in a few days set out on the expedition under General Harmar. Those alone who have experienced, can tell what hardships men undergo in such excursions; hunger, fatigue and toil were our constant attendants: however, as our expectations were raised with the idea of easy conquest, rich plunder, and fine arms in the end, we made a shift to be tolerably merry: for my own part, I had obtained a sergeancy, and flattered myself I was in the direct road to honour, fame and fortune. Alas! how fluctuating are the scenes of life!—how singularly precarious the fortune of a soldier! Before a single opportunity presented in which I could have a chance to signalize myself, it was my lot to be taken in an ambuscade, by a party of Kickappoo Indians, and with ten others constrained to experience scenes, in comparison with which our former distresses sunk into nothing. We were taken on the bank of the Wabash, and immediately conveyed to the upper Miami, at least such of us as survived. The second day after we were taken, one of my companions, by the name of George Aikins, a native of Ireland, became so faint with hunger and fatigue that he could proceed no further. A short council was immediately held among the Indians who guarded us, the result of which was that he should be put to death; this was no sooner determined on than a scene of torture began. The captain of the guard approached the wretched victim, who lay bound upon the ground, and with his knife made a circular incision on the scull; two others immediately pulled off the scalp; after this, each of them struck him on the head with their tomahawks; they then stripped him naked, stabbed him with their knives in every sensitive part of the body, and left him, weltering in blood, though not quite dead, a wretched victim of Indian rage and hellish barbarity.

We were eight days on our march to the upper Miami, during which painful travel, no pen can describe our sufferings from hunger, thirst, and toil. We were met, at the entrance of the town, by above five hundred Indians, besides squaws and children, who were apprized by our approach by a most hideous yelling, made by our guard, and answered repeatedly from the village. Here we were all severely beaten by the Indians, and four of our number, viz. James Durgee, of Concord, Samuel Forsythe, of Beverly, Robert Deloy, of Marblehead, and Uzza Benton, of Salem, who all fainted under

their heavy trials, were immediately scalped and tomahawked in our presence, and tortured to death, with every affliction of misery that savage ingenuity could invent.

It was the 4th of August when we were taken, and our unhappy companions were massacred the thirteenth. News was that day received of the destruction at L'Anguille, &c. of Gen. Harmar's army, a number of scalps were exhibited by the warriors, and several prisoners, among whom were three women and six children, carried through the village, destined to a Kickappoo settlement, further westward. The 15th of August, four more of my fellow prisoners, viz. Lemuel Saunders, of Boston, Thomas Tharp, of Dorchester, Vincent Upham, of Mistick, and Younglove Croxal, of Abington, were taken from us; but whether they were massacred or preserved alive, I am unable to say. After this, nothing material occurred for a fortnight, except that we were several times severely whipped on the receipt of bad news, and our allowance of provisions lessened, so that we were apprehensive of starving to death, if we did not fall an immediate sacrifice to the fire or tomahawk: but heaven had otherwise decreed.

On the night following the 30th of August, our guard, which consisted of four Indians, tired out with watching, laid down to sleep, leaving only an old squaw to attend us. Providence so ordered that my companion had, by some means, got one of his hands at liberty, and having a knife in his pocket, soon cut the withes that bound his feet, and that which pinioned my arms, unperceived by the old squaw, who sat in a drowsy position, not suspecting harm, over a small fire in the wigwam.

I ruminated but a few moments on our situation; there was no weapon near us, except my companion's knife, which he still held; I looked on him to make him observe me, and the same instant sprung and grasped the squaw by the throat to prevent her making a noise, and my comrade in a moment cut her throat from ear to ear, down to the neck bone. He then seized a tomahawk and myself a rifle, and striking at the same instant, dispatched two of our enemies, the sound of these blows awakened the others, but before they had time to rise, we renewed our strokes on them, and luckily to so good effect, as to stun them, and then repeating the blow, we sunk a tomahawk in each of their heads, armed ourselves completely, and taking what provisions the wigwam afforded, we committed ourselves to the protection of Providence, and made the best of our way into the wilderness.

The compass of a volume would scarce contain the events of our progress through the wilderness; but as they were uninteresting to any but ourselves, I shall only observe generally, that the difficulties of the journey were too great to have been endured by any who had less interest than life at stake, or a less terrible enemy than Indians to fear. Hunger, thirst, and fatigue, were our constant companions. We travelled hard, day and night, except the few hours absolutely requisite for repose, that nature might not sink under her oppression,

at which period one constantly watched while the other slept. In this tiresome mode, we proceeded until the fifteenth of September, having often to shift our direction on account of impassable bogs, deep morasses, and hideous precipices, without meeting any adventure worthy of note. On the morning of the fifteenth, as we were steering nearly a north course, in order to avoid a bog that intercepted our course, S. E., we found the bodies of an old man, a woman and two children newly murdered, stript and scalped. This horrid spectacle chilled our blood; we viewed the wretched victims; and from what we could collect from circumstances, we concluded that they had been dragged away from their homes, and their feet being worn out, had been inhumanly murdered, and left weltering in their blood. We were at a great loss now to determine what course to steer; at length we pitched upon a direction about north-west, and walked on as fast as possible to escape the savages, if practicable. About noon this day, we came to a good spring, which was a great relief to us; but which we had great reason a few minutes after to believe would be the last of our earthly comforts. My companion, Richard Sackville, a corporal of Captain Newman's company, stepped aside into the thicket, on some occason, and returned with the account that a few rods distant he had discovered four Indians with two miserable wretches bound, sitting under a tree, eating; and that if I would join him, he would either relieve the captives, or perish in the attempt. The resolution of my worthy comrade pleased me greatly; and as no time was to be lost, we set immediately about the execution of our design: Sackville took the lead, and conducted me undiscovered, within fifty yards of the Indians; two of them were laid down, with their muskets in their arms, and appeared to be asleep; the other two sat at the head of the prisoners, their muskets resting against their left shoulders, and in their right hands each of them a tomahawk, over the heads of their prisoners. We each chose our man to fire at, and taking aim deliberately, had the satisfaction to see them both fall; the others instantly started, and seeming at a loss to determine from whence the assault was made, fell on their bellies, and looked carefully around to discover the best course to take; mean time we had recharged, and shifting our position a little, impatiently waited their rising; in a minute they raised on their hands and knees, and having, as we supposed, discovered the smoke of our guns rising above the bushes, attempted to crawl into a thicket on the opposite side.—This gave us a good chance, and we again fired at different men, and with such effect, that we brought them both down; one lay motionless, the other crawled along a few yards; we reloaded in an instant, and rushed towards him, yet keeping an eye on him, as he had reached his comrade's gun, and sat upright in a posture of defence. By our noise in the bushes he discovered the direction to fire; alas! too fatally, for by his fatal shot I lost my comrade and friend Sackville. At this moment the prisoners who were close pinioned, endeavoured to make their escape towards me, but the desperate

savage again fired, and shot one of them dead, the other gained the thicket within a few yards of me: I had now once more got ready to fire, and discharged at the wounded Indian; at this discharge I wounded him in the neck, from whence I perceived the blood to flow swiftly, but he yet undauntedly kept his seat, and having now charged his guns, fired upon us with them both, and then fell, seemingly from faintness and loss of blood. I ran instantly to the pinioned white man and having unbound his arms, and armed him with the unfortunate Sackville's musket, we cautiously approached a few yards nearer the wounded Indian; when I ordered my new comrade to fire, and we could perceive the shot took effect. The savage still lay motionless. As soon as my companion had re-loaded, we approached the Indian, whom we found not quite dead, and a tomahawk in each hand, which he flourished at us, seemingly determined not to be taken alive. I, for my own part, determined to take him alive, if possible; but my comrade prevented me by shooting him through the body. I now enquired of my new companion what course we ought to steer, and whence the party came, from whose power I had relieved him.—He informed me with respect to the course, which we immediately took, and on the way let me know, that we were within about three days march of Fort Jefferson; that he and three others were taken by a party of ten Wabash Indians, four days before, in the neighbourhood of that Fort; that two of his companions being wounded, were immediately scalped and killed; that the party at the time of taking him, had in their possession seven other prisoners, three of whom were committed to the charge of a party of four Indians. What became of them we knew not; the others being worn down with fatigue, were massacred the day before, and which I found to be those whose bodies poor Sackville had discovered in the thicket; that the other two Indians were gone towards the settlements, having sworn to kill certain persons whose names he had forgotten, and that destruction seemed to be their whole drift.

My comrade, whose name, on enquiry, I learned to be George Sexton, formerly a resident of Newport, Rhode Island, I found to be an excellent woodsman, and a man of great spirit, and so grateful for the deliverance I had been instrumental in obtaining for him, that he would not suffer me to watch for him to sleep, but one hour in the four and twenty, although he was so fatigued as to have absolute need of a much greater proportion; neither would he permit me to carry any of our baggage.

From the time of being joined by Sexton, we steered a south-east course, as direct as possible, until the 18th, towards night, directing our course by the sun and the moss on the trees by day, and the moon by night: on the evening of the 18th, we providentially fell in with an American scouting party, who conducted us safely, in a few hours, to Fort Jefferson, where we were treated with great humanity, and supplied with the best refreshments the Fort afforded, which to me was very acceptable, as I had not tasted any thing except wild berries and ground nuts for above a week.

The week after our arrivel at Fort Jefferson, I was able to return to my duty in my own regiment, which, the latter end of August, joined the army on an expedition against the Indians of the Miami Village, the place in which I had suffered so much, and so recently, and where I had beheld so many cruelties perpetrated on unfortunate Americans. It is easier to conceive than describe the perturbation of my mind on this occasion. The risk I should run in common with my fellow soldiers, seemed heightened by the certainty of torture that awaited me in case of being captured by the savages. However, these reflections only occasioned a firm resolution of doing my duty, vigilantly, and selling my life in action as dear as possible, but by no means to be taken alive if I could evade it by any exertion short of suicide.

My captain showed me every kindness in his power on the march, indulged me with a horse as often as possible, and promised to use his influence to obtain a commission for me, if I conducted well the present expedition ;—poor gentleman ! little did he think he was soon to expire gallantly fighting the battles of his country ! I hasten now to the most interesting part of my short narrative, the description of General St. Clair's defeat, and the scenes which succeeded it.

On the 3rd of November we arrived within a few miles of the Miami Village. Our army consisted of about twelve hundred regular troops, and nearly an equal number of militia. The night of the 3rd, having reason to expect an attack, we were ordered under arms, about midnight, and kept in order until just before day-light, at which time our scouts having been set out in various directions, and no enemy discovered, we were dismissed from the parade to take some refreshment. The men in general, almost worn out with fatigue, had thrown themselves down to repose a little; but their rest was of short duration, for before sunrise, the Indians began a desperate attack upon the militia, which soon threw them into disorder, and forced them to retire precipitately, into the very heart of our camp.

Good God ! what were my feelings, when, starting from my slumbers, I heard the most tremendous firing all around, with yellings, horrid whoopings, and expiring groans, in dreadful discord, sounding in my ears. I seized my arms, ran out of my tent with several of my comrades, and saw the Indians, with their bloody tomahawks and murderous knives butchering the flying militia. I fled towards them, filled with desperation, discharged my firelock among them, and had the satisfaction to see one of the tawny savages fall, whose tomahawk was that instant elevated to strike a gallant officer, then engaged, sword in hand, with a savage in front. My example, I have reason to think, animated my companions. Our own company now reached the place we occupied, and aided by the regulars of other companies and regiments, who joined us indiscriminately, we drove the Indians back into the bush, and soon after formed in tolerable order, under as gallant commanders as ever died in defence of America. The firing ceased for a few minutes, but it was like the interval of a tornado, calculated, by an instantaneous,

dreadful reverse, to strike the deeper horror.—In one and the same minute, seemingly, the most deadly and heavy firing took place in every part of our camp; the army, exposed to the shot of the enemy, delivered from the ground, fell on every side, and drenched the plains with blood, while the discharge from our troops, directed almost at random, I am fearful did but little execution. Orders were now given to charge with bayonets. We obeyed with alacrity; a dreadful swarm of tawny savages rose from the ground, and fled before us; but alas! our officers, rendered conspicuous by their exertions to stimulate the men, became victims of savage ingenuity, and fell so fast, in common with the rest, that scarce a shot appeared as spent in vain.—Advantages gained by the bayonet, were by this means, and want of due support, lost again, and our little corps, obliged in turn, repeatedly to give way before the Indians. We were now reduced to less than half our original number of regular troops, and less than a fourth part of our officers, our horses all killed or taken, our artillery men all cut off, and the pieces in the enemy's hands; in this dreadful dilemma we had nothing to do but to attempt a retreat, which soon became a flight, and for several miles, amidst the yells of Indians, more dreadful to my ears, than the screams of damned fiends to my ideas, amidst the groans of dying men, and the dreadful sight of bloody massacres on every side, perpetrated by the Indians on the unfortunate creatures they overtook. I endured a degree of torture no tongue can describe or heart conceive; yet I providentially escaped unhurt, and frequently discharged my musket, I am persuaded, with effect.

Providence was pleased to sustain my spirits, and preserve my strength; and although I had been so far spent previous to setting out on the expedition, as to be unable to go upon fatigue for several days, or even to bear a moderate degree of exercise, I reached Fort Jefferson the day after the action, about ten in the morning, having travelled on foot all night to effect it.

Thus have I made the reader acquainted with the most interesting scenes of my life; many of them are extraordinary, some of them perhaps incredible; but all of them founded in fact, which can be attested by numbers.

THE

CAPTURE OF JORDAN's FAMILY.

Related in a Letter from a gentleman in Augustine to his friend in Virginia.



Dear Sir :—On the night of the 3d February last, there arrived in this place, in a deplorable condition, Mrs. Mary Jordan, who, with her husband and six children, were, in January last, carried away captives by the Indians. Mrs. Jordan has furnished me with the following melancholy account of the massacre of her husband and children, and of her own sufferings while with the savages.

" On the night of 22d Jan. 1807, we were suddenly awakened from slumber by the hideous yells of savages, who before we could put ourselves in a situation to oppose them, succeeded in forcing the doors of the house. They were, to the number of forty or fifty, frightfully painted, and armed with tomahawks and scalping knives. My husband met them at the door, and in their own tongue asked them what they wanetd—' The scalps of your family !' was their answer. My husband entreated them to have compassion on me and his innocent children, but his entreaties availed nothing ; we were dragged naked out of the house, and tied severally with cords. By order of one, who appeared to be the chief, about twenty of the Indians took charge of us, who were ordered to conduct us with all possible dispatch to their settlement (about 200 miles distant) while the remainder were left to pillage and fire the house. We commenced our journey about midnight, through an uncultivated wilderness, at the rate of nearly seven miles an hour. If either of us, through fatigue, slackened our pace, we were most inhumanly beaten and threatened with instant death.

"After a tedious trave lof more than 40 miles. the savages halted in a swamp ;—here for the first time, from the time of our departure, we were permitted to lie down—the Indians kindled a fire, on which they broiled some bear's flesh, of which they allowed us but a small portion.

"After they had refreshed themselves and extinguished the fire, we were again compelled to pursue our journey.—We travelled until sunset, when the Indians again halted and began to prepare a covering for themselves for the night. My poor children complained

much of their feet being swollen, but I was not permitted to give them any relief, nor was their father allowed to discourse with them. As night approached, we shook each other by the hand, expecting never again to witness the rising of the sun. Contrary to our expectations, however, we had a tolerable night's rest, and on the succeeding day, though naked and half starved, travelled with much more ease than on the preceding one. The Indians occasionally allowed us a little raw food, sufficient only to keep us alive;—we this day travelled, according to the reckoning of the Indians, nearly forty miles, and were, about sunset, joined by the remaining savages who were left behind; they were loaded with the spoils of my husband's property; among other articles they had a keg of spirits of which they had drank plentifully, and as they became intoxicated, they exercised the more cruelty towards us—they beat my poor children so unmercifully that they were unable to stand on their feet the ensuing morning—the Indians attributed their inability to wilfulness, and again renewed their acts of barbarity, beating them with clubs, cutting and gashing them with their knives and scorching their naked bodies with brands of fire. Finding that their hellish plans had no other effect than to render the poor, unhappy sufferers less able to travel, they came to the resolution to butcher them on the spot.

"Six holes were dug in the earth, of about five feet in depth, around each of which some dried branches of trees were placed. My husband at this moment, filled with horror at what he expected was about to take place, broke the rope with which he was bound, and attempted to escape from the hands of the unmerciful cannibals—he was, however, closely pursued, soon overtaken and brought back—as he past me, he cast his eyes towards me and fainted—in this situation he was placed erect in one of the holes. The woods now resounded with the heart-piercing cries of my poor children—'spare, O spare my father,' was their cry—'have mercy on my poor children!' was the cry of their father; but all availed nothing—my dear children were all placed in a situation similar to that of their father—the youngest (only nine years old) broke from them, and ran up to me, crying, '*don't, mamma, mamma, don't let them kill me!*'

Alas, O Heavens, what could I do? In vain did I beg of them to let me take my dear child's place!—by force it was torn from me.

"Having placed the poor unfortunate victims in the manner above described, they secured them in a standing position by replacing the earth, which buried them nearly to their necks! The inhuman wretches now began their hideous pow-wows, dancing to and fro around the victims of their torture, which they continued about half an hour, when they communicated fire to the fatal piles! Heaven only knows what my feelings were at this moment! As the flames increased, the shrieks and dying groans of my poor family were heightened!—thank heaven! their sufferings were of short duration;—in less than a quarter of an hour from the time the fire was first communicated, their cries ceased, and they sunk into the arms of their kind deliverer.

"The callous-hearted wretches having sufficiently feasted their eyes with the agonies of the unfortunate sufferers, retired to regale themselves with what liquors remained; they drank freely, and soon became stupid and senseless.—With one of their tomahawks I might with ease have dispatched them all, but my only desire was to flee from them as quick as possible.—I succeeded with difficulty in liberating myself by cutting the cord with which I was bound, on which I bent my course for this place. A piece of bear's flesh, which I fortunately found in one of the Indian's packs, served me for food. I travelled only by night, in the day time concealing myself in the thick swamps or hollow trees. A party of Indians passed within a few rods of the place of my concealment the second day after my departure, but did not discover me; they were undoubtedly of the same party from whom I had escaped, in pursuit of me. Two days after, I was met by an Indian of the Shawanese nation; he proved friendly, and conducted me to a white settlement; without his assistance I must have again fallen into the hands of my savage foes."

EXTRACT FROM

Col. Humphrey's Life of Gen. Putnam.

(The events noticed occurred in August, 1758.)

In the month of August, five hundred men were employed, under the orders of Majors Rogers and Putnam, to watch the motions of the enemy near Ticonderoga. At South-Bay they separated the party into two equal divisions, and Rogers took a position on Wood Creek, twelve miles distant from Putnam.

Upon being, sometime afterwards, discovered, they formed a reunion, and concerted measures for returning to Fort Edward. Their march through the woods, was *in three divisions by* FILES, the right commanded by Rogers, the left by Putnam, and the centre by Capt. D'Ell. The first night they encamped on the banks of *Clear River*, about a mile from old Fort Ann, which had been formerly built by Gen. Nicholson. Next morning Major Rogers, and a British officer named Irwin, incautiously suffered themselves, from a spirit of false emulation, to be engaged in firing at a mark. Nothing could have been more repugnant to the military principles of Putnam than such conduct; or reprobated by him in more pointed terms. As soon as the heavy dew which had fallen the preceding night would permit, the detachment moved in one body, Putnam being in front, D'Ell in the centre, and Rogers in the rear. The thick growth of shrubs and under-brush that had sprung up, where the land had been partially cleared some years before, occasioned this change in the order of march. At the moment of moving, the famous French partizan, Molang, who had been sent with five hundred men to intercept our party, was not more than one mile and a half distant from them. Having heard the firing, he hasted to lay an ambuscade precisely in that part of the wood most favorable to his project. Major Putnam was just emerging from the thicket, into the common forest, when the enemy rose, and with yells and whoops, commenced an attack upon the right of his division. Surprised, but undismayed, Putnam halted, returned the fire, and passed the word for the other division to advance for his support. D'Ell came. The action, though widely scattered, and principally fought between man and man, soon grew general and intensely warm. It would be as difficult as useless to describe this irregular and ferocious mode of fighting. Rogers came not up: but, as he declared afterwards, formed a circular file between our party and Wood Creek, to prevent their being taken in rear or enfiladed. Successful as he commonly was, his conduct did not always pass without unfavorable imputation. Notwithstanding,

it was a current saying in the camp, " that Rogers always *sent*, but Putnam always *led* his men to action," yet, in justice, it ought to be remarked here, that the latter has never been known, in relating the story of this day's disaster, to affix any stigma upon the conduct of the former.

Major Putnam, perceiving it would be impracticable to cross the creek, determined to maintain his ground. Inspired by his example, the officers and men behaved with great bravery: sometimes they fought aggregately in open view, and sometimes individually under cover; taking aim from behind the bodies of trees, and acting in a manner independent of each other. For himself, having discharged his fuzee several times, at length it missed fire, while the muzzle was pressed against the breast of a large and well proportioned savage. This *warrior*, availing himself of the indefensible attitude of his adversary, with a tremendous war-whoop sprang forward, with his lifted hatchet, and compelled him to surrender; and having disarmed and bound him fast to a tree, returned to the battle.

The intrepid Captains D'Ell and Harman, who now commanded, were forced to give ground for a little distance: the savages, conceiving this to be the certain harbinger of victory, rushed impetuously on, with dreadful and redoubled cries. But our two partizans, collecting a handful of brave men, gave the pursuers so warm a reception, as to oblige them, in turn, to retreat a little beyond the spot at which the action had commenced. Here they made a stand.—This change of ground occasioned the tree to which Putnam was tied to be directly between the fire of the two parties. Human imagination can scarcely figure to itself a more deplorable situation.—The balls flew incessantly from either side; many struck the tree, while some passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. In this state of jeopardy, unable to move his body, to stir his limbs, or even incline his head, he remained more than an hour—so equally balanced and obstinate was the fight! At one moment, while the battle swerved in favor of the enemy, a young savage chose an odd way of discovering his humor. He found Putnam bound. He might have dispatched him at a blow.—But he loved better to excite the terrors of the prisoner, by hurling a tomahawk at his head, or rather it should seem his object was to see how near he could throw it without touching him;—the weapon struck in the tree a number of times at a hair's breadth distance from the mark. When the Indian had finished his amusement, a French Bas-Officer, (a much more inveterate savage by nature, though descended from so humane and polished a nation,) perceiving Putnam, came up to him, and levelling a fuzee within a foot of his breast, attempted to discharge it, but it missed fire;—ineffectually did the intended victim solicit the treatment due to his situation, by repeating that he was a prisoner of war. The degenerate Frenchman did not understand the language of honor or of nature: deaf to their voice, and dead to sensibility, he violently and repeatedly pushed the muzzle of his gun against Putnam's ribs, and finally gave him a cruel blow on the jaw with the butt of his piece.—After this dastardly deed, he left him.

At length the active intrepidity of D'Ell and Harman, seconded by the persevering valor of their followers, prevailed.—They drove from the field the enemy, who left about ninety dead behind them. As they were retiring, Putnam was untied by the Indian who had made him prisoner, and whom he afterwards called master. Having been conducted for some distance from the place of action, he was stripped of his coat, vest, stockings and shoes; loaded with as many of the packs of the wounded as could be piled upon him; strongly pinioned, and his wrists tied as closely together as they could be pulled with a cord. After he had marched, through no pleasant paths, in this painful manner, for many a tedious mile, the party (who were excessively fatigued) halted to breathe. His hands were now immoderately swollen from the tightness of the ligature: and the pain had become intolerable. His feet were so much scratched that the blood dropped fast from them. Exhausted with bearing a burden above his strength, and frantic with torments exquisite beyond endurance, he entreated the Irish interpreter to implore as the last and only grace he desired of the savages, that they would knock him on the head and take his scalp at once, or loose his hands. A French officer, instantly interposing, ordered his hands to be unbound, and some of the packs to be taken off. By this time the Indian who captured him and had been absent with the wounded, coming up, gave him a pair of mocasons, and expressed great indignation at the unworthy treatment his prisoner had suffered.

That savage chief again returned to the care of the wounded, and the Indians, about two hundred in number, went before the rest of the party to the place where the whole were that night to encamp. They took with them Major Putnam, on whom (besides innumerable other outrages) they had the barbarity to inflict a deep wound with a tomahawk, in the left cheek. His sufferings were in this place to be consummated. A scene of horror, infinitely greater than had ever met his eyes before, was now preparing. It was determined to roast him alive. For this purpose they led him into a dark forest, stripped him naked, bound him to a tree, and piled dry brush with other fuel, at a small distance in a circle round him. They accompanied their labors, as if for his funeral dirge, with screams and sounds inimitable but by savage voices. Then they set the piles on fire. A sudden shower damped the rising flame. Still they strove to kindle it, until, at last, the blaze ran fiercely round the circle. Major Putnam soon began to feel the scorching heat. His hands were so tied that he could move his body. He often shifted sides as the fire approached. This sight, at the very idea of which all but savages must shudder, afforded the highest diversion to his inhuman tormenters, who demonstrated the delirium of their joy by corresponding yells, dances and gesticulations. He saw clearly that his final hour was inevitably come. He summoned all his resolution and composed his mind, as far as the circumstances would admit, to bid an eternal farewell to all he held most dear. To quit the world would scarcely have cost a single pang, but for the idea of home, the remembrance of domestic endearments, of the

affectionate partner of his bosom, and of their beloved offspring. His mind was ultimately fixed on a happier state of existence, beyond the tortures he was beginning to endure. The bitterness of death, even of that death which is accompanied with the keenest agonies, was, in a manner, past—nature, with a feeble struggle, was quitting its last hold on sublunary things—when a French officer rushed through the crowd, opened a way by scattering the burning brands, and unbound the victim. It was Molang himself—to whom a savage, unwilling to see another human sacrifice immolated, had run and communicated the tidings. That commandant spurned and severely reprimanded the barbarians, whose nocturnal pow-wows and hellish orgies he suddenly ended. Putnam did not want for feeling and gratitude. The French Commander, fearing to trust him alone with them, remained until he could deliver him in safety into the hands of his master.

The savage approached his prisoner kindly, and seemed to treat him with particular affection. He offered him some hard biscuit, but finding that he could not chew them, on account of the blow he had received from the Frenchman, this more humane savage soaked some of the biscuit in water and made him suck the pulp-like part. Determined, however, not to loose his captive (the refreshment being finished) he took the mocasons from his feet and tied them to one of his wrists: then directing him to lie down on his back upon the bare ground, he stretched one arm to its full length, and bound it fast to a young tree; the other arm was extended and bound in the same manner—his legs were stretched apart and fastened to two saplings. Then a number of tall, but slender poles were cut down; which, with some long bushes, were laid across his body from head to foot: on each side lay as many Indians as could conveniently find lodging, in order to prevent the possibility of his escape. In this disagreeable and painful posture he remained until morning. During this night, the longest and most dreary conceivable, our hero used to relate that he felt a ray of cheerfulness come casually across his mind, and could not even refrain from smiling, when he reflected on this ludicrous groupe for a painter, of which he himself was the principal figure.

The next day he was allowed his blanket and mocasons, and permitted to march without carrying any pack, or receiving any insult. To allay his extreme hunger, a little bear's meat was given, which he sucked through his teeth. At night, the party arrived at Ticonderoga, and the prisoner was placed under the care of a French guard. The savages, who had been prevented glutting their diabolical thirst for blood, took other opportunity of manifesting their malevolence for the disappointment, by horrid grimaces and angry gestures: but they were suffered no more to offer violence or personal indignity to him.

After having been examined by the Marques d'Montcalm, Major Putnam was conducted to Montreal, by a French officer, who treated him with the greatest indulgence and humanity.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE

DREADFUL DEVASTATION OF

WYOMING SETTLEMENTS,

In July, 1778.

(FROM GORDON'S HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.)

So early as the 8th of February, 1778, General Schuyler wrote to Congress—"There is too much reason to believe, that an expedition will be formed (by the Indians) against the western frontiers of this state, (New York,) Virginia and Pennsylvania." The next month he informed them that "A number of Mohawks, and many of the Onondagoes, Cayugas, and Seneccas, will commence hostilities against us as soon as they can; it would be prudent, therefore, early to take measures to carry the war into their country; it would require no greater body of troops to destroy their towns than to protect the frontier inhabitants." No effectual measures being taken to repress the hostile spirit of the Indians, numbers joined the tory refugees, and with these commenced their horrid depredations and hostilities upon the back settlers, being headed by Colonel Butler, and Brandt, a half blooded Indian, of desperate courage, furious and cruel beyond example. Their expeditions were carried on to great advantage, by the exact knowledge which the refugees possessed of every object of their enterprise, and the immediate intelligence they received from their friends on the spot. The weight of their hostilities fell upon the fine, new and flourishing settlement of Wyoming, situated on the eastern branch of the Susquehanna, in a most beautiful country and delightful climate. It was settled and cultivated with great ardor by a number of people from Connecticut, which claimed the territory as included in its original grant from Charles II. The settlement consisted of eight townships, each five miles square, beautifully placed on each side of the river. It had increased so rapidly in population, that the settlers sent a thousand men to serve in the continental army. To provide against the dangers of their remote situation, four forts were constructed to cover them from the irruptions of the Indians. But it was their unhappiness to have a considerable mixture of royalists among them; and the two parties were actuated by sentiments of the most violent animosity, which was not confined to particular families or places;

but creeping within the roofs and to the hearths and floors where it was least to be expected, served equally to poison the sources of domestic security and happiness, and to cancel the laws of nature and humanity.

They had frequent and timely warnings of the danger to which they were exposed by sending their best men to so great a distance. Their quiet had been interrupted by the Indians, joined by marauding parties of their own countrymen, in the preceding year; and it was only by a vigorous opposition, in a course of successful skirmishes, that they had been driven off. Several tories, and others not before suspected, had then and since abandoned the settlement; and beside a perfect knowledge of all their particular circumstances, carried along with them such a stock of private resentment, as could not fail of directing the fury, and even giving an edge to the cruelty of their Indian and other inveterate enemies. An unusual number of strangers had come among them under various pretences, whose behaviour became so suspicious, that upon being taken up and examined, such evidence appeared against several of them, of their acting in concert with the enemy, on a scheme for the destruction of the settlements, that about twenty were sent off to Connecticut to be there imprisoned and tried for their lives, while the remainder were expelled. These measures excited the rage of the tories in general to the most extreme degree; and the threats formerly denounced against the settlers, were now renewed with aggravated vengeance.

As the time approached for the final catastrophe, the Indians practiced unusual treachery. For several weeks previous to the intended attack, they repeatedly sent small parties to the settlement, charged with the strongest professions of friendship. These parties, beside attempting to lull the people in security, answered the purposes of communicating with their friends, and of observing the present state of affairs. The settlers, however, were not insensible to the danger. They had taken the alarm, and Colonel Zebulon Butler had several times written letters to Congress and Gen. Washington, acquainting them with the danger the settlement was in, and requesting assistance; but the letters were never received, having been intercepted by the Pennsylvania tories. A little before the main attack, some small parties made sudden irruptions, committed several robberies and murders, and from ignorance or a contempt of all ties whatever, massacred the wife and five children of one of the persons sent for trial to Connecticut, in their own cause.

At length, in the beginning of July, the enemy suddenly appeared in full force on the Susquehanna, headed by Colonel John Butler, a Connecticut tory, and cousin to Colonel Zebulon Butler, the second in command in the settlement. He was assisted by most of those leaders, who had rendered themselves terrible in the present frontier war. Their force was about 1600 men, near a fourth Indians, led by their own chiefs; the others were so disguised and painted, as not to be distinguished from the Indians, excepting their officers,

who, being dressed in regimentals, carried the appearance of regulars. One of the smaller forts, garrisoned chiefly by tories, was given up, or rather betrayed. Another was taken by storm, and all but the women and children massacred in the most inhuman manner.

Colonel Zebulon Butler, leaving a small number to guard Fort Wilkesborough, crossed the river with about 400 men, and marched into Kingston Fort, whither the women, children and defenceless of all sorts crowded for protection. He suffered himself to be enticed by his cousin to abandon the fortress. He agreed to march out, and hold a conference with the enemy in the open field (at so great a distance from the Fort, as to shut out all possibility of protection from it) upon their withdrawing according to their own proposal, in order to the holding of a parley for the conclusion of a treaty. He at the same time marched out about 400 men well armed, being nearly the whole strength of the garrison, to guard his person to the place of parley, such was his distrust of the enemy's designs. On his arrival he found no body to treat with, and yet advanced toward the foot of the mountain, where, at a distance, he saw a flag, the holders of which, seemingly afraid of treachery on his side, retired as he advanced; whilst he, endeavouring to remove this pretended ill-impression, pursued the flag, till his party was thoroughly enclosed, when he was suddenly freed from his delusion, by finding it attacked at once on every side. He and his men, notwithstanding the surprise and danger, fought with resolution and bravery, and kept up so continual and heavy a fire for three quarters of an hour, that they semed to gain a marked superiority. In this critical moment, a soldier, through a sudden impulse of fear, or premeditated treachery, cried out aloud—"the Colonel has ordered a retreat." The fate of the party was now at once determined. In the state of confusion that ensued, an unresisted slaughter commenced, while the enemy broke in on all sides without obstruction. Colonel Zebulon Butler, and about seventy of his men escaped; the latter got across the river to Fort Wilkesborogh, the Colonel made his way to Fort Kingston, which was invested the next day on the land side. The enemy, to sadden the drooping spirits of the weak remaining garrison, sent in, for their contemplation, the bloody scalps of a hundred and ninty-six of their late friends and comrades. They kept up a continual fire upon the Fort the whole day. In the evening the Colonel quitted the Fort and went down the river with his family. He is thought to be the only officer that escaped.

Colonel Nathan Dennison, who succeeded to the command, seeing the impossibility of an effectual defence, went with a flag to Colonel John Butler, to know what terms he would grant on a surrender; to which application Butler answered, with more than savage phlegm, in two shot words—*the hatchet.* Dennison having defended the Fort, till most of the garrison were killed or disabled, was compelled to surrender at discretion. Some of the unhappy persons in the Fort were carried away alive; but the barbarous conquerors, to save the trouble of murder in detail, shut up the rest promiscuously in the

houses and barracks; which having set on fire they enjoyed the savage pleasure of beholding the whole consumed in one general blaze.

They then crossed the river to the only remaining Fort, Wilkesborough, which, in hopes of mercy, surrendered without demanding any conditions. They found about seventy continental soldiers, who had been engaged merely for the defence of the frontiers, whom they butchered with every circumstance of horrid cruelty. The remainder of the men, with the women and children, were shut up as before in the houses, which being set on fire, they perished altogether in the flames.

A general scene of devastation was now spread through all the townships. Fire, sword, and the other different instruments of destruction, alternately triumphed. The settlements of the tories alone generally escaped, and appeared as islands in the midst of the surrounding ruin. The merciless ravagers having destroyed the main objects of their cruelty, directed their animosity to every part of living nature belonging to them; shot and destroyed some of their cattle, and cut out the tongues of others, leaving them still alive to prolong their agonies.

The following are a few of the more singular circumstances of the barbarity practised in the attack upon Wyoming. Captain Bedlock, who had been taken prisoner, being stripped naked, had his body stuck full of splinters of pine knots, and then a heap of pine knots piled around him; the whole was then set on fire, and his two companions, Captains Ranson and Durgee, thrown, alive, into the flames and held down with pitch-forks. The returned tories, who had at different times abandoned the settlements in order to join in those savage expeditions, were the most distinguished for their cruelty: in this they resembled the tories that joined the British forces. One of these Wyoming tories, whose mother had married a second husband, butchered, with his own hands, both her, his father-in-law, his own sisters, and their infant children. Another, who during his absence had sent home several threats against the life of his father, now not only realized them in person, but was himself, with his own hands, the exterminator of his whole family, mother, brothers and sisters, and mingled their blood in one common carnage, with that of the aged husband and father. The broken parts and scattered relics of families, consisting mostly of women and children, who had escaped to the woods during the different scenes of this devastation, suffered little less than their friends, who had perished in the ruin of their houses. Dispersed and wandering in the forests, as chance and fear directed, without provision or covering, they had a long tract of country to traverse, and many, without doubt, perished in the woods.

A

FAITHFUL NARRATIVE

OF THE MANY DANGERS AND SUFFERINGS AS WELL AS WONDERFUL DELIVERANCES OF

ROBERT EASTBURN,

DURING HIS CAPTIVITY AMONG THE INDIANS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

About thirty tradesmen, and myself, arrived at Capt. Williams's Fort, (at the Carrying-Place,) on our way to Oswego, the 26th of March, 1756.—The Captain informed me, that he was likely to be crowded in the Fort, and therefore advised us to take the Indian-House for our lodging. About ten o'clock next day, a negro man came running down the road, and reported that our slay-men were all taken by the enemy. Capt. Williams, on hearing this, sent a sergeant and about twelve men, to see if it was true: I being at the Indian-House, and not thinking myself safe there, in case of an attack, and being also sincerely willing to serve my king and country, in the best manner I could in my present circumstances, asked him if he would take company?—He replied, with all his heart! Hereupon, I fell into the rear, with my arms, and marched after them; when we had advanced about a quarter of a mile, we heard a shot, followed with doleful cries of a dying man, which excited me to advance, in order to discover the enemy, who I soon perceived were prepared to receive us: In this difficult situation, seeing a large pine tree near, I repaired to it for shelter; and while the enemy were viewing our party, I having a good chance of killing two at a shot, quickly discharged at them, but could not certainly know what execution was done till some time after; our company likewise discharged, and retreated. Seeing myself in danger of being surrounded, I was obliged to retreat a different course, and to my great surprise, fell into a deep mire, which the enemy, by following my track in a light snow, soon discovered, and obliged me to surrender, which I did to prevent a cruel death. They stood ready to drive their darts into my body, in case I refused to deliver up my arms. Presently after I was taken, I was surrounded by a great number, who stripped

me of my clothing, hat, and neck-cloth, so that I had nothing left but a flannel vest, without sleeves, put a rope on my neck, bound my arms fast behind me, put a long band round my body, and a large pack on my back, struck me on the head a severe blow, and drove me through the woods before them.

Seventeen or eighteen prisoners, were soon added to our number, one of whom informed me, that the Indians were angry with me, and reported to some of their chiefs, that I had fired on them, wounded one, and killed another; for which he suspected they would kill me.—I had not as yet learned what numbers the enemy's parties consisted of, there being only about one hundred Indians who had lain in ambush on the road, to kill or take into captivity all that passed between the two forts. Here an interpreter came to me, to enquire what strength Capt. Williams had to defend his fort?—After a short pause, I gave such discouraging answer, yet consistent with truth, as prevented their attacking it, and of consequence the effusion of much blood.

In the mean time the enemy determined to destroy Bull's Fort, at the head of Wood creek, which they soon effected, all being put to the sword except five persons, the fort burnt, the provision and powder destroyed, saving only a little for their own use; then they retired to the woods and joined their main body, which, inclusive, consisted of 400 French, and 300 Indians, commanded by one of the principal gentlemen of Quebec; as soon as they got together (having a priest with them) they fell on their knees, and returned thanks for their victory.

The enemy had several wounded men, both French and Indians, among them, whom they carried on their backs; besides which, about fifteen of their number were killed, and of us about forty; it being by this time near dark, and some Indians drunk, they only marched about four miles and encamped; the Indians untied my arms, cut hemlock boughs, and strewed round the fire, tied my hand to two trees, with my back on the green boughs by the fire, covered me with an old blanket, and lay down across my hand, on each side, to prevent my escape while they slept.

Sunday, the 28th, they rose early, the commander ordered a hasty retreat towards Canada, for fear of Gen. Johnson; in the mean time, one of our men said, he understood the French and Indians designed to join a strong party and fall on Oswego before our forces there could get any provision or succour; having, as they thought, put a stop to our relieving them for a time. When we encamped in the evening, the commanding officer ordered the Indians to bring me to his tent, and asked me, by an interpreter, if I thought Gen. Johnson would follow them; I told him I judged not, but rather thought he would proceed to Oswego; which was indeed my sentiment, grounded upon prior information, and then expressed to prevent the execution of their design. He farther enquired, what was my trade?—I told him that of a smith; he then persuaded me, when I got to Canada, to send for my wife, "for, said he, you can get a rich living

there;" but when he saw that he could not prevail, he asked no more questions, but commanded me to return to my Indian master: having this opportunity of conversation, I informed the General, that his Indian warriors had stripped me of my clothing, and would be glad he would be good enough to order me some relief; to which he replied that I would get clothes when I came to Canada, which was cold comfort to one almost frozen. On my return, the Indians perceiving I was unwell, and could not eat their coarse food, ordered some chocolate, which they had brought from the Carrying-Place, to be boiled for me, and seeing me eat they appeared to be pleased. A strong guard was kept every night; one of our men being weakened by his wounds, and rendered unable to keep pace with them, was killed and scalped on the road!—I was all this time almost naked, travelling through deep snow, and wading through rivers cold as ice.

After seven days march, we arrived at Lake Ontario, where I ate some horse flesh, which tasted very agreeable, for to the hungry man, as Solomon observes, every bitter thing is sweet. The French carried several of their wounded men all the way upon their backs, and many of them wore no breeches in their travels in this cold season, being very strong, hardy men. The Indians had three of their party wounded, whom they likewise carried on their backs. The prisoners were so divided, that but few could converse together on our march, and what was still more disagreeable and distressing, an Indian, who had a large bunch of green scalps, taken off our men's heads, marched before me, and another with a sharp spear behind, to drive me after him; by which means the scalps were often close to my face, and as we marched, they frequently, every day, gave the dead shout, which was repeated as many times as there were captives and scalps taken.

April 4th, several French battoes met us, and brought a large supply of provision, the sight of which caused much joy, for we were in great want; then a place was soon erected to celebrate mass in, which being ended, we all went over the mouth of a river, where it empties itself into the east end of Lake Ontario; a great part of our company set off on foot towards Oswegotchy; while the rest were ordered into battoes, and carried towards the entrance of St. Lawrence, where that river takes its beginning; but by reason of bad weather, wind, rain and snow, whereby the waters of the lake were troubled, we were obliged to lie by, and haul our battoes on shore; here I lay on the cold shore two days. Tuesday, set off, and entered the head of St. Lawrence in the afternoon; stopped late at night, made fires, but did not lie down to sleep; embarked long before day, and after some miles progress down the river, we saw many fires on our right hand, which were made by the men who left us, and went by land—with them we staid till day, and then again embarked in our battoes—the weather was very bad; it snowed fast all day; near night we arrived at Oswegotchy; I was almost starved to death, but hoped to stay in this Indian town till warm

weather; slept in an Indian wigwam; rose early in the morning, being Thursday, and soon, to my grief, discovered my disappointment. Several of the prisoners had leave to tarry here, but I had to go two hundred miles further down stream, to another Indian town; the morning being extremely cold, I applied to a French merchant, or trader, for some old rags of clothing, for I was almost naked, but to no purpose.

About ten o'clock, were ordered into a battoe, on our way down the river, with eight or nine Indians, one of whom was the man wounded in the skirmish before mentioned; at night we went on shore; the snow being much deeper than before, we cleared it away and made a large fire; here, when the wounded Indian cast his eyes upon me, his old grudge revived; he took my blanket from me, and commanded me to dance round the fire, bare foot, and sing the prisoner's song, which I utterly refused; this surprised one of my fellow prisoners, who told me they would put me to death, (for he understood what they said,) he therefore tried to persuade me to comply, but I desired him to let me alone, and was, through great mercy, enabled to reject his importunity with abhorrence. The Indian also continued urging, saying, You shall dance and sing; but apprehending my compliance sinful, I determined to persist in declining it at all hazards, and to leave the issue to the Divine disposal. The Indian, perceiving his orders disobeyed, was fired with indignation, and endeavored to push me into the fire, which I leapt over, and he being weak with his wounds, and not being assisted by any of his brethren, was obliged to desist.

Friday morning, I was almost perished with cold. Saturday, proceeded on our way, and soon came in sight of an inhabited part of Canada; here I was in great hopes of some relief, but when we came near some rapid falls of water, one of my fellow prisoners, and several Indians, together with myself, were put on shore, to travel by land, which pleased me well, it being much warmer running on the snow, than lying still in the battoe. We passed by several French houses, but stopped at none; the vessel going down a rapid stream, it required haste to keep pace with her; we crossed over a point of land, and found the battoe waiting for us, as near the shore as the ice would permit: here we left St. Lawrence, and turned up Conasadauga river, but it being frozen up, we hauled our battoe on shore, and each of us took our share of her loading on our backs, and marched towards Conasadauga, an Indian town, which was our designed port, but could not reach it that night:—came to a French house, cold, weary and hungry; here my old friend, the wounded Indian, again appeared, and related to the Frenchman, the affair of my refusing to dance, who immediately assisted the Indian to strip me of my flannel vest, before mentioned, which was my all. Now they were resolved to compel me to dance and sing. The Frenchman was as violent as the Indian, in promoting this imposition; but the women belonging to the house, seeing the rough usage I had, took pity on me, and rescued me out of their hands, till their heat

was over, and prevailed with the Indian to excuse me from dancing; but he insisted that I must be shaved, and then he would let me alone, (I had at that time a long beard, which the Indians hate,) with this motion I readily complied, and then the Indian seemed content.

Sunday, April 11th,—set off towards Conasadauga, travelled about two hours, and then saw the town, over a great river, which was still frozen; the Indians stopped, and we were soon joined with a number of our company, which we had not seen for several days: the prisoners, in number eight, were ordered to lay down the packs, and be painted; the wounded Indian painted me, and put a belt of wampum round my neck, instead of the rope which I had worn 400 miles. We then sat off towards the town, on the ice, which was four miles over; our heads were not allowed to be covered, lest our fine paint should be hid, the weather in the mean time so cold, as nearly to freeze our ears; after we had advanced nearer to the town, the Indian women came out to meet us, and relieved their husbands of their packs.

As soon as we landed at Conasadauga, a large body of Indians came and encompassed us round, and ordered the prisoners to dance and sing the prisoner's song, (which I still declined,) at the conclusion of which the Indians gave a shout, opened the ring to let us run, and then fell on us with their fists, and knocked several down; in the mean time one ran before to direct us to an Indian house, which was open, and as soon as we got in, we were beat no more; my head was sore with beating, and pained me several days. The squaws were kind to us, gave us boiled corn and beans to eat, and fire to warm us, which was a great mercy, for I was both cold and hungry: this town lies about 30 miles north-west of Montreal; I staid here till the ice was gone, which was about ten days, and then was sent to Cohnewago, in company with some Indians, who, when they came within hearing, gave notice by their way of shouting, that they had a prisoner, on which the whole town rose to welcome me, which was the more distressing, as there was no other prisoner in their hands; when we came near shore, a stout Indian took hold of me, and hauled me into the water, which was knee deep, and very cold. As soon as I got ashore the Indians gathered round me and ordered me to dance and sing, although I was stiff with cold and wet and lying long in the canoe. I only stamped to prepare for my race, and was encompassed with about 500 Indians who danced and sung, and at last gave a shout, and opened the circle; about 150 young lads made ready to pelt me with dirt and gravel stones, and on my setting off, gave me a volley, without my suffering great hurt; but an Indian seeing me run, met me, and held me fast, till the boys had stored themselves again with dirt and small stones, and then let me run, when I fared much worse than before, for a small stone among the mud, hit my right eye, and my head and face were so covered with the dirt, that I could scarcely see my way; but discovering a door of an Indian house standing open, I ran in: from this retreat I was soon hauled to be pelted more; but the Indian women, being

more merciful, interposed, took me into a house, brought me water to wash, and gave me boiled corn and beans to eat. The next day I was brought to the centre of the town, and cried, according to the Indian custom, in order to be sent to a family of Indians, 200 miles up stream, at Oswegotchy, and there to be adopted, and abused no more. To this end I was delivered to three young men, who said I was their brother, and set forward on our way to the aforesaid town, with about twenty more Indians, but by reason of bad weather we were obliged to encamp on a cold, stony shore, three days, and then proceeded on; we called at Conasadauga, and staid there about a week, in which time I went and viewed four houses at a distance from the town, about a quarter of a mile from each other; in these houses are represented, in large paint work, the sufferings of our Saviour, with design to draw the Indians to the papist religion; the work is curiously done: a little farther stand three houses near together, on the top of a high hill, which they call Mount Calvary, with three large crosses before them, which completes the whole represetation. To all these houses, the priests and Indians repair in performing their grand processions, which takes up much time.

We sat off on our journey for Oswegotchy, against a rapid stream, and being long in it, and our provisions growing short, the Indians put to shore a little before night; my lot was to get wood, others were ordered to get fire, and some to hunt; our kettle was put over the fire with some pounded Indian corn, and after it had boiled about two hours, my oldest Indian brother returned with a female beaver, big with young, which he soon cut to pieces, and threw into the kettle, together with the entrails, and took the four young beavers, whole as they came from the dam, put them also into the kettle, and when all was well boiled gave each one of us a large dishful of the broth, of which we ate freely, and then part of the old beaver, the tail of which was divided equally among us, there being eight at our fire; the four young beaver were cut in the middle and each of us got half of one. I watched an opportunity to hide my share (having satisfied myself before the tender dish came to hand) which if they had seen, would have much displeased them. The other Indians catched young musk-rats, ran a stick through their bodies, and roasted, without being skinned or gutted, and so ate them. Next morning we hastened on our journey, which continued several days, till we came near Oswegotchy, where we landed about three miles from the town, on the opposite side of the river; here I was to be adopted; my father and mother that I had never seen before, were waiting, and ordered me into an Indian house, where we were directed to sit down silent for a considerable time; the Indians appeared very sad, and my mother began to cry, and continued crying aloud for some time; she then dried up her tears, and received me for her son, and took me over the river to the Indian town; the next day I was ordered to go to mass with them, but I refused once and again, yet they continued their importunity several days, saying it was good

to go to mass, but I still refused; and seeing they could not prevail with me, they seemed much displeased with their new son. I was then sent over the river, to be employed in hard labor, as a punishment for not going to mass, and not allowed a sight of, or any conversation with my fellow prisoners; the old Indian man that I was ordered to work with, had a wife and some children; he took me into the woods with him, and made signs that I must chop, giving me an axe; the Indian soon saw that I could handle the axe. Here I tried to reconcile myself to this employment, that they might have no accusation against me, except concerning the law of my God; the old man began to appear kind, and his wife gave me milk and bread when we came home, and when she got fish, gave me the gills to eat, out of real kindness; but perceiving I did not like them, gave me my own choice and behaved lovingly! When we had finished our fence, which had employed us about a week, I shewed the old squaw my shirt (having worn it from the time I was first taken prisoner, which was about seven weeks) all in rags and filth; she said it was not good, and brought me a new one, with ruffled sleeves, saying, that is good, which I thankfully accepted. The next day they carried me back to the Indian town, and admitted me to converse with my fellow prisoners, who told me we were all to be sent to Montreal, which accordingly came to pass.

On our arrival at Montreal, we had our lodging first in the Jesuit's Convent, where I saw a great number of priests, and people that came to confession; after some stay, we were ordered to attend, with the Indians, at a grand council, held before the head General Vaudriel; we prisoners sat in our rank (surrounded with our fathers and brethren) but were asked no questions: The General had a number of officers to attend him in council, where a noted priest, called Picket, sat at his right hand, who understood the Indian tongue well, and did more hurt to the English, than any other of his order in Canada. Here I was informed that some measures were concerted to destroy Oswego, which they had been long preparing to execute; we, in our journey, met many battoes going up stream, with provision and men for an attack on our frontiers, which confirmed the report: The council adjourned to another day, and then broke up. My Indian father and mother took me with them to several of their old acquaintances, who were French, to shew them their lately adopted son; these persons had been concerned, with my father and other Indians, in destroying many English families in their younger days; and (as one standing by who understood their language said,) were boasting of their former murders! After some days the council was again called, before which several of the Oneida chiefs appeared, and offered some complaint against the French's attacking our carrying-place, it being their land; but the General laboured to make them easy, and gave them sundry presents of value, which they accepted: After which, I knowing these Indians were acquainted with Captain Williams at the carrying-place, sent a letter by them, to let my family and friends know I was yet alive,

and longed for redemption; but it never came to hand. The treaty being ended, the General sent about ten gallons of red wine to the Indians, which they divided among us; next came the presents, consisting of coats, blankets, shirts, skins, (to make Indian shoes) cloth (to make stockings) powder, lead, shot, and to each a bag of paint, for their own use, &c. After we prisoners had our share, my mother came to me with an interpreter, and told me I might stay in the town, at a place she had found for me, if I pleased (this was doubtless the consequence of my declining to obey her orders, in some instances that affected my conscience;) this proposal I almost agreed to; but one of my fellow prisoners, with whom I had before some discourse about making our escape from the Indian town, opposed the motion, and said, "pray, do not stay, for if you do, we shall not be able to form a plan for our deliverance;" on which I told her I chose to go home with her, and soon set off by land on our way thither, to Lascheen, distant from Montreal about 9 miles, where we left our canoes, and then proceeded, without delay, on our journey.

After a painful and distressing journey, we arrived at Oswegotchy, where we saw many battoes, with provision and soldiers, daily passing by on their way to Frontenac, which greatly distressed me for Oswego! Hence I resolved, if possible, to give our people notice of their danger: to this end, I told two of my fellow prisoners that it was not a time to sleep, and asked if they would go with me; to this they heartily agreed; but we had no provision, were closely eyed by the enemy, and could not lay up a stock out of our allowance: however, at this time, Mr. Picket (before mentioned) had concluded to dig a large trench round the town; I therefore went to a negro, the principal manager of this work, who could speak English, French and Indian well, and asked him, if he could get employ for two others, and myself, which he soon did; for which we were to have meat and wages. Here we had a prospect of procuring provision for our flight; this I in some time effected for myself, and then asked my brethren if they were ready, who replied that they were not yet, but said, Ann Bowman, our fellow prisoner, had brought one hundred and thirty dollars from Bull's Fort, and would give them all they had need of; I told them it was not safe to disclose such a secret to her, but they blamed me for my fears, and applied to her for provision, letting her know our intention, who immediately informed the priest of it; on which we were apprehended, the Indians apprised of our design, and a court called, by order of which, four of us were confined under a strong guard, in a room within the Fort, for several days.

From hence, another and myself were sent to Cohnewago, under a strong guard of sixty Indians to prevent my plotting any more against the French, and to banish all hope of my escape; however, when we arrived at this place, it pleased that gracious God who has the hearts of all creatures in his hand, to incline the Captain of the guard to shew me great kindness, in giving me liberty to walk or work

where I pleased, within any small distance; on which I went to work with a French smith, for six livres and five sous per week, which the captain let me have to myself, and farther favored me with the privilege of lodging at the house of his mother, an English woman, named Mary Harris, taken captive when a child, from Dearfield in New England, who told me she was my grand-mother, and was kind; but the wages being small, and not sufficient to procure such clothing as I was in want of, I proceeded no farther with the French smith, but went to my uncle Peter, and told him I wanted clothes, and that it would be better to let me go to Montreal, and work there, where I could clothe myself better than by staying with him, and that without any charge to him;—after some reasoning, he consented.

I then set off on my journey to Montreal, and on entering the city, met an English smith, who took me to work with him; after some time, we settled to work in a shop opposite to the General's door, where we had an opportunity of seeing a great part of the forces of Canada, both soldiers and Indians who were commonly brought there before their going out to war; and likewise all prisoners, by which means we got intelligence how our people were preparing for defence; but no good news from Oswego, which made me fear, knowing that great numbers of French were gone against it, and hearing of but few to defend it. Prayers were put up in all the churches of Canada, and great processions made, in order to procure success to their arms, against poor Oswego; but our people knew little of their danger, till it was too late. To my surprize, the dismal news came, that the French had taken one of the Oswego Forts; in a few hours, in confirmation of this, I saw the English standards, (the melancholy trophy of victory,) and the French rejoicing at our downfal, and mocking us poor prisoners in our exile and extremity, which was no great argument either of humanity, or true greatness of mind; great joy appeared in all their faces, which they expressed by loud shouts, firing of cannon, and returning thanks in their churches; but our faces were covered with shame, and our hearts filled with grief! Soon after, I saw several of the officers brought in prisoners, in small parties, and the soldiers in the same manner, who were confined within the walls, in a starving condition, in order to make them work, which some complied with, but others bravely refused; and last of all came the tradesmen, among whom was my son, who, looking round, saw his father, who he thought had long been dead; this joyful sight so affected him that he wept!—nor could I, in seeing my son, remain unconcerned!—no; the force of a father's tenderness on such an occasion, I am not able to express, and therefore will not attempt it.—But he, with all my Philadelphia friends, being guarded by soldiers, with fixed bayonets, we could not come near each other; they were sent to the common pound; but I hastened to the interpreter, to try if I could get my child at liberty, which was soon effected. When we had the happiness of an interview, he gave me some information of the state of our family, and told me, as soon as the news was sent home that I was killed, or

taken, his mother was not allowed any more support from my wages, which grieved me much, and added to my other afflictions.

When the people taken at Oswego were setting out on their way to Quebec, I made application for liberty to go with them ; but the interpreter replied, that I was an Indian prisoner, and the General would not suffer it, till the Indians were satisfied ; and as they lived two hundred miles from Montreal, it could not be done at that time : finding that all arguments farther on that head, would not avail, because I was not included in the capitulation, I told the interpreter, my son must go and leave me, in order to be ready at Quebec to go home when the Oswego people went, which probably would be soon ; he replied that it would be better to keep him with me, for he might be the means of getting me clear much sooner.

The officers belonging to Oswego, would gladly have had me with them, but found it impracticable ; this is an instance of kindness and condescension, for which I am obliged. Captain Bradley, gave me a good coat, vest and shirt, ; and a young gentleman, who formerly lived in Philadelphia, gave four pistoles (his name is James Stone—he was a doctor at Oswego.) This money, together with what my son brought, I was in hopes would go far towards procuring my release, from my Indian masters ; but seeing a number of prisoners in sore distress, among whom were, Captains Grant and Shepherd, and about seven more in company, I thought it my duty to relieve them, and commit my release to the disposal of Providence : nor was this suffered to turn to my disadvantage in the issue, for my deliverance was brought about in due time, in another and unexpected way. This company informed me of their intention to escape—accordingly I gave them all the help in my power, saw them clear of the town, on a Saturday evening before the centries were set at the gates, advised them not to part from each other, and delivered to Capt. Shepherd two pocket compasses ; but they, contrary to this counsel, parted, and saw each other no more : by their separating, Captain Grant and Serjeant Newel were deprived of the benefit of a compass ; the other party got safe to Fort William Henry, as I was informed by Serjeant Henry, who was brought in prisoner, being taken in a battle when the gallant and indefatigable Captain Rogers made a brave stand, against more than twice his number.

In the latter part of the winter, coal and iron were so scarce, that it was difficult to get any more work ; I then offered to work for my food and lodging, rather than be thrust into a stinking dungeon, or sent among the Indians : The interpreter took some pains to effect this, but without success ; however, as I offered to work without wages, a Frenchman took me and my son in, upon these terms, till a better berth presented ; here we staid one week, but heard of no other place ; he then offered me and my son 30 livers per month to strike and blow the bellows, which I did for about two months, was then discharged, and travelled about from place to place, having no fixed abode, being obliged to lay out the small remains of my cash in buying a little victuals, taking a hay-loft for my lodgings :

I then made my case known to the kind interpreter, and requested him to consider of some means for my relief, who replied that he would; in the mean time, as I was taking a walk in the city I met an Indian prisoner, that belonged to the town where my father lived, who reported, that a great part of the Indians there were just come with a resolution to carry me back, with them; and knowing him to be a very honest fellow, I believed the truth of it, and fled from the town to be concealed from the Indians; in the mean while, schemes were formed for an escape, the issue of which was fortunate. General Vaudriel gave me and my son liberty, under his hand, to go to Quebec, and work there at our pleasure without confinement, as prisoners of war, by which means I was freed from paying a ransom.

The commissary, Monsieur Partwe, being about to set off for Quebec, my son informed me that I must come to town in the evening, a passage being provided for us: I waited till near dark, and then entered the town, with great care, to escape the Indians, who kept watch for me (and had done so for some time) which made it very difficult and dangerous to move; however, as they had no knowledge of my son, he could watch their motions, without suspicion (the providence of God is a great deep: this help was provided for my extremity, not only beyond my expectation, but contrary to my design.) In the morning, upon seeing an Indian set to watch for me, I quickly made my escape through the back part of the house, over some high pickets, and out of the city, to the river side, and fled. A friend, knowing my scheme for deliverance, kindly assisted me to conceal myself: The commissary had by this time got ready for his voyage, of which my son giving me notice, I immediately, with no lingering motion, repaired to the boat, was received on board set off quite undiscovered, and saw the Indians no more,—a very narrow and surprizing escape from a violent death!—for they had determined to kill me, in case I ever attempted to leave them, which lays me under the strongest obligations to improve a life, rescued from the jaws of so many deaths, to the honour of my gracious Benefactor. But to return, the commissary, upon seeing the dismission I had from the General treated us courteously.

Arrived at Quebec, May 1st. The honorable Col. Peter Schuyler, hearing of my coming there, kindly sent for me, and after enquiries about my welfare, &c. generously told me I should be supplied, and need not trouble myself for support: this public-spirited gentleman, who is indeed an honour to his country, did in like manner nobly relieve many other poor prisoners at Quebec.—Here I had full liberty to walk where I pleased and view the city, which is well situated for strength, but far from being impregnable.

Our cartel being ready, I obtained liberty to go to England in her; we set sail the 23d of July, 1757, in the morning; in 28 days we arrived at Plymouth, which occasioned great joy, for we were ragged, lousy, sick, and in a manner starved; and many of the prisoners, who in all were about three hundred in number, were sick of the

small-pox. My son and self, having each a blanket coat, which we bought in Canada to keep us warm, and now expecting relief, gave them to two poor sick men, almost naked. We were not allowed to go on shore, but removed to a king's ship, and sent to Portsmouth, where we were confined on board near two weeks, and then removed to the Mermaid, to be sent to Boston; we now repented our well meant, though rash charity, in giving our coats away as we were not to get any more, all application to the Captain for any kind of covering being in vain; our joy was turned into sorrow at the prospect of coming on a cold coast in the beginning of winter, almost naked, which was not a little increased, by a near view of our mother country, the soil and comforts of which we were not suffered to touch or taste.

September 6th: Set sail for Boston, with a fleet in convoy, at which we arrived on the 7th of November, in the evening; it being dark, and we strangers, and poor, it was difficult to get a lodging (I had no shoes, and but pieces of stockings, and the weather very cold;) we were indeed directed to a tavern, but found cold entertainment there;—the master of the house seeing a ragged and lousy company, turned us out to wander in the dark;—he was suspicious of us, and feared we came from Halifax, where the small-pox then was, and told us he was ordered not to receive such as came from thence: We soon met a young man who said he could find a lodging for us, but still detained us by asking many questions; on which I told him we were in no condition to answer, till we came to a proper place, which he quickly found, where we were used well; but, as we were lousy, could not expect beds. The next morning, we made application for clothing; Mr. Erwing, son-in-law to the late General Shirley, gave us relief, not only in apparel, but also three dollars per man, to bear our charges to Newport. When I put on fresh clothes, I was seized with a cold fit, which was followed by a high fever, and in that condition obliged to travel on foot, as far as Providence, on our way to Rhode-Island (our money not being sufficient to hire any carriage, and find us what was needful for support:) In this journey I was exceedingly dstressed—our comforts in this life, are often alloyed with miseries, which are doubtless great mercies when suitably improved; at Newport, met with Capt. Gibbs, and agreed with him for our passage to New York, where we arrived, November 21st, found many friends, who expressed much satisfaction at our return, and treated us kindly.

November 26th, 1757—Arrived at Philadelphia, to the great joy of all my friends, and particularly of my poor afflicted wife and family, who thought they should never see me again, till we met beyond the grave; being returned, sick and weak in body, and empty-handed, not having any thing for my family's and my own support, several humane and generous persons, of different denominations, in this city, without any application of mine, directly or indirectly, freely gave seasonable relief; for which may God grant them blessings in this world, and in the world to come everlasting life.

A NARRATIVE

OF THE CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS OF

BENJAMIN GILBERT

AND HIS FAMILY,

Who were surprised by the Indians and taken from their farms, on the frontier of Pennsylvania, in the Spring of 1780.

Benjamin Gilbert had been, for five years before his capture by the Indians, the owner and occupier of a farm, situate on Mahoning Creek, in Penn township, Northampton county, Pennsylvania, not far from where Fort Allen was built. The improvements he had made during this period, were such as were of great value in a new settlement. They were, besides a convenient log house and log barn, a saw mill and commodious stone grist mill. But from this scene of comfort, the *back-woods-man*, with his family, was destined soon to be torn away; and the improvements, erected at great cost, and with much difficulty, upon the borders of the wilderness, were scarcely completed, ere they were doomed to flames.

On the 25th day of April, 1780, about sunrise, the family were alarmed by a party of Indians, who came upon them so suddenly, that to have attempted to escape would have been useless. Their only chance of saving their lives was to surrender.—Without resistance they therefore gave themselves up to their savage foes, hoping, yet scarcely expecting, to escape from death by being carried off to endure the horrors of an Indian captivity.

The Indians who made this incursion were of different tribes, who had abandoned their country upon the approach of General Sullivan's army, and fled within command of the British forts in Canada, settling promiscuously within their neighborhood, and, according to Indian custom, carrying on war, frequently invading the frontier settlements, and taking captive the surprized and defenceless inhabitants. The present party consisted of two half breeds, descended from a Mohawk and French woman, three Cayugas, one Delaware, and five Senecas—in all eleven. The two Mohawk half breeds, whose names were Rowland Monteur and John Monteur, seemed to have command of the party.

The prisoners taken at the house of Mr. Gilbert were, himself, his wife, his sons Joseph, Jesse and Abner, his daughters Rebecca and Elizabeth, his daughter-in-law, Sarah Gilbert, wife of his son Jesse, Thomas Peart, a son of Mrs. Gilbert by a former husband, Benjamin Gilbert, jr., a grandson, Andrew Harrigar, a German laborer in the employment of Mr. Gilbert, and Abigail Dodson, a girl about fourteen years of age, who had been sent that morning by one of the neighbors with a grist to the mill.

With these captives the Indians proceeded about half a mile, to the house of Benjamin Peart, (another son of Mrs. Gilbert,) whom, with his wife and their child about nine months old, they also captured.

The prisoners were here bound with cords, and left under a guard for half an hour, during which time the rest of the Indians employed themselves in pillaging the house, and packing up such goods as they chose to carry off, until they had got together a sufficient loading for three horses, which they took. This completed, they began their retreat, two of their number being detatched to fire the buildings. From an eminence called Summer Hill, which they passed over, the captives could observe the flames and the falling in of the roofs of their houses.—They cast back a mournful look towards their dwellings, but were not permitted to stop until they had reached the further side of the hill, where the party sat down to make a short repast; but grief prevented the prisoners from sharing it.

The Indians speedily put forwards again—not being so far removed from the settlement as to be secure from pursuit. A little further on was a hill called Machunk, where they halted nearly an hour, and prepared mockasons for some of the children.

Resuming their journey, they passed over another steep hill, and in a short time they reached Broad Mountain, the prisoners wearied and almost exhausted. Mrs. Gilbert, who was nearly sixty years of age, believing herself unable to make the ascent of this mountain on foot, sat down in weariness of body and in anguish of spirit, declaring she could proceed no farther. But being threatened by the Indians with instant death, if she delayed them in their journey, she was compelled to make her toilsome way up the mountain, nearly fainting at every step. Having reached the summit, the captives were permitted to rest for about an hour.—The Broad Mountain is said to be seven miles across, and about ten miles from Gilbert's settlement.

Leaving Broad Mountain, they struck into Neskapeck path, which they followed the remainder of the day, crossing Quackac Creek, and passing over Pismire Hill and through the Moravian Pine Swamp, to Mahoniah Mountain, where they lodged that night. The prisoners were allowed, for beds, branches of hemlock strewed on the ground, and blankets for covering—an indulgence scarcely to have been expected from their savage captors. To prevent their escape, however, a contrivance was resorted to that completely marred the little comfort they might otherwise have enjoyed. A

sapling about the thickness of a man's thigh was cut down, in which notches were made; the legs of the prisoners were then placed in the notches, and another sapling placed over the first and made fast; a cord was also put about their necks and fastened to a tree: thus effectually confining them, in this stretched-out position, all night upon their backs.

Early the next morning they continued their route near the waters of Terapin Ponds.—The Indians that day deemed it best to separate the prisoners in companies of two, each company under the command of a particular Indian, spreading them to a considerable distance, in order to render a pursuit as nearly impracticable as possible. During the day, the Indian under whose direction Benjamin Gilbert and his wife were placed, frequently threatened them with instant death, whenever from fatigue they began to lag in their journey. Towards evening the parties again met and encamped. Having killed a deer, they kindled a fire and roasted the flesh, each man holding a piece of it over the coals or in the flame, by means of pointed sticks.—The confinement of the captives was similar to that which they endured the night before.

After breakfast the next morning, a council was held concerning the division of the prisoners. An allotment being made, they were delivered to their several masters, with instructions to obey the commands of the particular Indian whose property they became. In this day's journey they passed near Fort Wyoming, on the Eastern branch of Susquehanna, about forty miles from their late habitation. The Indians were alarmed as they approached this garrison, and observed great caution, suffering not the least unnecessary noise, and stepping on the stones that lay on the path, lest any footsteps should lead to a discovery.—The night was spent on the banks of a stream emptying itself into the Susquehanna, not far distant from the fort. On the following morning the prisoners were all painted, according to Indian custom, some of them with red and black, some all red, and others with black only. Those whom they paint black, without the mixture of any other color, are in most cases devoted to death; and although they are not usually killed immediately, they are seldom preserved to reach the Indian hamlets alive.—In the evening of this day, they came to the Susquehanna, having had a painful and wearisome journey over a very stony and hilly country. Here the Indians were more than ordinarily careful in seeking a secluded lodging-place, that they might be as secure as possible from any scouting parties of the white people. In the night their horses strayed away from them, and it was late the next morning before they found them and were ready to proceed on their journey. Their course lay along the river. In the afternoon they came to a place where the Indians had left four negroes, with a supply of corn for their subsistance, waiting their return. These negroes had escaped from their masters, and were on their way to Niagara when first discovered by the Indians. Being challenged by the latter, they said they "were for the king," upon which they were received into protection.

It was not to the comfort of the prisoners that these negroes were added to the company. They manifested an insolence and domineering spirit which were almost intolerable, frequently insulting the captives, whipping them in mere wantonness and sport, and in all respects treating them with more severity than the Indians did themselves.

On the first of May, the whole company came to a place where two Indians lay dead at the side of the path. Two others had been killed there but were removed. The captives were informed that a party of Indians had taken some white people whom they were carrying off as prisoners; the latter rose upon their captors in the night time, killed four of them, and then effected their escape. When the present company came to this place the women were sent forward, and the male captives commanded to draw near and view the dead bodies. After remaining to observe them for some time, they were ordered to a place where a tree was blown down. They were then directed to dig a grave; to effect which they sharpened a piece of sapling with a tomahawk, with which rude instrument one of them broke the ground, and the others threw out the earth with their hands; the negroes being permitted to beat them severely all the time they were thus employed. The bodies were deposited in the grave, and the prisoners marched a short distance farther, where they found the Indians who had gone forward with the women, preparing a lodging place for the night.—The captives were still secured every night in the manner already described.

The next day, towards evening, they crossed the east branch of the Susquehanna in canoes, at the same place where Gen. Sullivan's army had crossed it in the expedition against the Indians. The horses swam the river by the side of the canoe. Their encampment that night was on the western bank of the stream; but two Indians who did not cross it, sent for Benjamin Gilbert, jun., and Jesse Gilbert's wife.—Not being able to assign any probable cause for this order, the remaining captives spent the night in great anxiety and uneasiness of mind. The next morning, however, their fears were dispelled by seeing their companions again, who had received no worse treatment than usual. This day the Indians, in their march, found a scalp which they took along with them, and also some corn of which they made a supper. They frequently killed deer, which was the only provision the party had, as the flour which they took with them from the settlement was expended.

On the 4th of May the party was divided into two companies: the one taking a path to the westward, with whom were Thomas Peart, Joseph Gilbert, Benjamin Gilbert, jun. and Jesse Gilbert's wife; the other company travelled more to the north.

In the evening, as the company that took the northern route was about to encamp, the prisoners enquired of their captors what had become of their four companions who had been taken the western path.—The reply was, "They are killed and scalped, and you may expect the same fate to night." Andrew Harrigar was so terrified

at the threat that he resolved upon flight. As soon as it was dark he took a kettle, with pretence of bringing some water, and made his escape under cover of the night. Pursuit was made by several of the Indians as soon as he was missing; they remained out all night in search of him. They were not able, however, to overtake him, and in the morning they returned. Harrigar endured many hardships in the woods, and at length reached the settlements, and gave the first authentic intelligence of the captives to their friends and neighbors.

After this escape, the prisoners were treated with great severity on account of it, and were often accused of being privy to the design of Harrigar. Rowland Monteur carried his resentment so far that he threw Jesse Gilbert down, and lifted his tomahawk to strike him, which Mrs. Gilbert prevented by placing her head on that of her son and beseeching the enraged savage to spare him. Turning round, he kicked her over, and then tied both mother and son by their necks to a tree, where they remained until his fury was a little abated; he then loosed them, and bid them pack up and go forwards. In the evening they came to one of the deserted towns of the Shipquegas, and took their lodging in one of the wigwams still standing. The Shipquegas towns had been abandoned a short time before, upon the approach of Gen. Sullivan's army. The party remained for three days among the deserted villages of this tribe. Besides an abundance of game here, there were plenty of potatoes and turnips remaining in the fields attached to the villages, which had not been destroyed by the invading army. Several horses were also taken here, which had been left by the Shipquegas in their hasty flight. Upon resuming their march, Mrs. Gilbert was placed upon one of these horses, which seemed wild and dangerous to ride, but she was not thrown, she continued to ride him for several days.

The day they renewed their journey, they first passed through a long and dreary swamp, and then began the ascent of a rugged mountain, where there was no path. The underwood made it difficult for the women to ascend; but they were compelled to keep pace with their masters, however great the fatigue. When the mountain was crossed, the party tarried awhile for the negroes, who lagged behind with the horses that carried the baggage. The whole company being now together, they agreed to encamp in a swamp not far distant. A long reach of savannas and low grounds rendered their next day's journey very fatiguing and painful, especially to the women; and Elizabeth Peart in particular was wearied almost to fainting, by being compelled to carry her child, her husband not being permitted to carry it for her, or to lend her the least assistance; and once when she was just ready to drop from fatigue, the Indian who had charge of her, struck her a violent blow, to impel her forward.

On the third day after their departure from the Shipquagas villages, their provisions began to fail them; and there was no game in the

country through which they journeyed. At night, worn down with toil, and suffering from the want of food, Mrs. Gilbert was seized with a chill. The Indians, however, gave her some flour and water boiled, which afforded her some relief.—But the next day she was so weak that she could only get along by the assistance of two of her children—her horse having been taken from her.

On the 14th of May they came to Canadosago, where they met with Benjamin Gilbert, jr., and Jesse Gilbert's wife Sarah, two of the four captives that had been separated from the rest for the last ten days, and taken along the western path. On the same day, John Huston, jr., the younger of the Cayuga Indians, under whose care Benjamin Gilbert, sen., was placed, designing to despatch him, painted him black; this exceedingly terrified the family; but no entreaties of theirs being likely to prevail, they resigned their cause to Him whose power can control all events. Wearied with traveling, and weak from the want of food, they made a stop to recover themselves; when the elder of the Cayugas, who had been sent forward with Abner Gilbert two days before to procure a supply of provision, returned, assuring them that a supply was at hand.

The negroes were reduced so low with hunger, that their behaviour was different from what it had been, conducting themselves with more moderation. At their quarters, in the evening, two white men came to them, one of whom was a volunteer amongst the British, the other had been taken prisoner some time before; these two men brought some hommony, and sugar made from the sweet maple; of this provision, and a hedge-hog which they found, they made a more comfortable supper than they had enjoyed for many days.

In the morning the volunteer, having received information of the rough treatment the prisoners met with from the negroes, relieved them, by taking the four blacks under his care.—It was not without much difficulty they crossed a large creek which was in their way, being obliged to swim the horses over it. Benjamin Gilbert began to fail; the Indian, whose property he was, highly irritated at his want of strength, put a rope about his neck, leading him along with it; fatigue at last so overcame him, that he fell on the ground, when the Indian pulled the rope so hard, that he almost choaked him: his wife seeing this resolutely interceded for him, although the Indians bid her go forward, as the others had gone on before them; this she refused to comply with, unless her husband might be permitted to accompany her; they replied "that they had determined to kill the old man," having before this set him apart as a victim: but at length her entreaties prevailed, and their hearts were turned from their cruel purpose.—When their anger was a little moderated, they sat forward to overtake the rest of the company: their relations, who had been witnesses of the former part of this scene of cruelty, and expected they would both have been murdered, rejoiced greatly at their return, considering their safety as a Providential deliverance.

Necessity induced two of the Indians the next day to set off on horse back, into the Seneca country, in search of provisions. The

prisoners, in the mean time, were ordered to dig up a root, something resembling a potatoe, which the Indians call whappanies. They tarried at this place, until towards the evening of the succeeding day, and made a soup of wild onions and turnip tops ; this they ate without bread or salt, it could not therefore afford sufficient sustenance, either for young or old ; their food being so very light their strength daily wasted.

Having left this place, they crossed the Genesee river on a raft of logs, bound together by hickory withes ; this appeared to be a dangerous method of ferrying them over such a river, to those who had been unaccustomed to such conveyances. They fixed their station near the Genesee banks, and procured more of the wild potatoe roots before mentioned, for their supper.

On the following day one of the Indians left the company, taking with him the finest horse they had, and in some hours after returned with a large piece of meat, ordering the captives to boil it; this command they cheerfully performed, anxiously watching the kettle, fresh meat being a rarity which they had not for a long time enjoyed. The Indians, when it was sufficiently boiled, distributed to each one a piece, eating sparingly themselves. The prisoners made their repast without bread or salt, and ate with a good deal of relish what they supposed to be fresh beef, but afterwards understood it was horse flesh.

A shrill halloo which they heard, gave the prisoners some uneasiness ; one of the Indians immediately rode to examine the cause, and found it was Captain Rowland Monteur, and his brother John's wife, with some other Indians, who were seeking them with provisions. The remainder of the company soon reached them, and they divided some bread, which they had brought, into small pieces, according to the number of the company.

The Captain and his company had brought with them cakes of hommony and Indian corn ; of this they made a good meal. He appeared pleased to see the prisoners, having been absent from them several days, and ordered them all round to shake hands with him. From him they received information respecting Joseph Gilbert and Thomas Peart, who were separated from the others on the 4th of the month, and learned that they had arrived at the Indian settlements, some time before, in safety.

The company staid the night at this place. One of the Indians refused to suffer any of them to come near his fire, or converse with the prisoner who, in the distribution, had fallen to him.

Pounding hommony was the next day's employment ; the weather being warm, made it a hard task; they boiled and prepared it for supper, the Indians sitting down to eat first, and when they had concluded their meal, they wiped the spoon on the soal of their mockasons, and then gave it to the captives.

Having resumed their journey, Elizabeth Gilbert, being obliged to ride alone, missed the path, for which the Indians repeatedly struck her. Their route still continued through rich meadows.

After wandering for a time out of the direct path, they came to an Indian town, and obtained the necessary information to pursue their journey; the Indians ran out of their huts to see the prisoners, and to partake of the plunder, but no part of it suited them. Being directed to travel the path back again, for a short distance, they did so, and then struck into another, and went on until night, by which time they were very hungry, not having eaten since morning; the kettle was again set on the fire for hommony, this being their only food.

On the 21st of May the report of a morning-gun from Niagara, which they heard, contributed to raise their hopes—they rejoiced at being so near. An Indian was despatched, on horse back, to procure provisions from the fort.

Elizabeth Gilbert could not walk as fast as the rest, she was therefore sent forward on foot, but was soon overtaken and left behind, the rest being obliged by the Indians to go on without regarding her. She would have been greatly perplexed, when she came to a division path, had not her husband lain a branch across the path which would have led her wrong—an affecting instance of both ingenuity and tenderness. She met several Indians, who passed by without speaking to her.

An Indian belonging to the company, who was on the horse Elizabeth Gilbert had ridden, overtook her, and, as he went on slowly conversing with her, endeavored to alarm her, by saying that she would be left behind, and perish in the woods: yet, notwithstanding this, his heart was so softened before he had gone any great distance from her, that he alighted from the horse and left him, that she might be able to reach the rest of the company. The more seriously she considered this, the more it appeared to her to be a convincing instance of the overruling protection of Him, who can "turn the heart of man as the husbandman turneth the water-course in his field."

As the Indians approached nearer their habitations, they frequently repeated their halloos, and after some time they received an answer in the same manner, which alarmed the company much; but they soon discovered it to proceed from a party of whites and Indians, who were on some expedition, though their pretence was that they were for New York. Not long after parting with these, Rowland Monteur's wife came to them; she was daughter to Siangorochti, king of the Senecas, but her mother being a Cayuga, she was ranked among that nation, the children generally reckoning their descent from the mother's side. This princess was attended by the Captain's brother John, one other Indian, and a white prisoner who had been taken at Wyoming, by Rowland Monteur; she was dressed altogether in the Indian manner, shining with gold lace and silver baubles. They brought with them from the fort a supply of provisions. The Captain being at a distance behind, when his wife came the company waited for him. After the customary salutations, he addressed himself to his wife, telling her that Rebecca was her

daughter, and that she must not be induced, by any consideration, to part with her; whereupon she took a silver ring off her finger, and put it upon Rebecca's, by which she was adopted as her daughter.

They feasted upon the provisions that were brought, for they had been for several days before pinched with hunger, what sustenance they could procure not being sufficient to support nature.

The next day the Indians proceeded on their journey, and continued whooping in the most frightful manner. In this day's route, they met another company of Indians, who compelled Benjamin Gilbert, the elder, to sit on the ground, when they put several questions to him, to which he gave them the best answer he could; they then took his hat from him and went off.

Going through a small town near Niagara, an Indian woman came out of one of the huts, and struck each of the captives a blow. Not long after their departure from this place, Jesse, Rebecca, and their mother, were detained until the others had got out of their sight, when the mother was ordered to push on; and as she had to go by herself, she was much perplexed what course to take, as there was no path by which she could be directed. In this dilemma, she concluded to keep as straight forward as possible, and after some space of time, she had the satisfaction of overtaking the others. The pilot then made a short stay, that those who were behind might come up, and the Captain handed some rum round, giving each a dram, except the two old folks, whom they did not consider worthy of this notice. Here the Captain, who had the chief direction, painted Abner, Jesse, Rebecca and Elizabeth Gilbert, jun., and presented each with a belt of wampum, as a token of their being received into favor, although they took from them all their hats and bonnets, except Rebecca's.

The prisoners were released from the loads they had heretofore been compelled to carry, and had it not been for the treatment they expected on their approaching the Indian towns, and the hardship of a separation, their situation would have been tolerable; but the horror of their minds, arising from the dreadful yells of the Indians, as they approached the hamlets, is easier conceived than described, for they were no strangers to the customary cruelty exercised upon captives on entering their towns. The Indians, men, women and children, collect together, bringing clubs and stones in order to beat them, which they usually do with great severity, by way of revenge for their relations who have been slain; this is performed immediately upon their entering the village where the warriors reside. This treatment cannot be avoided, and the blows, however cruel, must be borne without complaint, and the prisoners are sorely beaten, until their enemies are wearied with the cruel sport. Their sufferings were in this case very great, they received several wounds, and two of the women who were on horse back, were much bruised by falling from their horses, which were frightened by the Indians. Elizabeth, the mother, took shelter by the side of one of them, but upon observing that she met with some favor upon his account, he

sent her away; she then received several violent blows, so that she was almost disabled. The blood trickled from their heads, in a stream, their hair being cropt close, and the clothes they had on, in rags, made their situation truly piteous. Whilst they were inflicting this revenge upon the captives, the king came, and put a stop to any further cruelty, by telling them "It was sufficient," which they immediately attended to.

Benjamin Gilbert, and Elizabeth his wife, Jesse Gilbert, and his wife, were ordered to Captain Rowland Monteur's house, the women belonging to it, were kind to them, and gave them something to eat: Sarah Gilbert, Jesse's wife, was taken from them by three women, in order to be placed in the family she was to be adopted by.

Two officers from Niagara Fort, Captains Dace, and Powel, came to see the prisoners, and prevent (as they were informed) any abuse that might be given them. Benjamin Gilbert informed these officers, that he was apprehensive they were in great danger of being murdered, upon which they promised him they would send a boat, the next day, to bring them to Niagara.

Notwithstanding the kind intention of the officers, they did not derive the expected advantage from it, the next day, for the Indians insisted on their going to the Fort on foot, although the bruises they had received the day before, from the many severe blows given them, rendered their journey on foot very distressing; but Capt. Monteur, obstinately persisting, they dared not long remonstrate, or refuse.

When they left the Indian town, several issued from their huts after them with sticks in their hands, yelling and screeching in a most dismal manner; but through the interposition of four Indian women, who had come with the captives, to prevent any further abuse they might receive, they were preserved. One of them walking between Benjamin Gilbert and his wife, led them, and desired Jesse to keep as near them as he could, the other three walked behind, and prevailed with the young Indians to desist. They had not pursued their route long, before they saw Capt. John Powel, who came from his boat, and persuaded (though with some difficulty) the Indians to get into it, with the captives, which relieved them from their apprehensions of further danger. After reaching the Fort, Capt. Powel introduced them to Col. Guy Johnson, and Col. Butler, who asked the prisoners many questions, in the presence of the Indians. They presented the Captain with a belt of wampum, which is a constant practice among them, when they intend a ratification of the peace. Before their connexion with Europeans, these belts were made of shells, found on the coasts of New England and Virginia, which were sawed out into beads of an oblong shape, about a quarter of an inch long, which when strung together on leather strings, and these strings fastened with fine threads made of sinews, compose what is called a belt of wampum. But since the whites have gained footing among them, they make use of the common glass beads for this purpose.

On the 25th of May, Benjamin Gilbert, his wife Elizabeth, and

their son Jesse, were surrendered to Col. Johnson, in whose family they received much kindness. The Colonel's housekeeper was particularly attentive to them, not only inviting them to her house, where she gave the old folks her best room, but administering to their necessities and endeavouring to sooth their sorrows.

A few days after they came to the Fort, they had information that Benjamin Peart was by the river side, with the Indians ; upon hearing this report, his mother went to see him, but every attempt to obtain his release was in vain, the Indians would by no means give him up. From this place they intended to march with their prisoners, to the Genesee river, about an hundred miles distant. As the affectionate mother's solicitations proved fruitless, her son not only felt the afflicting loss of his wife and child, from whom he had been torn some time before, but a renewal of his grief on this short sight of his parent. She procured him a hat, and also some salt, which was an acceptable burden for the journey.

Benjamin Gilbert, conversing with the Indian Captain who made them captives, observed that he might say what none of the other Indians could, "That he had brought in the oldest man, and the youngest child ;" his reply to this was expressive ; "It was not I, but the great God who brought you through, for we were determined to kill you, but were prevented."

The British officers being informed that Jesse Gilbert's wife was among the Indians, with great tenderness agreed to seek her out, and after a diligent enquiry, found that she was among the Delawares ; they went to them, and endeavoured to agree upon terms for her releasement ; the Indians brought her to the Fort the next day, but would not give her up to her relations.

Early next morning, Capt. Robeson generously undertook to procure her liberty, which, after much attention and solicitude, he, together with Lieutenant Hillyard, happily accomplished. They made the Indians several small presents, and gave them thirty pounds as a ransom.

When Sarah Gilbert had obtained her liberty, she altered her dress more in character for her sex, than she had been able to do whilst amongst the Indians, and went to her husband and parents at Col. Johnson's, where she was joyfully received.

Col. Johnson's housekeeper continued her kind attentions to them, during their stay here, and procured clothing for them from the king's stores.

About the first of June, the Senecas, among whom Elizabeth Peart was captive, brought her with them to the Fort ; as soon as the mother heard of it, she went to her, and had some conversation with her, but could not learn where she was to be sent to ; she then enquired of the Interpreter, and pressed on his friendship, to learn what was to become of her daughter ; this request he complied with, and informed her that she was to be given away to another family of the Senecas, and adopted among them, in the place of a deceased relation. Capt. Powel interested himself in her case likewise, and

offered to purchase her of them, but the Indians refused to give her up; and as the mother and daughter expected they should see each other no more, their parting was very affecting.

The Indian woman who had adopted Rebecca as her daughter, came also to the Fort, and Elizabeth Gilbert made use of this opportunity to enquire concerning her daughter; the Interpreter informed her, there was no probability of obtaining the enlargement of her child, as the Indians would not part with her: All she could do, was, to recommend her to their notice, as very weakly, and of consequence not able to endure much fatigue.

Not many days after their arrival at Niagara, a vessel came up Lake Ontario to the Fort, with orders for the prisoners to go to Montreal. In this vessel came one Capt. Brant, an Indian chief, high in rank amongst them. Elizabeth Gilbert immediately applied herself to solicit and interest him in behalf of her children who yet remained in captivity; he readily promised her to use his endeavours to procure their liberty. A short time before they sailed for Montreal, they received accounts of Abner and Elizabeth Gilbert the younger, but it was also understood that their possessors were not disposed to give them up. As the prospect of obtaining the release of their children was so very discouraging, it was no allevia ion to their distress to be removed to Montreal, where, in all probability, they would seldom be able to gain any information respecting them; on which account, they were very solicitous to stay at Niagara, but the Colonel said they could not remain there, unless the son would enter into the King's service: this could not be consented to, therefore they chose to submit to every calamity which might be permitted to befal them, and confide in the great controller of events.

After continuing ten days at Col. Johnson's, they took boat and crossed the river Niagara, in order to go on board the vessel (which lay in Lake Ontario) for Montreal.

The vessel sailed down the lake on the sixth day of the week, and on the first day following, being the fourth day of June, 1780, came to Carlton Island, where there were such a number of small boats, which brought provisions, that it had the appearance of a fleet. Benjamin Gilbert, and Jesse, went on shore to obtain leave from the commanding officer, to go to Montreal in the small boats, as the vessel they came in could proceed no further: They met with a kind reception and their requested was granted.

The second day following, they left Carlton Island, which lies at the mouth of Lake Ontario, and took their passage in open boats down the river St. Laurence, and passed a number of small Islands. There is a rapid descent in the waters of this river, which appears dangerous to those unacquainted with these kind of falls. The Frenchmen who rowed the boats, kept them near the shore, and passed without much difficulty between the rocks.

Benjamin Gilbert had been much indisposed before they left the Fort, and his disorder was increased by a rain which fell on their passage, as they were without any covering. They passed Oswa-

gotchy, an English garrison, by the side of the river, but they were not permitted to stop here ; they proceeded down the St. Laurence, and the rain continuing, went on shore on an island in order to secure themselves from the weather: Here they made a shelter for Benjamin Gilbert, and when the rain ceased, a place was prepared for him in the boat, that he might lie down with more ease. His bodily weakness made such rapid progress, that it rendered all the care and attention of his wife necessary, and likewise called forth all her fortitude; she supported him in her arms, affording every possible relief to mitigate his extreme pains : And although in this distressed condition, he, notwithstanding, gave a satisfactory evidence of the virtue and power of a patient and holy resignation, which can disarm the king of terrors, and receive him as a welcome messenger. Thus prepared, he passed from this state of probation, the eighth day of June, 1780, in the evening, leaving his wife and two children, who were with him, in all the anxiety of deep distress, although they had no doubt but that their loss was his everlasting gain. Being without a light in the boat, the darkness of the night added not a little to their melancholy situation. As there were not any others with Elizabeth Gilbert but her children, and the four Frenchmen who managed the boat, and her apprehensions alarming her lest they should throw the corpse overboard, as they appeared to be an unfeeling company, she therefore applied to some British officers who were in a boat behind them, who dispelled her fears, and received her under their protection.

In the morning they passed the garrision of Coeur de Lac, and waited for some considerable time, a small distance below it. Squire Campbell, who had the charge of the prisoners, when he heard of Benjamin Gilbert's decease, sent Jesse to the commandant of this garrison to get a coffin, in which they put the corpse, and very hastily interred him under an oak not far from the Fort. The boatmen would not allow his widow to pay the last tribute to his memory, but regardless of her affliction, refused to wait.

The next day they arrived at Montreal, where they remained for more than a year, receiving much kindness both from the British officers and soldiers and a number of the inhabitants. Being placed upon the list of the king's prisoners, daily rations were allowed them.

During the time they remained here, they applied to Colonel Campbell for such assistance as he could render them in procuring the release of the other captives from the Indians. He took down a short account of their sufferings, and forwarded the narrative to General Huldimund at Quebec, desiring his attention to the sufferers. The General immediately issued orders that all the officers under his command should endeavor to procure the release of the prisoners, and that every garrison should furnish them with necessaries as they came down. Some time after this order, Mrs. Gilbert was one day at the house of a Mr. Scott in Montreal, when she was informed that some persons in an adjoining room were desirous of seeing her.

Her joy may be imagined when upon entering the apartment, she beheld six of her long lost children.

A messenger was sent to inform Jesse and his wife, that Joseph Gilbert, Benjamin Peart, Elizabeth his wife, and young child, Abner and Elizabeth Gilbert, the younger, were with their mother. It must afford very pleasing reflections to any affectionate disposition, to dwell awhile on this scene, that after a captivity of upwards of fourteen months, so happy a meeting should take place.

Thomas Peart, who had obtained his liberty, and tarried at Niagara, that he might be of service to the two yet remaining in captivity, viz. Benjamin Gilbert, jun. and Rebecca Gilbert.

Abigail Dodson, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who was taken with them, having inadvertently informed the Indians she was not of the Gilbert family, all attempts for her liberty were fruitless.

We shall now proceed to relate how Joseph Gilbert, the eldest son of the deceased, fared amongst the Indians: He, with Thomas Peart, Benjamin Gilbert, jun., and Jesse Gilbert's wife Sarah, were taken along the westward path, as before related; after some short continuance in this path, Thomas Peart and Joseph Gilbert were taken from the other two, and by a different route through many difficulties, they were brought to Caracadera, where they received the insults of the women and children, whose husbands or parents had fallen in their hostile excursions.

Joseph Gilbert was separated from his companion, and removed to an Indian villa, called Nundow, about seven miles from Caracadera; his residence was, for several weeks, in the king's family, whose hamlet was superior to the other small huts. The king himself brought him some hommony, and treated him with great civility, intending his adoption into the family, in place of one of his sons, who was slain when General Sullivan drove them from their habitations. As Nundow was not to be the place of his abode, his quarters were soon changed, and he was taken back to Caracadera: but his weakness of body was so great, that he was two days accomplishing this journey, which was only seven miles, and not able to procure any other food than roots and herbs, the Indian economy leaving them without any provisions to subsist on. Here they adopted him into the family of one of the king's sons, informing him, that if he would marry amongst them, he should enjoy the privileges which they enjoyed; but this proposal he was not disposed to comply with, and as he was not over anxious to conceal his dislike to them, the sufferings he underwent were not alleviated. The manner of his life differing so much from what he had before been accustomed to, having to eat the wild roots and herbs before mentioned, and as he had been lame from a child, and subject to frequent indispositions, it was requisite for him to pay more attention to his weak habit of body, than his captors were willing he should. When the master of the family was at home, the respect he shewed to Joseph, and his kindness to him, rendered his situation more tolerable than in his absence. Frequently suffering with hunger, the privilege of

a plenteous table appeared to him as an inestimable blessing, which claimed the warmest devotion of gratitude.—In such a distressed situation, the hours rolled over with a tediousness almost insupportable, as he had no agreeable employ to relieve his mind from the reflections of his sorrowful captivity: This manner of life continued about three months, and when they could no longer procure a supply by their hunting, necessity compelled them to go to Niagra Fort for provision. The greater number of the Indians belonging to Caracadera attended on this journey, in order to obtain a supply of provisions: their want of economy being so great, as to have consumed so early as the eighth month, all they had raised the last year, and the present crops were yet unfit to gather; their profuse manner of using their scant pittance of provision, generally introducing a famine, after a short time of feasting. They compute the distance from Caracadera, to Niagara Fort, to be one hundred and thirty miles; on this journey they were upwards of 5 days, taking some venison in their route, and feasting with great greediness, as they had been a long time without meat.

When they reached the Fort, they procured clothing from the king's stores for Joseph Gilbert, such as the Indians usually wear themselves, a match coat, leggings, &c. His indisposition confined him at Colonel Johnson's for several days, during which time the British officers endeavoured to agree with the Indians for his release, but they would not consent. The afflicting account of the death of his father, which was here communicated to him, spread an additional gloom on his mind. After continuing at the Fort about four weeks, the Indians ordered him back with them; this was a sore stroke, to leave a degree of ease and plenty, and resume the hardships of an Indian life: With this uncomfortable prospect before him, added to his lameness, the journey was toilsome and painful. They were five days in their return, and when they arrived, their corn was ripe for use; this, with the advantage of hunting, as the game was in its greatest perfection, furnished at present a comfortable subsistence.

Joseph had permission to visit his fellow captive, Thomas Peart, who was at a small town of the Indians, about seven miles distance, called Nundow, to whom he communicated the sorrowful intelligence of their mother's widowed situation.

At the first approach of spring, Joseph Gilbert and his adopted brother employed themselves in procuring rails, and repairing the fence about the lot of ground they intended to plant with corn; as this part of preserving the grain was allotted to them, the planting and culture was assigned to the women, their husbandry being altogether performed with the hoe.

The Indian manner of life was by no means agreeable to Joseph Gilbert: their irregularity in their meals was hard for him to bear; when they had provisions in plenty, they observed no plan of domestic economy, but indulged their voracious appetites, which soon consumed their stock, and a famine succeeded.

In the early part of June, 1781, their corn was spent, and they

were obliged to have recourse again to the wild herbage and roots, and were so reduced for want of provision, that the Indians, having found the carcass of a dead horse, took the meat and roasted it.

An officer from the Fort came down to enquire into the situation of the Indians, and upon observing the low condition Joseph was in, not being likely to continue long without some relief, which the officer privately afforded; being permitted to frequent his house. He advised him to endeavour to escape from the Indians by flight, informing him that he had no other means of obtaining his release; this confirmed him in a resolution he had previously formed, but which his lameness and weak habit rendered it impracticable to execute at that time.

Some time afterwards, however, embracing a favourable opportunity, when the men were generally from home, some in their war expeditions, and some out hunting, he left them one night whilst the family slept, and made the best of his way towards Niagara Fort, following the path, as he had once before gone along it. Having a small piece of bread which he took from the hut, he made a hasty repast, travelling day and night, in order to escape from the further distresses of captivity. As he neither took any sleep, nor other food by the way than the piece of bread mentioned, for the two days and nights he pursued his journey, he was much fatigued when he reached the Fort. Upon his applying to Colonel Johnson, he was hospitably entertained, and the next day he saw three of the Indians whom he had left at the town when he had set off.

After a few days stay here, as most of the family were discharged from captivity, and waiting for a passage to Montreal, a vessel was fitted to take them on board, in order to proceed down the lake.

We come next to Benjamin Peart, who remained the first night after his arriving at the Indian huts, with his wife and child, but was separated from them the next day, and taken about a mile and a half, and presented to one of the families of the Seneca nation, and afterward introduced to one of their chiefs, who made a long harangue which Benjamin did not understand. The Indians then gave him to a Squaw, in order to be received as her adopted child, who ordered him to a private hut, where the women wept over him in remembrance of the relation in whose stead he was received. After this, he went with his mother (by adoption) to Niagara river, about two miles below the Great Falls, and staid here several days, then went to the Fort on their way to the Genesee river, where he had the pleasure of conversing with his mother, and receiving information concerning his wife and child; but even this satisfaction was short lived, for he neither could obtain permission to visit his wife nor was he allowed to converse freely with his mother, as the Indians hurried him on board their bark canoes, where having placed their provisions, they proceeded with expedition down the lake to the mouth of the Genesee river.

When the party arrived at the place of their designed settlement, they soon erected a small hut or wigwam, and the ground being rich

and level, they began with their plantation of Indian corn. Two white men who had been taken prisoners, the one from Susquehanna, the other from Minisinks, both in Pennsylvania, lived near this settlement, and were allowed by the Indians to use the horses and plant for themselves: these men lightened the toil of Benjamin Peart's servitude, as he was frequently in their company, and he had the liberty of doing something for himself, though without much success.

His new habitation, as it was not very healthy, introduced fresh difficulties, for he had not continued here long, before he was afflicted with sickness, which preyed upon him near three months, the Indians repeatedly endeavouring to relieve him by their knowledge in simples, but their endeavours proved ineffectual; the approach of the winter season afforded the relief sought for. Their provision was not very tempting to a weakly constitution, having nothing else than hommony, and but short allowance even of that, insomuch that when his appetite increased, he could not procure food sufficient to recruit his strength. The company of his brother, Thomas Peart, who visited him, was a great comfort, and as the town he lived at was but the distance of eighteen miles, they had frequent opportunities of condoling with each other in their distress.

The Indian men being absent on one of their war excursions, and the women employed in gathering the corn, left Benjamin Peart much leisure to reflect in solitude.

Towards the beginning of the winter season the men returned, and built themselves a log house for a granary, and then removed about twenty miles from their settlement into the hunting country, and procured a great variety of game, which they usually eat without bread or salt. As he had been with the Indians for several months, their language became more familiar to him.

Hunting and feasting after their manner being their only employ, they soon cleared the place where they settled of the game, which made a second removal necessary, and they are so accustomed to this wandering life, that it becomes their choice.

They fixed up a long hut in this second hunting place, and continued until February, when they returned to their first settlement, though their stay was but a few days, and then back again to their log hut.

The whole family concluded upon a journey to Niagara Fort, by land, which was completed in seven days. At the Fort he had the satisfaction of conversing with his brother, Thomas Peart, and the same day his wife also came from Buffaloe Creek, with the Senecas to the Fort; this happy meeting, after an absence of ten months, drew tears of joy from them. He made an inquiry after his child, as he had neither heard from it nor the mother since their separation. The Indians not approving of their conversing much together, as they imagined they would remember their former situation, and become less contented with their present manner of life, they separated them again the same day, and took Benjamin's wife about four miles distant; but the party with whom he came, permitted him to stay

here several nights, and when the Indians had completed their traffic they returned, taking him some miles back with them to one of their towns; but his telling them he was desirous of returning to the Fort to procure something he had before forgot, in order for his journey, he was permitted. As he staid the night, his adopted brother the Indian came for him, but upon his complaining that he was so lame as to prevent his travelling with them, they suffered him to remain behind.

He continued at the Fort about two months before the Indians came back again, and as he laboured for the white people, he had an opportunity of procuring salt provision from the king's stores, which had been for a long time a dainty to him.

When one of the Indians (a second adopted brother) came for him, Benjamin went with him to Capt. Powel, who with earnest solicitations and some presents prevailed upon the Indian to suffer him to stay until he returned from his war expedition; but this was the last he ever made, as he lost his life on the frontiers of New York.

After this, another captain (a third adopted brother) came to the Fort, and when Benjamin Peart saw him, he applied to Adjutant General Wilkinson to intercede for his release, who accordingly waited upon Col. Johnson and other officers, to prevail with them to exert themselves on his behalf; they concluded to hold a council with the Indians for this purpose, who after some deliberation surrendered him up to Col. Johnson, for which he gave them a valuable compensation.

Benjamin Peart after his release was employed in Col. Johnson's service, and continued with him for several months. His child had been released for some time, and his wife, by earnest entreaty and plea of sickness, had prevailed with the Indians to permit her to stay at the Fort, which proved a great consolation and comfort after so long a separation.

About the middle of August there was preparation made for their proceeding to Montreal, as by this time there were six of the prisoners ready to go in a ship which lay in lake Ontario, whose names were Joseph Gilbert, Benjamin Peart, his wife and child, Abner Gilbert, and Elizabeth Gilbert the younger. These went on board the vessel and in eight days reached Montreal. As soon as possible after their arrival, they waited on their mother at Adam Scott's, as has been already related.

The situation of Elizabeth Peart, wife of Benjamin, and her child is next to be related.

After she and the child were parted from her husband, Abigail Dodson and the child were taken several miles in the night to a little hut, where they staid till morning, and the day following were taken within eight miles of Niagara, where she was adopted into one of the families of Senecas; the ceremony of adoption to her was tedious and distressing; they obliged her to sit down with a young man, an Indian, and the eldest chieftain of the family repeated a jargon of words, to her unintelligible, but which she considered as

some form amongst them of marriage, and this apprehension introduced the most violent agitations, as she was determined, at all events, to oppose any step of this nature; but after the old Indian concluded his speech, she was relieved from the dreadful embarrassment she had been under, as she was led away by another Indian.

Abigail Dodson was given the same day to one of the families of the Cayuga nation, so that Elizabeth Peart saw her no more.

The man who led Elizabeth from the company, took her into the family for whom they adopted her, and introduced her to her parents, brothers and sisters, in the Indian style, who received her very kindly, and made a grievous lamentation over her, according to custom. After she had been with them two days, the whole family left their habitation and went about two miles to Fort Slusher, where they staid several days: this Fort is about one mile above Niagara Falls.

As she was much indisposed, the Indians were detained several days for her; but as they cared little for her, she was obliged to lie on the damp ground, which prevented her speedy recovery. As soon as her disorder abated of its violence, they set off in a bark canoe for Buffaloe Creek; and as they went slowly, they had an opportunity of taking some fish.

When they arrived at the place of their intended settlement, they went on shore and built a house.

A few days after they came to this new settlement, they returned with Elizabeth to Fort Slusher, when she was told her child must be taken away from her; this was truly afflicting, but all remonstrances were in vain.

From Fort Slusher she travelled on foot, carrying her child to Niagara, it being eighteen miles and in sultry weather, which rendered it a painful addition to the thoughts of parting with her tender offspring. The intent of their journey was to obtain provisions, and their stay at the Fort was of several days continuance. Capt. Powel afforded her an asylum in his house.

The Indians took the child from her and went with it across the river to adopt it into the family they had assigned for it, notwithstanding Captain Powell, at his wife's request, interceded that it might not be removed from its mother; but as it was so young, they returned it to the mother after its adoption, until it should be convenient to send it to the family under whose protection it was to be placed.

Obtaining the provision and other necessaries they came to Niagara to trade for, they returned to Fort Slusher on foot, from whence they embarked in their canoes. It being near the time of planting, they used much expedition in this journey.

The labor and drudgery in a family falling to the share of the women, Elizabeth had to assist the squaw in preparing the ground and planting corn.

Their provision being scant, they suffered much, and as their dependence for a sufficient supply until gathering their crop, was on

what they should receive from the fort, they were under the necessity of making a second journey thither.

They were two days on the road at this time. A small distance before they came to the fort they took her child from her, and sent it to its destined family, and it was several months before she had an opportunity of seeing it again. After being taken from her husband, to lose her darling infant, was a severe stroke: she lamented her condition and wept sorely, for which one of the Indians inhumanly struck her. Her Indian father seemed a little moved to behold her so distressed; and in order to console her, assured her they would bring it back again, but she saw it not until the spring following.

After they had disposed of their peltries, they returned to their habitation by the same route which they had come.

With a heart oppressed with sorrow, Elizabeth trod back her steps, mourning for her lost infant, for this idea presented itself continually to her mind; but as she experienced how fruitless, nay how dangerous, solicitations in behalf of her child were, she dried up her tears and pined in secret.

Soon after they had reached their own habitation, Elizabeth Peart was again afflicted with sickness. At the first they shewed some attention to her complaints, but as she did not speedily recover so as to be able to work, they discontinued every attention, and built a small hut by the side of the corn field, placing her in it to mind the corn. In this lonely condition she saw a white man, who had been made prisoner among the Indians. He informed her that her child was released and with the white people. This information revived her drooping spirits, and a short time after she recovered of her indisposition, but her employment still continued to be that of attending the corn until it was ripe for gathering, which she assisted in. When the harvest was over, they permitted her to return and live with them.

A time of plenty now commenced, and they lived as if they had sufficient to last the year through, faring plenteously every day.

A drunken Indian came to the cabin one day, and the old Indian woman complaining to him of Elizabeth, his behaviour exceedingly terrified her; he stormed like fury, and at length struck her a violent blow, which laid her on the ground; he then began to pull her about and abuse her much, when another of the women interposed, and rescued her from further suffering. Such is the shocking effect of spirituous liquor on these people, it totally deprives them both of sense and humanity.

A tedious winter prevented them from leaving their habitation, and deprived her of the pleasure of hearing often from her friends, who were very much scattered; but a prisoner, who had lately seen her husband, informed her of his being much indisposed at the Genesee river, which was upwards of one hundred miles distant. On receiving this intelligence, she stood in need of much consolation, but had no source of comfort except in her own bosom.

Near the return of spring, the provision failing, they were compelled to go off to the fort for a fresh supply, having but a small portion of corn, which they apportioned out once each day.

Through snow and severe frost they set out for Niagara, suffering much from the excessive cold. And when they came within a few miles of the fort, which they were four days in accomplishing, they struck up a small wigwam for some of the family, with the prisoners, to live in, until the return of the warriors from the fort.

As soon as Capt. Powel's wife heard that the young child's mother had come with the Indians, she desired to see her, claiming some relationship in the Indian way, as she had also been a prisoner amongst them. They granted her request, and Elizabeth was accordingly introduced, and informed that her husband was returned to the fort, and there was some expectation of his release.—The same day Benjamin Peart came to see his wife, but he was not permitted to continue with her, as the Indians insisted on her going back with them to the cabin, which, as has been related, was some miles distant.

Elizabeth Peart was not allowed for some days to go from the cabin, but a white family who had bought her child from the Indians to whom it had been presented, offered the party with whom Elizabeth was confined a bottle of rum if they would bring her across the river to her child, which they did, and delighted the fond mother with this happy meeting, as she had not seen it for the space of eight months.

She was permitted to stay with the family where her child was for two days, when she returned with the Indians to their cabin. After some time she obtained a further permission to go to the fort, where she had some needle work from the white people, which afforded her a plea for often visiting it. At length Capt. Powel's wife prevailed with them to suffer her to continue a few days at her house and work for her family, which was granted. At the expiration of the time, upon the coming of the Indians for her to return with them, she pleaded indisposition, and by this means they were repeatedly dissuaded from taking her with them.

As the time of planting drew nigh, she made use of a little address to retard her departure; having a small swelling on her neck, she applied a poultice, which led the Indians into a belief that it was improper to remove her, and they consented to come again for her in two weeks.

Her child was given up to her soon after her arrival at the fort, where she lodged at Capt. Powel's, and her husband came frequently to visit her, which was a great satisfaction, as her trials in their separation had been many.

At the time appointed some of the Indians came again, but she still pleaded indisposition, and had confined herself to her bed. One of the women interrogated her very closely, but did not insist upon her going back. Thus several months elapsed, she contriving delays as often as they came.

When the vessel which was to take the other five, among whom were her husband and child, was ready to sail, the officers at Niagara concluded she might also go with them, as they saw no reasonable objection, and they doubted not but that it was in their power to satisfy those Indians who considered her as their property.

Abner Gilbert, another of the captives, when the company had reached the Indian town within three miles of Niagara Fort, was, with Elizabeth Gilbert the younger, separated from the rest about the latter part of May, 1780, and were both adopted into John Huston's family, who was of the Cayuga nation. After a stay of three days at or near the settlement of these Indians, they removed to a place near the Great Falls, which is about eighteen miles distant from the fort, and loitered there three days more; they then crossed the river, and settled near its banks, clearing a piece of land and preparing it with the hoe for planting. Until they could gather their corn their dependence was entirely upon the fort.

After the space of three weeks they packed upon their moveables, which they generally carry with them in their rambles, and went down the river to get provisions at Butlersbury, a small village built by Col. Butler, and is on the opposite side of the river to Niagara Fort. They staid one night at the village, observing great caution that none of the white people should converse with the prisoners. Next day, after transacting their business, they returned to their settlement, and continued there but about one week, when it was concluded they must go again for Butlersbury; after they had left their habitation a small distance, the head of the family met with his brother, and as they are very ceremonious in such interviews, the place of meeting was their rendezvous for that day and night. In the morning the family, with the brother before mentioned, proceeded for Butlersbury, and reached it before night. They went to the house of an Englishman, one John Secord, who was styled brother to the chief of the family, having lived with him some time before.

After some deliberation, it was agreed that Elizabeth Gilbert should continue in this family till sent for; this was an agreeable change to her.

Abner returned with them to the settlement; his employ being to fence and secure the corn patch; sometimes he had plenty of provision but was often in want.

The mistress of the family one day, intending to go to Butlersbury, ordered Abner to prepare to go with her; but she had not gone far before she sent him back. Notwithstanding he had long been inured to frequent disappointments, he was much mortified at returning, as he expected to have seen his sister. When the woman came home she gave him no information about her, and all inquiries on his part would have been fruitless.

The place they had settled at served for a dwelling until fall, and as it was not very far distant from the fort, by often applying for provision, they were not so much distressed between the failing of

their old crop and the gathering of the new one, as those who lived at a greater distance.

In the fall, John Huston, the head of the family, went out hunting, and in his return caught cold from his careless manner of lying in the wet, and thereby lost the use of his limbs for a long time. On being informed of his situation, the family moved to the place where he was; they fixed a shelter over him (as he was unable to move himself) and continued here about a month; but as it was remote from any settlement, and they had to go often to the fort for the necessaries of life, they concluded to return to their own habitation. Abner, one Indian man, and some of the women, carried the cripple in a blanket about two miles; this was so hard a task that they agreed to put up a small house and wait for his recovery: but not long after they had an opportunity of conveying him on horse back to the landing, about nine miles above the fort. As this was their plantation, and the time of gathering their crops, they took in their corn, which, as has been before observed, is the business of the women. Then they changed their quarters, carrying the lame Indian as before, in a blanket, down to the river side, when they went on board canoes, and crossed the river in order to get to their hunting-ground, where they usually spend the winter.

Abner Gilbert lived a dronish, Indian life, idle and poor, having no other employment than gathering hickory-nuts; and although young, his situation was very irksome.

As soon as the family came to the hunting-ground, they patched up a slight hut for their residence, and employed themselves in hunting. They took Abner along with them in one of their tours, but they were then unsuccessful, taking nothing but racoons and porcupines.

The crops of Indian corn proving too scant a pittance for the winter, Abner, on this account, had some agreeable employ, which was to visit the fort, and procure a supply of provisions, which continued to be his employment for the remainder of the season.

In the spring, John Huston, the Indian who had been lame all winter, recovered, and unhappily had it in his power to obtain a supply of rum, which he frequently drank to excess; and always when thus debauched was extravagantly morose, quarreling with the women who were in the family, and at length left them. Soon after his departure the family moved about forty miles, near Buffalo Creek, which empties its waters into Lake Erie. At this place Abner heard of his sister Rebecca Gilbert, who still remained in captivity not far from his new habitation. This was their summer residence, they therefore undertook to clear a piece of land, in which they put corn, pumpkins and squashes.

Abner, having no useful employment, amused himself with catching fish in the lake, and furnished the family with frequent messes of various kinds, which they ate without bread or salt; for the distance of this settlement from the fort prevented them from obtaining provisions so frequently as necessary. Capt. John Powel and Thomas

Peart, (the latter had by this time obtained his release from the Indians,) and several others, came among the Indian settlements with provision and hoes for them. The account of their coming soon spread amongst the Indians. The chiefs of every tribe came, bringing with them as many little sticks as there were persons in their tribe, to express the number, in order to obtain a just proportion of the provision to be distributed. They are said to be unacquainted with any other method of explaining numbers than by this simple mode.

It was upwards of a year since Abner had been parted from his relations, and as he had not seen his brother Thomas Peart in that space of time, this unexpected meeting gave him great joy, but it was of short duration, as they were forced to leave him behind. During the corn season he was employed in tending it, and not being of an impatient disposition, he bore his captivity without repining.

In the month of July, 1781, the family went to Butlersbury, when Col. Butler treated with the woman who was the head of this family for the release of Abner, which at length she consented to, on receiving some presents, but said he must first return with her, and she would deliver him up in twenty days. Upon their return, she gave Abner the agreeable information that he was to be given up. This added a spur to his industry and made his labor light.

Some days before the time agreed upon, they proceeded for Butlersbury, and went to John Secord's, where his sister Elizabeth Gilbert had been from the time menticned in the former part of this narrative.

Abner was discharged by the Indians soon after his arrival at the English village, and John Secord permitted him to live in his family with his sister. With this family they continued two weeks, and as they were under the care of the English officers, they were permitted to draw clothing and provisions from the king's stores.

Afterwards, Benjamin Peart and his brother Thomas, who were both released, came over for the brother and sister at John Secord's, and went with them to Capt. Powel's, in order to be nearer to the vessel they were to go in to Montreal.

The next of the family who comes within notice, is Elizabeth Gilbert, the sister. From the time of her being first introduced by the Indian into the family of John Secord, who was one in whom he placed great confidence, she was under the necessity of having new clothes, as those she had brought from home were much worn. Her situation in the family where she was placed was comfortable. After a few days residence with them she discovered where the young child was, that had some time before been taken from its mother, Elizabeth Peart, as before mentioned; and herself, together with John Secord's wife, with whom she lived, and Capt. Fry's wife, went to see it, in order to purchase it from the Indian woman who had it under her care; but they could not then prevail with her, though some time after Capt. Fry's wife purchased it for thir-

teen dollars. Whilst among the Indians it had been for a long time indisposed, and in a lingering, distressing situation; but under its present kind protectress, who treated the child as her own, it soon recruited.

Elizabeth Gilbert, jun., lived very agreeably in John Secord's family rather more than a year, and became so fondly attached to her benefactors, that she usually styled the mistress of the house her mamma. During her residence here, her brother Abner and Thomas Peart came several times to visit her.

The afflicting loss of her father, to whom she was affectionately endeared, and the separation from her mother, whom she had no expectation of seeing again, was a severe trial, although moderated by the kind attentions shewn her by the family in which she lived.

John Secord having some business at Niagara, took Betsy with him, where she had the satisfaction of seeing six of her relations who had been captives, but were most of them released. This happy meeting made the trip to the fort a very agreeable one. She staid with them all night, and then returned.

Not long after this visit, Col. Butler and John Secord sent for the Indian who claimed Elizabeth as his property, and when he arrived they made overtures to purchase her, but he declared he would not sell his own flesh and blood; for thus they style those whom they have adopted. They then had recourse to presents, which, overcoming his scruples, they obtained her discharge; after which she remained two weeks at Butlersbury, and then went to her mother at Montreal.

Having given a brief relation of the release and meeting of such of the captives as had returned from among the Indians, excepting Thomas Peart, whose narrative is deferred, as he was exerting his endeavors for the benefit of his sister and cousin who still remained behind, it may not be improper to return to the mother, who, with several of her children, were at Montreal.

Elizabeth Gilbert suffered no opportunity to pass her, of inquiring about her friends and relations in Pennsylvania, and had the satisfaction of being informed by one who came from the southward, that friends of Philadelphia had been very assiduous in their endeavors to gain information where their family was, and had sent to the different meetings, desiring them to inform themselves of the situation of the captured family, and, if in their power, afford them such relief as they might need.

A person who came from Crown-Point, informed her that Benjamin Gilbert, a son of the deceased by his first wife, had come thither in order to be of what service he could to the family, and had desired him to make inquiry where they were, and in what situation, and send him the earliest information possible.

The next agreeable intelligence she received from Niagara, by a young woman who came from thence, who informed her that her daughter Rebecca was given up to the English by the Indians. This

information must have been very pleasing, as their expectations of her release were but faint; the Indian with whom she lived considering her as her own child.

It was not long after this, that Thomas Peart, Rebecca Gilbert, and their cousin Benjamin Gilbert, came to Montreal to the rest of the family. This meeting, after such scenes of sorrow as they had experienced, was more completely happy than can be expressed.

Rebecca Gilbert and Benjamin Gilbert, jr., were separated from their friends and connexions at a place called the Five Mile Meadows, which was said to be that distance from Niagara. The Seneca king's daughter, to whom they were allotted in the distribution of the captives, took them to a small hut where her father, Siangorochti, his queen, and the rest of the family were, eleven in number. Upon the reception of the prisoners into the family, there was much sorrow and weeping, as is customary on such occasions, and the higher in favor the adopted prisoners are to be placed, the greater lamentation is made over them.

After three days the family removed to a place called the Landing, on the banks of Niagara river. Here they continued two days more, and then two of the women went with the captives to Niagara, to procure clothing from the king's stores for them, and permitted them to ride on horseback to Fort Slusher, which is about eighteen miles distant from Niagara Fort. On this journey they had a sight of the great Falls of Niagara.

During a stay of six days at Fort Slusher, the British officers and others used their utmost endeavors to purchase them of the Indians; but the Indian king said he would not part with them for one thousand dollars.

The Indians who claimed Elizabeth Peart, came to the fort with her at this time, and although she was very weakly and indisposed, it was an agreeable opportunity to them both, of conversing with each other, but they were not allowed to be frequently together, lest they should increase each other's discontent.

Rebecca being dressed in the Indian manner, appeared very different from what she had been accustomed to; short clothes, leggings, and a gold laced hat.

From Niagara Fort they went about eighteen miles above the Falls to Fort Erie, a garrison of the English, and then continued their journey about four miles further, up Buffalo creek, and pitched their tent. At this place they met with Rebecca's father and mother by adoption, who had gone before on horseback. They caught some fish and made soup of them, but Rebecca could eat none of it, as it was dressed without salt, and with all the carelessness of Indians.

This spot was intended for their plantation, they therefore began to clear the land for the crop of Indian corn. While the women were thus employed, the men built a log house for their residence, and then went out a hunting.

Notwithstanding the family they lived with was of the first rank

among the Indians, and the head of it styled king, they were under the necessity of laboring as well as those of lower rank, although they often had advantages of procuring more provisions than the rest. This family raised this summer about seventy-five bushels of Indian corn.

As Rebecca was not able to pursue a course of equal labor with the other women, she was favored by them by often being sent into their hut to prepare something to eat; and as she dressed their provisions after the English method, and had erected an oven by the assistance of the other women, in which they baked their bread, their family fared more agreeably than the others.

Benjamin Gilbert, jr., who was only eleven years of age when he was captured, was considered as the king's successor, and entirely freed from restraint, so that he even began to be delighted with his manner of life; and had it not been for the frequent counsel of his fellow captive, he would not have been anxious for a change.

In the waters of the Lakes there are various kinds of fish, which the Indians take sometimes with spears; but whenever they can obtain hooks and lines they prefer them.

A fish called Ozoondah, resembling a shad in shape, but rather thicker and less bony, with which Lake Erie abounded, were often dressed for their table, and were of an agreeable taste, weighing from three to four pounds.

They drew provisions this summer from the forts, which frequently induced the Indians to repair thither. The king, his daughter, grand-daughter, and Rebecca, went together upon one of these visits to Fort Erie, where the British officers entertained them with a rich feast, and so great a profusion of wine, that the Indian king got very drunk; and as he had to manage the canoe on their return, they were repeatedly in danger of being overset amongst the rocks in the Lake.

Rebecca and Benjamin met with much better fare than the other captives, as the family they lived with were but seldom in great want of necessaries, which was the only advantage they enjoyed beyond the rest of their tribe.

Benjamin Gilbert, as a badge of his dignity, wore a silver medal pendant from his neck.

The king, queen, and another of the family, together with Rebecca and her cousin Benjamin, set off for Niagara, going as far as Fort Slusher by water, from whence they proceeded on foot, carrying their loads on their backs. Their business at the fort was to obtain provisions, which occasioned them frequently to visit it, as before related.

Rebecca indulged herself with the pleasing expectation of obtaining her release, or at least permission to remain behind among the whites; but in both these expectations she was disagreeably disappointed, having to return again with her captors; all efforts for her release being in vain. Col. Johnson's housekeeper, whose repeated

acts of kindness to this captured family have been noticed, made her some acceptable presents.

As they had procured some rum to carry home with them, the chief was frequently intoxicated, and always in such unhappy fits behaved remarkably foolish.

On their return, Thomas Peart, who was at Fort Niagara, procured for Rebecca an horse to carry her as far as Fort Slusher, where they took boat and got home after a stay of nine days.

Soon after their return, Rebecca and her cousin were seized with the chill and fever, which held them for near three months. During their indisposition the Indians were very kind to them; and as their strength of constitution alone, could not check the progress of the disorder, the Indians procured some herbs, with which the patients were unacquainted, and made a plentiful decoction; with this they washed them, and it seemed to afford them some relief. The Indians accounted it a sovereign remedy.

The decease of her father, of which Rebecca received an account, continued her in a drooping way a considerable time longer than she would otherwise have been.

As soon as she recovered her health, some of the family again went to Niagara, and Rebecca was permitted to be of the company. They staid at the fort about two weeks, and Col. Johnson exerted himself in order to obtain her release, holding a treaty with the Indians for this purpose; but his mediation proved fruitless: she had therefore to return with many a heavy step. When they came to Lake Erie, where their canoe was, they proceeded by water. While in their boat, a number of Indians, in another, came towards them, and informed them of the death of her Indian father, who had made an expedition to the frontiers of Pennsylvania, and was there wounded by the militia, and afterwards died of his wounds; on which occasion she was under the necessity of making a feint of sorrow, and weeping aloud with the rest.

When they arrived at their settlement, it was the time of gathering their crop of corn, potatoes, and pumpkins, and preserving their store of hickory-nuts.

About the beginning of the winter some British officers came amongst them, and staid with them until spring, using every endeavor to obtain the discharge of the two ceptives, but without success.

Some time after this, another British officer, attended by Thomas Peart, came with provision and hoes for the Indians. It afforded them great happiness to enjoy the satisfaction of each other's conversation, after so long an absence.

Rebecca and her cousin had the additional pleasure of seeing her brother Abner, who came with the family amongst whom he lived, to settle near this place; and as they had not seen each other for almost twelve months, it proved very agreeable.

Thomas Peart endeavored to animate his sister, by encouraging

her with the hopes of speedily obtaining her liberty : but her hopes were often disappointed.

An officer amongst the British, one Captain Latteridge, came and staid some time with them, and interested himself on behalf of the prisoners, and appeared in a fair way of obtaining their enlargement; but being ordered to attend his regiment, he was prevented from further attention until his return from duty ; and afterwards was commanded by Col. Johnson to go with him to Montreal on business of importance, which effectually barred his undertaking any thing further that winter.

It afforded her many pleasing reflections when she heard that six of her relatives were freed from their difficulties, and Thomas Peart visiting her again, contributed, in some measure, to reanimate her with fresh hopes of obtaining her own freedom. They fixed upon a scheme of carrying her off privately ; but when they gave time for a full reflection, it was evidently attended with too great danger, as it would undoubtedly have much enraged the Indians, and perhaps the life of every one concerned would have been forfeited by such indiscretion.

During the course of this winter she suffered many hardships and severe disappointments, and being without a friend to unbosom her sorrows to, they appeared to increase by concealment; but making a virtue of necessity, she summoned up a firmness of resolution, and was supported under her discouragement beyond her own expectations.

The youth and inexperience of her cousin did not allow a sufficient confidence in him, but she had often to interest herself in an attention to, and oversight of, his conduct; and it was in some measure owing to this care, that he retained his desire to return amongst his friends.

Col. Butler sent a string of wampum to the Indian chief, who immediately called a number of the other Indians together upon this occasion, when they concluded to go down to Niagara, where they understood the design of the treaty was for the freedom of the remainder of the prisoners ; for especial orders were issued by Gen. Haldimand, at Quebec, that their liberty should be obtained. At this council fire it was agreed they would surrender up the prisoners.

When they returned, they informed Rebecca that Col. Butler had a desire to see her, which was the only information she could gain ; this being a frequent custom amongst them to offer a very slight surmise of their intentions.

After this the whole family moved about six miles up Lake Erie, where they staid about two months to gather their annual store of maple sugar, of which they made a considerable quantity.

As soon as the season for this business was over, they returned to their old settlement, where they had not continued long, before an Indian came with an account that an astonishing number of young pigeons might be procured at a certain place, by falling trees that were filled with nests of young, and the distance was computed to

be about fifty miles: this information delighted the several tribes; they speedily joined together, young and old, from different parts, and with great assiduity pursued their expedition, and took abundance of the young ones, which they dried in the sun and with smoke, and filled several bags which they had taken with them for this purpose. Benjamin Gilbert was permitted to accompany them in this excursion, which must have been a curious one for whole tribes to be engaged in. On this rarity they lived with extravagance for some time, faring sumptuously every day.

As the time approached when, according to appointment, they were to return to Niagara and deliver up the prisoners, they gave Rebecca the agreeable information, in order to allow her some time to make preperation. She made them bread for their journey with great cheerfulness.

The Indians, to the number of thirty, attended on this occasion, with the two captives. They went as far as Fort Slusher in a bark canoe. It was several days before they reached Niagara Fort, as they went slowly on foot. After attending at Col. Butler's, and confering upon this occasion, in consideration of some valuable presents made them, they released the two last of the captives, Rebecca Gilbert and Benjamin Gilbert, jr.

As speedily as they were enabled, their Indian dress was exchanged for the more customary and agreeable one of the Europeans; and on the third of June, 1782, two days after their happy release, sailed for Montreal.

The narrative of the treatment of Thomas Peart, another of the family, still remains to be given.

He was taken along the westward path with the prisoners before mentioned, viz: Joseph, Sarah, and Benjamin Gilbert, jr.

Thomas was compelled to carry a heavy load of the plunder which the Indians had seized at their farm. When separated from the rest, they were assured they should meet together again in four days.

The first day's travel was in an exceedingly disagreeable path, across several deep brooks, through which Thomas had to carry Sarah and Benjamin Gilbert, jun. This task was a very hard one, as he had been much reduced for want of sufficient nourishment.

The first night they lodged by the banks of Cayuga Creek, the captives being tied as usual. The next morning they took a venison, and this, with some decayed corn which they gathered from the deserted fields, served them for sustenance. This day's journey was by the side of Cayuga Creek, until they came to a steep hill, which they ascended with difficulty.

When night came on, they sought a wigwam which had been deserted precipitately on General Sullivan's march against the inhabitants of these parts.

The land in this neighbourhood is excellent for cultivation, affording very good pasture.

Thomas Peart assured the Indians, that he, with the other captives, would not leave them, and therefore requested the favour to be freed

from their confinement at night; but one of them checked his request, by saying he could not sleep if the captives were suffered to be untied.

Their meat being all exhausted, Thomas and three Indians went near three miles to gather more decayed corn; and this, mouldy as it was, they were obliged to eat, it being their only food, excepting a few winter turnips which they met with. They went forward a considerable distance by the side of Cayuga Creek, and then with much difficulty crossed it; immediately afterwards they ascended an uncommonly miry hill, covered with springs. Going over this mountain they missed the path, and were obliged to wade very heavily through the water and mire.

In the close of the day they came to a fine meadow, where they agreed to continue that night, having no other provisions than mouldy Indian corn they accidentally met with in the Indian plantations, which had been cut down and left on the ground by General Sullivan's army.

Next morning they set forward, walking leisurely on, so that the company who went by the other path might overtake them, and frequently stopped for them.

When night approached, they came to a large creek where some Indians were, who had begun to prepare the ground for planting corn. At this place they staid two nights, and being too indolent to procure game by hunting, their diet was still very poor, and their strength much exhausted, so that they became impatient of waiting for the others, which was their intention when they first stopped.

After travelling till near noon, they made a short stay, stripping the bark off a tree, and then painted, in their Indian manner, themselves and the prisoners on the body of the tree; this done, they set up a stick with a split at the top, in which they placed a small bush of leaves, and leaned the stick so that the shadow of the leaves should fall to the point of the stick where it was fixed in the ground; by which means the others would be directed in the time of day when they left the place.

Here they separated the prisoners again, those to whom Thomas Peart and Joseph Gilbert were alloted went westward out of the path, but Sarah Gilbert and Benjamin Gilbert, jr., with one Indian, continued in the path. This was very distressing to Sarah, to be torn from her relations and deprived of all the comforts and even necessaries of life. These two, with the Indian who had the care of them, after they had parted with the other two and travelled forward a few miles, came to some Indians by the side of a creek, who gave them something to eat. The next day the Indian who was their pilot exerted himself to obtain some provisions, but his endeavours proved fruitless, they therefore suffered greatly. At night the Indian asked Sarah if she had ever eaten horse-flesh, or dogs; she replied, she had not; he then further surprised her by asking whether she had ever eat any man's flesh; upon her expressing her abhorrence, he replied that he should be under the necessity of killing

the boy, for he could not procure any deer. This threat, although perhaps not intended to be executed, terrified her exceedingly. He hunted with great diligence, leaving the captives by themselves, and appeared to shudder himself at what he had threatened, willing to try every resource; but notwithstanding his exertions, her fears prevailed in a very great degree. They went forward slowly, being very weak, and in addition to their distress there fell a very heavy rain, and they were obliged to continue in it as they were without shelter. In this reduced situation they at length came to one of the huts at Canodosago, where they dressed the remains of their mouldy corn, and the day after were joined by the part of the company whom they had left ten days before.

As the few days solitary sufferings of Sarah Gilbert had been before unrelated, the foregoing digression, from the narrative of Thomas Peart's may not be thought improper.

We return to the two who were separated from the path, and had to go forward across mountains and vallies, swamps and creeks.

In the morning they ate the remainder of their corn. The Indians then cut off their hair, excepting a small round tuft on the crown of the head; and, after painting them in the Indian manner, in order to make them appear more terrible, they took from them their hats. Being thus obliged to travel bare-headed in the sun, they were seized with violent head-aches; and this added to a want of provisions, was truly distressing.

When they approached the Indian settlements, the Indians began their customary whooping, to announce their arrival with prisoners, issuing their dismal yells according to the number brought in.

After some short time an Indian came to them; with him they held a discourse concerning the prisoners, and painted them afresh, part black, and part red, as a distinguishing mark. When this ceremony was concluded, the Indian who met them returned, and the others continued their route.

As they were not far from the Indian towns, they soon saw great numbers of the Indians collecting together, though the prisoners were ignorant of their motives.

When they came up to this disagreeable company, the Indian who first met them, took the string that was about Thomas Peart's neck with which he had been tied at night, and held him whilst a squaw stripped off his vest.

Joseph Gilbert was ordered to run first, but being lame and indisposed, could only walk. The clubs and tomahawks flew so thick, that he was sorely bruised, and one of the tomahawks struck him on the head and brought him to the ground, when a lad of about fifteen years old run after him, and, as he lay, would undoubtedly have ended him, as he had lifted the tomahawk for that purpose, but the king's son sent orders not to kill him.

After him, Thomas Peart was set off; he seeing the horrid situation of his brother, was so terrified, that he did not recollect the Indian still kept hold of the string which was round his neck; but,

springing forward with great force and swiftness, he pulled the Indian over, who, in return, when he recovered his feet, beat him severely with a club. The lad who was standing with a tomahawk near Joseph Gilbert, as he passed by him, threw his tomahawk with great dexterity, and would certainly have struck him, if he had not sprung forwards and avoided the weapon. When he had got opposite to one of their huts, they pointed for him to take shelter there, where Joseph Gilbert came to him as soon as he recovered. In the room were a number of women who appeared very sorrowful, and wept aloud ; this, though customary amongst them, still added to the terror of the captives, as they imagined it to be no other than a prelude to inevitable destruction.

Their hair cropt close, their bodies bruised, and the blood gushing from Joseph Gilbert's wound, rendered them a horrid spectacle to each other.

After the lamentations ceased, one of them asked Thomas Peart, if he was hungry ; he replied he was ; they then told him, " you eat by and by." They immediately procured some victuals, and set it before them, but Joseph Gilbert's wounds had taken away his appetite.

An officer, who was of the French families of Canada, came to them, and brought a negro with him to interpret. After questioning them, he concluded to write to Col. Johnson, at Niagara, relative to the prisoners.

The Indians advised them to be contented with their present situation, and marry amongst them, giving every assurance that they should be treated with the utmost respect ; but these conditions were inadmissable.

After this, Joseph Gilbert was taken from his brother, as related in the narrative of his sufferings.

Thomas Peart continued at the village that night, and the next day was given to the care of a young Indian, who went with him about two miles, where several Indians were collected, dressed in horrid masks, in order, as he supposed, to make sport of his fears, if he discovered any ; he therefore guarded against being surprised, and when they observed him not to be intimidated, they permitted him to return again. Not long after his arrival at the village, Capt. Rowland Monteur came in, who gave Thomas Peart some account how the others of the family had suffered, and told him that he had almost killed his mother and Jesse, on account of Andrew Harrigar's making his escape. He had come in before the others, in order to procure some provisions for the company, who were in great need of them.

When the Captain returned, Thomas Peart acompanied him part of the way, and the Captain advised him to be cheerful and contented, and work faithful for the friend, for so he styled the Indian under whose care Thomas Peart was placed, promising him that if he complied, he should shortly go to Niagara.

They employed him in chopping for several days, having previous

to this taken the string from his neck, which they had carefully secured him with every night.

The plantation on which they intended to fix for a summer residence, and to plant their crop, of corn, was several miles down the Genesee or Little river. Prior to their removing with the family, some of the men went thither and built a bark hut, which was expeditiously performed, as they executed it in about two days, when they returned to their old habitation.

Thomas Peart was the next day given to the chief Indian, who endeavoured to quiet his apprehensions, assuring him he should meet with kind treatment.

The Indian manner of life is remarkably dirty and lousy; and although they themselves disregard their filth, yet it was extremely mortifying to the prisoners to be deprived of the advantages of cleanliness: and this was by no means among the number of smaller difficulties.

As Thomas Peart had been accustomed to industry, and when first among the Indians was constantly exerting himself, either in their active diversions or useful labours, they were much delighted with him. When they had concluded upon sending him to the family he was to reside with, they daubed him afresh with their red paint. He was then taken about seven miles, where he was adopted into the family and styled "Ochnusa," or Uncle. When the ceremony of adoption was performed, a number of the relatives were summoned together, and the head of them took Thomas Peart into the midst of the assembly, and made a long harangue in the Indian language. After this he was taken into the house, where the women wept aloud for joy, that the place of a deceased relation was again supplied.

The old man, whose place Thomas Peart was to fill, had never been considered by his family as possessed of any merit; and strange as it may appear, the person adopted, always holds in their estimation the merits or demerits of the deceased, and the most careful conduct can never overcome this prejudice.

As soon as the ceremony of adoption at this place was finished, he was taken by the family to Nundow, a town on the Genesee river. The head of this family was chief or king of the Senecas. But before Thomas was fully received into the family, there was a second lamentation.

Their provision, notwithstanding it was a season of great plenty, was often deer's entrails dried with their contents and all boiled together, which they consider strong and wholesome food. They never throw away any part of the game they take.

Thomas Peart's dress was entirely in the Indian style, painted and ornamented like one of themselves, though in a meaner manner, as they did not hold him high in estimation after his adoption.

Greatly discontented, he often retired into the woods, and reflected upon his unhappy situation, without hopes of returning to his relations, or ever being rescued from captivity.

He continued in this solitary seclusion about five weeks, when their corn was mostly consumed; and as their dependence for a fresh supply was on Niagara Fort, they concluded to go thither, but at first they would not consent that Thomas should accompany them; but he was so urgent, they at length consented, and the next day they had an Indian dance preparatory to their expedition.

In the route Thomas Peart caught a deer, which was an acceptable acquisition, as they had been for some days without any meat, and their corn was likewise expended.

When they came within two miles of the Fort they halted, and staid there until morning.

A white prisoner, who came from the Fort, gave Thomas Peart a particular relation of his fellow captives: this was the first account he had of them since their separation at the Indian towns. As soon as he came to the Fort, he applied to some of the officers, requesting their exertions to procure Thomas's liberty, if possible; but he was disappointed, as nothing could be then done to serve him.

He ate some salt provisions, which as he had tasted but little salt since his captivity, (although pleasing to his palate) affected his stomach, it being difficult for him to digest.

As he was to return with the Indians in about a week, it was very distressing, being much disgusted with the fare he met among them.

They returned by way of Fort Slusher, and then along Lake Erie, up Buffalo Creek, taking some fish as they went. They passed by the place where Elizabeth Peart and Rebecca Gilbert were; but he had not an opportunity of seeing them.

The stores they took home with them, consisted of rum, salt, and ammunition.

When they had consumed their last year's stock of corn, they lived very low, and were reduced to great necessity, digging what wild esculent roots they could find; this was so different from what he had been accustomed to, that he could not bear it with that cheerfulness with which the Indians met such difficulties. His painful reflections, and the want of necessaries, reduced him exceedingly low.

Whilst in this distress, he happily obtained the use of a testament from a white woman, who had been taken captive, and afterwards married amongst them. With this solacing companion, he frequently retired into the woods, and employed himself in reading and meditating upon the instruction contained in it.

The Indians directed a white girl to inform him, that they intended a hunt of twenty days, and were desirious he should attend them; to this he agreed, and the whole family accompanied the hunters. They passed by the town where Joseph Gilbert was, who informed his brother that he was going to Niagara; Thomas Peart replied he had already been there, and then informed him how the others of their relations were dispersed.

On their way up the Genesee river, where they intended to hunt, they took a deer.

The fourth day, as Thomas Peart was beating for game, he lost

his company ; but at length came to some Indians who directed him. When he came to the family, much fatigued, and told them he had been lost, they were very much delighted at the perplexing situation he had been in.

The next day they moved further, hunting as they went, and in the evening fixed their quarters, where they staid two nights.

Thomas Peart, not endeavouring to please them, they took umbrage at his neglect. This, added to a fit of the ague, induced them to leave him in the woods, he being so weak he could not keep up with them, and was obliged to follow by their tracks in the leaves.

Their provision soon began to waste, and it was not long before it was entirely consumed ; and as they took no game, they were under the necessity of eating wild cherries.

The prospect appeared very gloomy to our captive, to be thus distressed with hunger, and to be from home near one hundred miles with the whole family. But this situation, though so alarming to him, did not appear to reach their Stoic insensibility. In this extremity one of the Indians killed a fine elk, which was a long wished for and delightful supply ; but as the weather was very warm, and they had no salt, it soon became putrid, and filled with maggots, which they, notwithstanding, eat without reserve.

After they had been out upwards of thirty days, the Indians changed their course, towards their own habitation, making but little progress forwards, as they kept hunting as they went. And as Thomas had long been uneasy, and desirous to return, not expecting to have been absent more than twenty days, they gave him some directions and a small share of provision ; he then left them after an unsuccessful hunt of forty days. And althogh weak and unfit for the journey, he set off in the morning, and kept as near a north west course as he could, going as fast as his strength would permit over large creeks, swamps and rugged hills ; and when night came on, made up a small fire, and being exceedingly fatigued, laid himself down on the ground, and slept very soundly. In the morning he continued his journey.

When he considered the great distance through the woods to the Indian towns, and the difficulty of procuring game to subsist on, it dejected him greatly. His spirits were so depressed, that when his fire was extinguished in the night, he even heard the wild beasts walking and howling around him, without regarding them, as with all his exertions and assiduity, he had but small hope of ever reaching the towns, but providentially he succeeded.

On the journey he ate a land tortoise, some roots and wild cherries. When he reached the town, the Indians, were pleased with his return, and inquired the reason of his coming alone, and where he had left the family he went with ; which he fully informed them of.

This being the time for feasting on their new crop of corn, and they having plenty of pumpkins and squashes, gave an agreeable prospect of a short season of health, and frequent, though simple, feasts.

About ten days after this, the family returned ; they soon inquired if Thomas Peart had reached home, and upon being informed that he had, replied that it was not expected he ever could.

The Indians, concluding to make a war excursion, asked Thomas to go with them ; but he determinately refused them, and was therefore left at home with the family ; and not long after had permission to visit his brother Benjamin Peart, who was then about fifteen or eighteen miles distant, down the Genesee river.

Benjamin Peart was at that time very much indisposed. Thomas, therefore, staid with him several days, and, when he recovered a little strength, left him, and returned to his old habitation.

He was thoroughly acquainted with the customs, manners and dispositions of the Indians, and observing that they treated him just as they had done the old worthless Indian in whose place he was adopted, he having been considered a perquisite of the squaws ; he therefore concluded he would only fill his predecessor's station, and used no endeavours to please them, as his business was to cut wood for the family ; notwithstanding he might easily have procured a sufficient store, yet he was not so disposed, but often refused, and even left it for the squaws some times to do themselves, not doubting if he was diligent and careful, they would be less willing to give him his liberty.

Joseph Gilbert came to see him, as has been mentioned, and informed him of the decease of their father.

Some time in the fall, the king (whose brother Thomas was called) died, and he was directed to hew boards and make a coffin for him : when it was completed, they smeared it with red paint. The women, whose attention to this is always insisted on amongst the Indians, kept the corpse for several days, when they prepared a grave and interred him, it being considered amongst this tribe disgraceful for a man to take any notice of this solemn and interesting scene. A number of the squaws collected upon this occasion, and there was great mourning, which they continued for several days at stated times. As the place of interment, as well as that appointed for weeping, was near the hut Thomas Peart resided at, he had an opportunity of indulging his curiosity, through the openings of the logs, without giving offence.

Soon after this, one of the women who was called Thomas's sister, desired him to accompany her about fifty miles towards Niagara. Some others of the family went with them, and in their way they took a deer and other game.

They were from home on this journey about six days ; during this time, there fell a heavy snow, which made their journey toilsome. The women were sent homeward before the rest, to prepare something against they came.

When they had loitered at home a few days, they set about gathering their winter store of hickory nuts. From some of them they extracted an oil, which they ate with bread or meat, at their pleasure.

Frequently before they set off on their hunting parties, they make

an Indian frolick; when, commonly, all the company become extravagantly intoxicated. And when they intended to go off this winter, they first gave the preparatory entertainment.

After they were gone, Thomas Peart and the mistress of the family disagreeing, she insisted upon his joining the hunters, and living on the game, that she might save more corn. He plead the coldness of the season, and his want of clothing, but it would not avail; he was therefore turned out, and upon finding the hunters, he built them a hut, where they staid for some weeks, taking the game, and eating wild meat without corn, as the supply they had raised was short.

When they were weary of their employ, they moved to their old hut, and lived in their idle manner for a long time. They then again returned to their hut, staid about ten days, and took several deer.

A few days after their return from hunting, they informed Thomas that they should set off for Niagara; which was truly grateful to him. There were fifteen of them on this visit. The old woman gave Thomas Peart a strict charge to return.

Although the prospect of seeing or hearing from his relations was delightful, yet the journey was excessively painful; the snow covering the ground to a considerable depth, the cold increased, and they had to wade through several deep creeks, the water often freezing to their legs; and Thomas Peart, as well as the rest, were unclothed, excepting a blanket and pair of leggings.

In five days they came to Fort Slusher, and by the treats they there received, were most of them drunk for the day.

Next morning they went to Niagara, where he immediately made application to the British officers to solicit his release. Capt. Powel informed Colonel Johnson, who requested it of the Indians; they required some time to deliberate upon the subject; not willing to disoblige the Colonel, they at length concluded to comply with his request; telling him, that however hard it might be to part with their own flesh, yet, to please him they consented to it, hoping he would make them some present.

Col. Johnson then directed him to his own house, and desired him to clean himself, and sent clothes for him to dress with. Here he had plenty of salt provisions, and every necessary of life. This, with the happy regaining of his liberty, gave a new spring to his spirits, and for a few days he scarcely knew how to enjoy sufficiently this almost unlooked for change.

When recruited, he went to work for Col. Johnson, and a few weeks after had the satisfaction of his brother Benjamin Peart's company; who, though not released, yet was permitted to stay at the fort, and worked with his brother until spring; when Capt. Powel, lieutenant Johnson, and Thomas Peart went up Buffalo Creek, with two boats loaded with provisions, and a proportion of planting corn, together with hoes, to be distributed among the Indians.

In the expedition, Thomas had the satisfaction of seeing and conversing with his sister Rebecca, which was the first of their meeting together, after a separation of a year.

At the distribution of the corn and hoes, the Indians met and made a general feast; after which they dispersed; and the officers, when they had, completed their business, returned to Niagara, after an absence of eight or nine days.

Thomas Peart was settled at Col. Johnson's, to work for him at two shillings and six pence per day, till August, when six of the captives were sent to Montreal, and Thomas also had permission to go, but he chose rather to stay, to afford his assistance to his sister Rebecca Gilbert, and his cousin Benjamin Gilbert, jun. who yet remained in captivity; exerting himself as strenuously as possible on their behalf.

In the fall, he went up again to Buffalo Creek, where he saw his sister and cousin a second time, and assured his sister that the Col. intended to insist on her being released: This encouraged her to hope.

In the winter, Thomas Peart undertook to chop wood for the British Officers, and built himself a hut about two miles from the fort, in which he lodged at night. A drunken Indian came to his cabin one evening with his knife in his hand, with an intention of mischief; but, being debilitated with liquor, Thomas Peart easily wrested his knife from him.

A wolf came one night up to the door of his cabin, which he discovered next morning, by the tracks in the snow; and, a few nights after, paid a second visit, when he fired at him, and, by the blood on the snow, supposed he had mortally wounded him.

Next spring, Thomas went with the officers again up Buffalo Creek, when he afresh animated his sister, by informing her that General Haldimand had given orders to the officers to procure their liberty.

About two weeks after they returned, Thomas Peart went back again with some officers, who were going to the Indians.

After a tour of fifteen days, he came again to the fort, where he staid for several weeks, and received several letters from his relations, at Montreal, by some officers who were on their way to Cataraguors, on Lake Erie, about eighty miles from Niagara; who, in their way, saw Rebecca and Benjamin Gilbert, jun., with a number of Indians, going to Niagara. Thomas Peart made as quick dispatch as possible, to meet them, delighted with the prospect of their obtaining their liberty.

A few days after he returned from this expedition, the captives were delivered up: These two had been with the Indians upwards of two years.

In a short time after their release, Thomas Peart procured permission for them and himself to proceed to Montreal, and was furnished with a pass, containing an order to obtain what provisions they might be in want of in their passage.

The second day of June, 1782, they went on board the ship Lunner, and after being seven days on the water, they reached Fort Lasheen, where they staid that night, and the next day went to

Montreal to their relations: Soon after which, a letter was received from the before mentioned Benjamin Gilbert, then at Castleton, acquainting them of his being so far on his way to Montreal, in order to give them assistance in getting home, and requesting that permission might be obtained for his coming in; which Elizabeth immediately applied to the officers for; who, with great cheerfulness, wrote in her behalf to General Haldimand, at Quebec, who readily granted her request, together with other favours to Elizabeth, worthy of her grateful remembrance; by which means, Benjamin's arrival at Montreal was soon effected, where he had the pleasure once more of seeing and conversing with his relations and nearest connexions, to their great joy and satisfaction, after an absence of near three years; during which time, they had but little if any certain account of each other.

After some time spent in inquiring after their relatives and friends, and conversing on the once unthought of and strange scenes of life they had passed through since their separation, it became necessary to prepare for their journey homewards, which was accordingly done, and in about five weeks from the time of Benjamin's arrival, they took leave of the friends and acquantances they had made during their residence there; and on the twenty-second day of August, 1782, attended by a great number of the inhabitants, they embarked in boats prepared for them, and took their departure.

On the twenty-eighth day of the month following, they arrived at Byberry, the place of their nativity, and the residence of their nearest connexions and friends, where Elizabeth and her children were once more favoured with the agreeable opportunity of seeing and conversing with her ancient mother, together with their other nearest relatives and friends, to their mutual joy and satisfaction; under which happy circumstance we now leave them.

NARRATIVE

OF

Lieut. MOSES VAN CAMPEN,*

DURING THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

My first service was in the year 1777, when I served three months under Col. John Kelly, who stationed us at Big Isle, on the west branch of the Susquehanna. Nothing particular transpired during that time, and in March, 1778, I was appointed lieutenant of a company of six-months men. Shortly afterward, I was ordered by Col. Samuel Hunter to proceed with about twenty men to Fishing Creek, (which empties into the north branch of the Susquehanna about twenty miles from Northumberland,) and to build a fort about three miles from its mouth, for the reception of the inhabitants in case of an alarm from the Indians. In May, my fort being nearly completed, our spies discovered a large party of Indians making their way towards the fort. The neighbouring residents had barely time to fly to the fort for protection, leaving their goods behind. The Indians soon made their appearance, and having plundered and burnt the houses, attacked the fort, keeping a steady fire upon us during the day. At night they withdrew, burning and destroying every thing in their route. What loss they sustained we could not ascertain, as they carried off all the dead and wounded, though, from the marks of blood on the ground, it must have been considerable. The inhabitants that took shelter in the fort had built a yard for their cattle at the head of a small flat a short distance from the fort, and one evening in the month of June, just as they were milking them, my sentinel called my attention to some movement in the brush, which I soon discovered to be Indians, making their way to the cattle yard. There was no time to be lost; I immediately selected ten of my sharpshooters, and under cover of a rise of land, got between them

* This narrative was sent by the author to Congress, in the winter of 1838, accompanied by a petition for a pension, which was granted.

and the milkers. On ascending the ridge we found ourselves within pistol-shot of them ; I fired first, and killed the leader, but a volley from my men did no further execution, the Indians running off at once. In the mean time the milk pails flew in every direction, and the best runner got to the fort first. As the season advanced, Indian hostilities increased, and notwithstanding the vigilance of our scouts, which were constantly out, houses were burnt and familes murdered. In the summer of 1778 occurred the great massacre of Wyoming, after which the governors of Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania petitioned congress to adopt speedy measures for the protection of the western frontier, which subject was referred to a committee of congress and General Washington. The committee recommended that the war should be carried into the enemy's country, and a company of rangers raised for the defence of the frontier. In 1779 Gen. Sullivan was sent with an army into their country. The provisions for the supply of the army were purchased in the settlements along the waters of the Susquehanna, and deposited in store-houses. I was appointed, under the title of quarter-master, to superintend this business, and about the middle of July, by means of boats, had collected all the provisions, at Wyoming, where Gen. Sullivan with his army lay waiting for them. About the last of July our army moved for Tioga Point, while a fleet of boats ascended the river parallel with the army. We reached Tioga Point early in August, where we halted for Gen. Clinton to join us with his brigade, which came by the way of the Mohawk river, and so into Lake Otsego. During this time the Indians were collecting in considerable force at Chemung, a large Indian village about eleven miles distant. As they became very troublesome neighbours, Gen. Clinton contemplated an attack upon them, but wished to ascertain their numbers and situation, and selected me for that dangerous enterprise. I prepared myself an Indian dress, breech-cloth leggings, and moccasins. My cap had a good supply of feathers, and being painted in Indian style, I set off with one man, dressed in the same manner. We left the camp after dark, and proceeded with much caution until we came to the Chemung, which we supposed would be strongly guarded. We ascended the mountain, crossed over it and came in view of their fires, when having descended the hill, we waited quietly until they lay down and got to sleep. We then walked round their camp, counted the fires and the number of Indians at some of the fires, thus forming an estimate of their number, which I took to be about six or seven hundred. I returned, and having made my report to the general early next morning, I went to my tent, spread down my blanket, and had a refreshing sleep. In the afternoon Major Adam Hoopes, one of the general's aids, requested me to wait upon the general, which I obeyed. The latter requested, as I had learnt the way to Chemung, that I would lead the advance, he having selected Gen. Samuel Hand, of the Pennsylvania line, to make them a visit with eleven hundred men. I accepted the service, and we took up our line of march after sundown. When we came to the Narrows

I halted, according to order, until the main body came up, when the general ordered us to enter the Narrows, observing, "Soldiers, cut your way through." We did so, and entered the Indian village and camp at day-break, but found that the birds had flown. We halted a few minutes for our men to refresh, set fire to their village, and having discovered from their trail that they had gone up the river, followed it about two miles. Here our path lay up a narrow ridge, called Hogback Hill, which we remarked seemed formed by nature for an Indian ambuscade. Accordingly, every eye was fixed on the hill, and as we began to ascend, we saw the bushes tremble, and immediately rifles were presented, and we received a deadly fire, by which sixteen or seventeen of the advance were killed or wounded. We that stood sprang under cover of the bank, and for a moment reserved our fire. Six or seven stout fellows rushed out with tomahawk and knife to kill and scalp our comrades. It was now our turn to fire: every shot counted one: they fell. Gen. Hand now came on at quick step, advanced within a few rods of them, and ordered his men to fire and then charge them at the point of the bayonet; they were soon routed and put to flight. We returned with our dead and wounded the same night to our former camp. We had no further opportunity of coming to a brush with them, until we were joined by our whole force under Gen. Clinton. We were opposed by the enemy's whole force, consisting of Indians, British and tories, to whom we gave battle a little below Newtown Point. Our loss was trifling.

On the return of the army I was taken with the camp fever, and was removed to the fort which I had built in '78, where my father was still living. In the course of the winter I recovered my health, and my father's house having been burnt in '78 by the party which attacked the before-mentioned fort, my father requested me to go with him and a younger brother to our farm, about four miles distant, to make preparations for building another, and raising some grain. But little apprehension was entertained of molestations from the Indians this season, as they had been so completely routed the year before. We left the fort about the last of March, accompanied by my uncle and his son, about twelve years old, and one Peter Pence. We had been on our farms about four or five days, when, on the morning of the 30th of March, we were surprised by a party of ten Indians. My father was lunged through with a war-spear, his throat was cut and he was scalped, while my brother was tomahawked, scalped, and thrown into the fire before my eyes. While I was struggling with a warrior, the fellow who had killed my father drew his spear from his body and made a violent thrust at me. I shank from the spear, the savage who had hold of me turned it with his hand so that it only penetrated my vest and shirt. They were then satisfied with taking me prisoner, as they had the same morning taken my uncle's little son and Pence, though they killed my uncle. The same party, before they reached us, had touched on the lower settlements of Wyoming, and killed a Mr. Upson, and took a boy prisoner of the name of Rogers. We were now marched

off up Fishing Creek, and in the afternoon of the same day we came to Huntingdon, where the Indians found four white men at a sugar camp, who fortunately discovered the Indians and fled to a house; the Indians only fired on them and wounded a Capt. Ransom, when they continued their course till night. Having encamped and made their fire, we, the prisoners, were tied and well secured, five Indians lying on one side of us and five on the other; in the morning they pursued their course, and, leaving the waters of Fishing Creek, touched the head waters of Hemlock Creek, where they found one Abraham Pike, his wife and child. Pike was made prisoner, but his wife and child, they painted and told *Joggo, squaw*, go home. They continued their course that day, and encamped the same night in the same manner as the previous. It came into my mind that sometimes individuals performed wonderful actions, and surmounted the greatest dangers. I then decided that these fellows must die; and thought of the plan to despatch them. The next day I had an opportunity to communicate my plan to my fellow-prisoners; they treated it as a visionary scheme for three men to attempt to despatch ten Indians. I spread before them the advantages that three men would have over ten when asleep; and that we would be the first prisoners that would be taken into their towns and villages after our army had destroyed their corn, that we should be tied to the stake and suffer a cruel death; we had now an inch of ground to fight on, and if we failed it would only be death, and we might as well die one way as another. That day passed away, and having encamped for the night, we lay as before. In the morning we came to the river, and saw their canoes; they had descended the river and run their canoes upon Little Tunkhannock Creek, so called; they crossed the river and set their canoes adrift. I renewed my suggestion to my companions to despatch them that night, and urged they must decide the question. They agreed to make the trial; but how shall we do it, was the question. Disarm them, and each take a tomahawk, and come to close work at once. There are three of us: plant our blows with judgment and three times three will make nine, and the tenth one we can kill at our leisure. They agreed to disarm them, and after that, one take possession of the guns and fire, at the one side of the four, and the other two take tomahawks on the other side and despatch them. I observed that would be a very uncertain way; the first shot fired would give the alarm; they would discover it to be the prisoners, and might defeat us. I had to yield to their plan. Peter Pence was chosen to fire the guns, Pike and myself to tomahawk; we cut and carried plenty of wood to give them a good fire; the prisoners were tied and laid in their places; after I was laid down, one of them had occasion to use his knife; he dropped it at my feet; I turned my foot over it and concealed it: they all lay down and feel asleep. About midnight I got up and found them in sound sleep. I slipped to Pence, who rose; I cut him loose and handed him the knife; he did the same for me, and I in turn took the knife and cut Pike loose; in a minute's time we disarmed them.

Pence took his station at the guns. Pike and myself with our tomahawks took our stations ; I was to tomahawk three on the right wing, and Pike two on the left. That moment Pike's two awoke, and were getting up ; here Pike proved a coward, and laid down. It was a critical moment. I saw there was no time to be lost ; their heads turned up fair ; I despatched them in a moment, and turned to my lot as per agreement, and as I was about to despatch the last on my side of the fire, Pence shot and did good execution ; there was only one at the off wing that his ball did not reach ; his name was Mohawke, a stout, bold, daring fellow. In the alarm he jumped off about three rods from the fire ; he saw it was the prisoners that made the attack, and giving the war-whoop, he darted to take possession of the guns ; I was as quick to prevent him ; the contest was then between him and myself. As I raised my tomahawk, he turned quick to jump from me ; I followed him and struck at him, but missing his head, my tomahawk struck his shoulder, or rather the back of his neck ; he pitched forward and fell ; at the same time my foot slipped, and I fell by his side ; we clinched ; his arm was naked ; he caught me round my neck, at the same time I caught him with my left arm around the body, and gave him a close hug, at the same time feeling for his knife, but could not reach it.

In our scuffle my tomahawk dropped out. My head was under the wounded shoulder, and almost suffocated me with his blood. I made a violent spring, and broke from his hold : we both rose at the same time, and he ran ; it took me some time to clear the blood from my eyes ; my tomahawk got covered up and I could not find it in time to overtake him ; he was the only one of the party that escaped. Pike was powerless. I always have had a reverence for Christian devotion. Pike was trying to pray, and Pence swearing at him, charging him with cowardice, and saying it was no time to pray—he ought to fight ; we were masters of the ground, and in possession of all their guns, blankets, match coats, &c. I then turned my attention to scalping them, and recovering the scalps of my father, brother, and others, I strung them all on my belt for safe keeping. We kept our ground till morning, and built a raft, it being near the bank of the river where they had encamped, about fifteen miles below Tioga Point ; we got all our plunder on it, and set sail for Wyoming, the nearest settlement. Our raft gave way, when we made for land, but we lost considerable property, though we saved our guns and ammunition, and took to land ; we reached Wylusing late in the afternoon. Came to the narrows ; discovered a smoke below, and a raft laying at the shore, by which we were certain that a party of Indians had passed us in the course of the day, and had halted for the night. There was no alternative for us but to rout them or go over the mountain ; the snow on the north side of the hill was deep ; we knew from the appearance of the raft that the party must be small ; we had two rifles each ; my only fear was of Pike's cowardice. To know the worst of it we agreed that I should ascertain their number and give the signal for the attack ; I crept down the side of the hill,

so near as to see their fires and packs, but saw no Indians. I concluded they had gone hunting for meat, and that this was a good opportunity for us to make off with their raft to the opposite side of the river. I gave the signal; they came and threw their packs on to the raft, which was made of small, dry pine timber; with poles and paddles we drove her briskly across the river, and had got nearly out of reach of shot, when two of them came in; they fired, their shots did no injury; we soon got under cover of an island, and went several miles; we had waded deep creeks through the day, the night was cold; we landed on an island and found a sink hole in which we made our fire; after warming we were alarmed by a cracking in the crust; Pike supposed the Indians had got on to the island, and was for calling for quarters; to keep him quiet we threatened him with his life; the stepping grew plainer, and seemed coming directly to the fire; I kept a watch, and soon a noble raccoon came under the light. I shot the raccoon, when Pike jumped up and called out, "Quarters, gentlemen: quarters, gentlemen." I took my game by the leg and threw it down to the fire, "Here, you cowardly rascal," I cried, "skin that and give us a roast for supper." The next night we reached Wyoming, and there was much joy to see us; we rested one day, and it being not safe to go to Northumberland by land, we procured a canoe, and with Pence and my little cousin, we decended the river by night; we came to Fort Jenkins before day, where I found Col. Kelly and about one hundred men encamped out of the fort; he came across from the west branch by the heads of Chiilsquaka to Fishing Creek, the end of the Nob Mountain, so called at that day, where my father and brother were killed; he had buried my father and uncle; my brother was burnt, a small part of him only was to be found. Col. Kelly informed me that my mother and her children were in the fort, and it was thought that I was killed likewise. Col. Kelly went into the fort to prepare her mind to see me; I took off my belt of scalps and handed them to an officer to keep. Human nature was not sufficient to stand the interview. She had just lost a husband and a son, and one had returned to take her by the hand, and one, too, that she supposed was killed.

The day after I went to Sunbury, where I was received with joy; my scalps were exhibited, the cannons were fired, &c. Before my return a commission had been sent me as ensign of a company to be commanded by Capt. Thomas Robinson; this was, as I understood, a part of the quota which Pennsylvania had to raise for the continental line. One Joseph Alexander was commissioned as lieutenant, but did not accept his commission. The summer of 1780 was spent in the recruiting service; our company was organized, and was retained for the defence of the frontier service. In February, 1781, I was promoted to a lieutenancy, and entered upon the active duty of an officer by heading scouts, and as Capt. Robinson was no woodsman nor marksman, he preferred that I should encounter the danger and head the scouts; we kept up a constant chain of scouts around the frontier settlements, from the north to the west branch of the Susque-

hanna, by the way of the head waters of Little Fishing Creek, Chillisquaka, and Muncy, &c. In the spring of 1781 we built a fort on the widow M'Clure's plantation, called M'Clure's fort, where our provisions were stored. In the summer of 1781 a man was taken prisoner in Buffalo Valley, but made his escape; he came in and reported there were about three hundred Indians on Sinnemahoning, hunting and laying in a store of provisions, and would make a descent on the frontiers; that they would divide into small parties, and attack the whole chain of the frontier at the same time, on the same day. Col. Samuel Hunter selected a company of five to reconnoitre, viz. Capt. Campell, Peter and Michael Groves, Lieut. Cramer, and myself; the party was called the Grove Party. We carried with us three weeks' provisions, and proceeded up the west branch with much caution and care; we reached the Sinnemahoning, but made no discovery except old tracks; we marched up the Sinnemahoning so far that we were satisfied it was a false report. We returned, and a little below the Sinnemahoning, near night, we discovered a smoke; we were confident it was a party of Indians, which we must have passed by or they got there some other way; we discovered there was a large party, how many we could not tell, but prepared for the attack.

As soon as it was dark we new primed our rifles, sharpened our flints, examined our tomahawk handles, and all being ready, we waited with great impatience, and till they all lay down; the time came, and with the utmost silence we advanced, trailed our rifles in one hand and the tomahawk in the other. The night was warm; we found some of them rolled in their blankets a rod or two from their fires. Having got amongst them, we first handled our tomahawks; they rose like a dark cloud; we now fired our shots, and raised the war-yell; they took to flight in the utmost confusion, but few taking time to pick up their rifles. We remained masters of the ground and all their plunder, and took several scalps. It was a party of twenty-five or thirty, which had been as low down as Penn's Creek, and had killed and scalped two or three families; we found several scalps of different ages which they had taken, and a large quantity of domestic cloth, which was carried to Northumberland and given to the distressed who had escaped the tomahawk and knife. In December, 1781, our company was ordered to Lancaster; we descended the river in boats to Middletown, where our orders were countermanded, and we were ordered to Reading, Berks county, where we were joined by a part of the third and fifth Pennsylvania regiments, and a company of the Congress regiment. We took charge of the Hessians taken prisoners by Gen. Burgoyne. In the latter part of March, at the opening of the campaign in 1782, we were ordered by Congress to our respective stations. I marched Robinson's company to Northumberland, where Mr. Thomas Chambers joined us, who had been recently commissioned as an ensign of our company. We halted at Northumberland two or three days for our men to wash and rest; from thence ensign Chambers and my-

self were ordered to Muncy, Samuel Wallis's plantation, there to make a stand and rebuild Fort Muncy, which had been destroyed by the enemy. We reached that station, and built a small block-house for the storage of our provisions; about the 10th or 11th of April, Capt. Robinson came on with Esquire Culbertson, James Dougherty, William M'Grady, and a Mr. Barkley; I was ordered to select twenty or twenty-five men with these gentlemen, and to proceed up the west branch to the Big Island, and thence up the Bald Eagle Creek, to the place where a Mr. Culbertson had been killed. On the 15th of April, at night, we reached the place, and encamped for the night; on the morning of the 16th we were attacked by eighty-five Indians. It was a hard-fought battle; Esquire Culbertson and two others made their escape; I think we had nine killed, and the rest of us were made prisoners. We were stripped of all our clothing excepting our pantaloons. When they took off my shirt they discovered my commission; our commissions were written on parchment, and carried in a silk case hung with a ribbon in our bosom; several got a hold of it, and one fellow cut the ribbon with his knife, and succeeded in obtaining it. They took us a little distance from the battle-ground, made the prisoners sit down in a small ring, the Indians forming another around us in close order, each with his rifle and tomahawk in his hand. They brought up five Indians we had killed, and laid them within their circle. Each one reflected for himself; our time would probably be short, and respecting myself, looking back upon the year '80, at the party I had killed, if I was discovered to be the person, my case would be a hard one. Their prophet, or chief warrior, made a speech; as I was informed afterwards by the British Lieutenant who belonged to the party, he was consulting the Great Spirit what to do with the prisoners, whether to kill us on the spot or spare our lives: he came to the conclusion that there had been blood enough shed, and as to the men they had lost, it was the fate of war, and we must be taken and adopted into the families of those whom we had killed; we were then divided amongst them according to the number of fires; packs were prepared for us, and they returned across the river at the Big Island in bark canoes: they then made their way across hills, and came to Pine Creek, above the first forks, which they followed up to the third fork, and took the most northerly branch to the head of it, and thence to the waters of the Genesee river. After two days travel down the Genesee river, we came to a place called the Pigeon Woods, where a great number of Indian families, old and young, had come to catch young pigeons; there we met a party of about forty warriors, on their way to the frontier settlements; they encamped some little distance apart, the warriors of the two parties holding a council at our camp. I soon perceived that I was the subject of their conversation; I was seized and dragged to the other camp, where the warriors were sitting on one side of a large fire; I was seated alone on the opposite side. Every eye was fixed upon me; I perceived they were gathering around in great numbers; in

a short time I perceived a man pressing through the crowd; he came to me and sat down; I saw he was a white man painted, in Indian dress. He examined me on the situation of the frontiers, the strength of our forts, the range of our scouts, &c. After he got through, he observed that there was only one beside himself there that knew me. "Do you know me, sir?" said I. "I do: you are the man that killed the Indians." I thought of the fire and the stake; he observed that he was a prisoner and a friend; that his name was Jones, and he had been taken prisoner in the spring of '81, with Capt. John Boyde, in Bedford county; that he would not expose me, and if I could pass through undiscovered and be delivered up to the British, I would be safe; if not, I would have to die at the stake. The next morning they moved down the river; two days afterwards they came to the Caneadia village, the first on the Genesee river, where we were prepared to run the Indian gauntlet; the warriors don't whip—it is the young Indians and squaws. They meet you in sight of their council-house, where they select the prisoners from the ranks of the warriors, bring them in front, and when ready the word *joggo* is given; the prisoners start, the whippers follow after, and if they out run you, you will be severely whipped. I was placed in front of my men; the word being given, we started. Being then young and full of nerve, I led the way; two young squaws came running up to join the whipping party, and when they saw us start, they halted, and stood shoulder to shoulder with their whips; when I came near them I bounded and kicked them over; we all came down together; there was considerable kicking amongst us, so much so that they showed their under dress, which appeared to be of a beautiful yellow colour; I had not time to help them up. It was truly diverting to the warriors; they yelled and shouted till they made the air ring. They halted at that village for one day, and thence went to Fort Niagara, where I was delivered up to the British. I was adopted, according to the Indian custom, into Col. Butler's family then the commanding officer of the British and Indians at that place. I was to supply the loss of his son, Capt. Butler, who was killed late in the fall of 1781, by the Americans. In honour to me as his adopted son, I was confined in a private room, and not put under a British guard. My troubles soon began; the Indians were informed by the tories that knew me that I had been a prisoner before, and had killed my captors; they were outrageous, and went to Butler and demanded me, and as I was told, offered to bring in fourteen prisoners in my place. Butler sent an officer to examine me on the subject; he came and informed me their Indians had laid heavy accusations against me; they were informed that I had been a prisoner before, and killed the party, and that they had demanded me to be given up to them, and that his colonel wished to know the fact. I observed, "Sir, it is a serious question to answer; I will never deny the truth; I have been a prisoner before, and killed the party, and returned to the service of my

country; but, sir, I consider myself to be a prisoner of war to the British, and I presume you will have more honor than to deliver me up to the savages. I know what my fate will be; and please to inform your colonel that we have it in our power to retaliate." He left me, and in a short time returned and stated that he was authorised to say to me that there was no alternative for me to save my life but to abandon the rebel cause and join the British standard; that I should take the same rank in the British service as I did in the rebel service. I replied, "No, sir, no; give me the stake, the tomahawk, or the knife, before a British commission; liberty or death is our motto;" he then left me. Some time after a lady came to my room, with whom I had been well acquainted before the Revolution; we had been school mates; she was then married to a British officer, a captain of the queen's rangers; he came with her. She had been to Col. Butler, and she was authorised to make me the same offer as the officer had done; I thanked her for the trouble she had taken for my safety, hut could not accept of the offer; she observed how much more honorable would it be to be an officer in the British service. I observed that I could not dispose of myself in that way; I belonged to the Congress of the United States, and that I would abide the consequence; she left me, and that was the last I heard of it. A guard was set at the door of my apartment.

In about four days after I was sent down Lake Ontario to a place called Carlton Island: from thence down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, where I was placed in prison, and found forty or fifty of our American officers, and where we had the honor to look through the iron grates. The fourth of July was drawing near; ten of us combined to celebrate the political birth-day of our country; we found ways and means to have some brandy conveyed in to us unknown to the British guard, and we had a high day, after making a compromise with the guard. It was highly offensive to the British officers, and we ten were taken out and sent to Quebec, thence down the St. Lawrence, and put on the Isle of Orleans, where we remained until the last of September; a British fleet sailed about that time and bound for New York; we were put on board of that fleet; when we came to New York there was no exchange for us. Gen. Carlton then commanded the British army at New York; he paroled us to return home.

In the month of March, 1783, I was exchanged, and had orders to take up arms again. I joined my company in March at Northumberland; about that time Capt. Robinson received orders to march his company to Wyoming, to keep garrison at Wilkesbarre Fort. He sent myself and Ensign Chambers with the company to that station, where we lay till November, 1783. Our army was then discharged, and our company likewise: poor and pennyless, we retired to the shades of private life.

SKETCHES*

OF THE

LIFE AND MILITARY AND HUNTING ADVENTURES

OF

Capt. SAMUEL BRADY.

Who has not heard of Brady—captain of the spies?—Of his perilous adventures by field and flood?—Of his hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach?—Of his chivalrous courage?—Of his unmatched personal activity?—Yet where do we read his history? It is to be learned only from the aged settlers of Western Pennsylvania, or peradventure from a time-worn Ranger;—for a few of Brady's warriors still survive.

Actuated by a desire to preserve from oblivion, such portions of his life and actions as may yet be obtained, I have made several attempts to procure from individuals the most interesting events in his military career, but hitherto without success.—At length an aged friend has kindly offered to furnish such details as an intimate acquintance with Captain Brady enables him to give. We trust that the subject will be deemed of such interest, that others will contribute their mite, and that an historian will yet be found to place Brady of the Rangers by the side of Wayne, Marion, Lee of the Legion, and other distinguished patriots whose memories are immortal.

He is emphatically the hero of Western Pennsylvania; and future bards of this region, when time shall have mellowed the facts of history, will find his name the personification of all that was fearless and fruitful of resources in the hour of danger. His the step that faultered not—the eye that quailed not, even in the terrific scenes of Indian warfare. Many a mother has quieted the fears, and lulled to sleep her infant family, by the assurace that the broad Allegheny, the dividing line between the Indians and Whites, was watched by the gallant captain and his Rangers; and to their apprehensions of death

* These sketches were originally written in numbers, for a country newspaper, (the Blairsville Record.) The division of the numbers is marked by a ———.

or captivity by the Indians, has replied encouragingly,—"they dare not move on the river, for there lies Brady and the Rangers."

John Brady, the father of Captain Samuel Brady, was born in the state of Delaware, A. D., 1733. Hugh Brady, the father of John, had emigrated from Ireland. At a very early period Hugh Brady settled within five miles of where Shippensburg now stands. The country was then a wilderness, thinly settled by Irish emigrants, simple, sincere and religious. Many anecdotes are collected, evincive of this, but they would be out of place here.

During the French and Indian wars, that part of the country was much harassed by the Indians. John Brady and several other young men had been active against them, and as a mark and reward of merit, he was appointed captain in the provincial line, which at that time was no small distinction. He married Mary Quigly, and Samuel, their first child, was born in the town of Shippensburg, A. D. 1758.

After the war, and a purchase had been made from the Indians in 1768, John Brady moved with his family to the West Branch of the Susquehanna, where Samuel resided with him till June, 1775. Captain John Lowden, a widower, raised a company of volunteer riflemen, seventy in number, and all unmarried, and marched to Boston. Samuel Brady was one of this band, and the Captain intended that he should be an officer, but his father objected, saying, "Let him first learn the duty of a soldier, and then he will know how to act as an officer."

While the riflemen lay in the "Leaguer of Boston," frequent skirmishes took place. On one occasion, Lowden was ordered to select some able-bodied men, and wade to an island, when the tide was out, and drive off some cattle belonging to the British. He considered Brady too young for this service, and left him out of his selection; but to the Captain's astonishment Brady was the second man on the island and behaved most gallantly. On another occasion, he was sitting on a fence, with his Captain, viewing the British works, when a cannon ball struck the fence under them. Brady was first up, caught the Captain in his arms and raised him saying with great composure, "We are not hurt, captain." Many like instances of his coolness and courage happened while the army lay at Boston.

In 1776, S. Brady was appointed a first Lieutenant in Captain Thomas Doyle's company, raised in Lancaster county. He continued with the army, and was in all the principal engagements until after the battle of Monmouth, when he was promoted to a captaincy and ordered to the west under General Broadhead. On their march he had leave to visit his friends in Northumberland county. His father, in 1776, had accepted a captaincy in the 12th Pennsylvania Regiment, was badly wounded at the battle of Brandywine, and was then at home. Whilst there, he heard of his brother's death, who had been murdered by the Indians on the 9th day of August, 1778. He

remained at his father's until the beginning of 1779, when he started for Pittsburg and joined his Regiment.

Shortly after he had arrived at Pittsburg, he heard the news of his father being murdered by the Indians, on the 11th day of April, 1779. He then vowed vengeance against *all Indians*, and he never altered his mind.—Here commenced his western exploits, which must be the subject of another paper.

At the battle of Princeton he was under Col. Hand, of Lancaster, and had advanced too far ;—they were nearly surrounded—Brady cut a horse out of a team, got his Colonel on, jumped on behind him, and made their escape.

At the massacre at Paoli, Brady had been on guard, and had laid down with his blanket buckled round him. The British were nearly on them before the sentinel fired. Brady had to run ; he tried to get clear of his blanket coat, but could not. As he jumped a post and rail fence, a British soldier struck at him with his bayonet and pinned the blanket to the rail, but so near the edge, that it tore out. He dashed on,—a horseman overtook him and ordered him to stop.—Brady wheeled, shot him down and ran on.—He got into a small swamp in a field.—He knew of no person but one being in it beside himself; but in the morning there were fifty-five, one of whom was a Lieutenant. They compared commissions, Brady's was the oldest; he took the command and marched them to head quarters.

In 1780 a small fort within the present limits of Pittsburg, was the head quarters of Gen. Broadhead, who was charged with the defence of this quarter of the frontier. The country north and west of the Allegheny river was in possession of the Indians. General Washington, whose comprehensive sagacity foresaw and provided against all dangers that menaced the country, wrote to General Broadhead to select a suitable officer and dispatch him to Sandusky, for the purpose of examining the place and ascertaining the force of British and Indians assembled there, with a view to measures of preparation and defence, against the depredations and attacks to be expected from thence.

Gen. Broadhead had no hesitation in making the selection of an officer qualified for this difficult and dangerous duty. He sent for Capt. Brady, showed him Washington's letter, and a draft or map of the country he must traverse ; very defective, as Brady afterwards discovered, but the best, no doubt, that could be obtained at that time.

Captain Brady was not insensible to the danger, or ignorant of the difficulty of the enterprize. But he saw the anxiety of the father of his country to procure information that could only be obtained by this perilous mode, and knew its importance. His own danger was of inferior consideration. The appointment was accepted, and selecting a few soldiers, and four Chickasaw Indians as guides, he crossed the Allegheny river and was at once in the enemy's country.

It was in May, 1780, that he commenced his march. The season was uncommonly wet. Every considerable stream was swollen, neither road, bridge, nor house facilitated their march, or shielded their repose. Part of their provision was picked up by the way as they crept, rather than marched through the wilderness by night, and lay concealed in its brambles by day. The slightest trace of his movement, the print of a white man's foot on the sand of a river, might have occasioned the extermination of the party. Brady was versed in all the wiles of Indian "stratagie," and, dressed in the full war dress of an Indian warrior, and well acquainted with their languages, he led his band in safety near to the Sandusky towns, without seeing a hostile Indian.

The night before he reached Sandusky he saw a fire, approached it and found two squaws reposing beside it. He passed on without molesting them. But his Chickasaws now deserted. This was alarming, for it was probable they had gone over to the enemy. However he determined to proceed. With a full knowledge of the horrible death that awaited him if taken prisoner, he passed on, until he stood beside the town and on the bank of the river.

His first care was to provide a place of concealment for his men. When this was effected, having selected one man as the companion of his future adventures, he waded the river to an island partially covered with drift-wood, opposite the town, where he concealed himself and comrade for the night.

Leonidas was brave, and in obedience to the institutions of his country he courted death and found it in the pass of Thermopylæ. But he was surrounded by his three hundred Spartans, and cheered by the Spartan battle hymn, mingled in concert with the sweet tones of the flute.

Napoleon was brave, but his bravest acts were performed in the presence of embattled thousands; and when at the bridge of Lodi he snatched the tri-colour from its terrified bearer, and uttering the war cry of his enthusiastic soldiers, "Vive la Republic," he breasted the fire of thirty pieces of Austrian cannon, and planted it in the midst of its enemies, he was seen and followed by the gallant remains of the consular guard, and lauded with the cries and tears of his whole army.

In constancy of purpose, in cool, deliberate courage, the Captain of the Rangers will compare with the examples quoted, or any other. Neither banner nor pennon waved over him. He was hundreds of miles in the heart of an enemy's country. An enemy who, had they possessed it, would have given his weight in gold for the pleasure of burning him to death with a slow fire; adding to his torments, both mental and physical, every ingredient that savage ingenuity could supply.

Who that has poetry of feeling, or feeling of poetry, but must pause o'er such a scene, and in imagination contemplate its features. The murmuring river; the Indian village wrapt in sleep; the

sylvan landscape ; as each was gazed upon by that lonely but dauntless warrior, in the still midnight hour.

The next morning a dense fog spread over hill and dale, town and river. All was hid from Brady's eyes, save the logs and brush around him. About 11 o'clock it cleared off, and afforded him a view of about three thousand Indians engaged in the amusements of the race ground.

They had just returned from Virginia or Kentucky with some very fine horses. One grey horse in particular attracted his notice. He won every race until near evening, when, as if envious of his speed, two riders were placed on him, and thus he was beaten. The starting post was only a few rods above where Brady lay, and he had a pretty fair chance of enjoying the amusement, without the risk of loosing any thing by betting on the race.

He made such observation through the day as was in his power, waded out from the island at night, collected his men, went to the Indian camp he had seen as he came out; the squaws were still there, took them prisoners, and continued his march homeward.

The map furnished by Gen. Broadhead was found to be defective. The distance was represented to be much less that it really was.—The provisions and ammunition of the men were exhausted by the time they had reached the Big Beaver, on their return. Brady shot an otter, but could not eat it. The last load was in his rifle. They arrived at an old encampment, and found plenty of strawberries, which they stopped to appease their hunger with. Having discovered a deer track, Brady followed it, telling the men he would perhaps get a shot at it. He had went but a few rods when he saw the deer standing broadside to him. He raised his rifle and attempted to fire, but it flashed in the pan ; and he had not a priming of powder. He sat down, picked the touch hole, and then started on. After going a short distance the path made a bend, and he saw before him a large Indian on horseback, with a child before and its mother behind him on the horse, and a number of warriors marching in the rear. His first impulse was to shoot the Indian on horseback, but as he raised the rifle he observed the child's head to roll with the motion of the horse. It was fast asleep and tied to the Indian. He stepped behind the root of a tree and waited until he could shoot the Indian, without danger to the child or its mother.

When he considered the chance certain, he shot the Indian, who fell from the horse, and the child and its mother fell with him. Brady called to his men with a voice that made the forest ring, to surround the Indians and gave them a general fire. He sprung to the fallen Indian's powder horn, but could not pull it off. Being dressed like an Indian, the woman thought he was one, and said "why did you shoot your brother ?"—He caught up the child saying, "Jenny Stupes, I am Capt. Brady, follow me and I will secure you and your child."—He caught her hand in his, carrying the child under the other arm, and dashed into the brush. Many guns were

fired at him by this time, but no ball harmed him, and the Indians, dreading an ambuscade, were glad to make off. The next day he arrived at Fort M'Intosh with the woman and her child. His men had got there before him. They had heard his war whoop and knew it was Indians he had encountered, but having no ammunition, they had taken to their heels and ran off. The squaws he had taken at Sandusky, availing themselves of the panic, had also made their escape.

In those days Indian fashions prevailed in some measure with the whites, at least with Rangers. Brady was desirous of seeing the Indian he had shot, and the officer in command of Fort M'Intosh gave him some men in addition to his own, and he returned to search for the body. The place where he had fallen was discovered, but nothing more. No pains were spared to search, but the body was not found.—They were about to quit the place when the yell of a *pet* Indian that came with them from the fort, called them to a little glade, where the grave was discovered.—The Indians had interred their dead brother there, carefully replacing the sod in the neatest manner. They had also cut brushes and stuck them into the ground; but the brushes had withered, and instead of concealing the grave they led to the discovery.

He was buried about two feet deep; with all his implements of war about him.

> "He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
> With his powder-horn and pouch about him."

All his savage jewelry, his arms and ammunition were taken from him and the scalp from the head, and then they left him thus stripped alone in his grave. It is painful to think of such things being done by American soldiers, but we cannot now know all the excusing circumstances that may have existed at the time. Perhaps the husband of this woman, the father of this child, was thus butchered before his wife and children; and the younger members of the family unable to bear the fatigues of travelling, had their brains dashed out on the threshold. Such things were common, and a spirit of revenge was deeply seated in the breasts of the people of the frontiers. Capt. Brady's own family had heavily felt the merciless tomahawk. His brave and honored father, and a beloved brother had been treacherously slain by the Indians, and he had vowed vengeance.

After refreshing himself and men, they went up to Pittsburg by water, where they were received with military honor. Minute guns were fired from the time Brady came in sight until he landed.

The Chickasaw Indians had returned to Pittsburg and reported that the captain and his party had been cut off near Sandusky town by the Indians. When Gen. Broadhead heard this, he said Brady was an aspiring young man and had solicited the command. But on Brady's arrival at Pittsburg, the General acknowledged that the Captain had accepted the command with much diffidence.

Thus far I have followed the information of one who, I apprehend, had the best means of acquiring it. I now introduce an incident rela-

ted to me of this same expedition, by a relative of Capt. Brady, who had it from the Captain's own mouth.—The respectability of the person who mentioned it to me, assures me of its correctness.

A few days after Brady left Sandusky with his squaw prisoners, keeping a sharp look out in expectation of being pursued, and taking every precaution to avoid pursuit, such as keeping on the driest ridges and walking on logs whenever they suited his course, he found he was followed by Indians. His practised eye would occasionally discover in the distance, an Indian hopping to or from a tree, or other screen, and advancing on his trail. After being satisfied of the fact, he stated it to his men and told them no Indian could thus pursue him, after the precautions he had taken, without having a dog on his track. "I will stop" said Brady "and shoot the dog and then we can get along better."

He selected the root of a tall chesnut tree which had fallen westward, for his place of ambush. He walked from the west end of the tree or log to the east, and sat down in the pit made by the raising of the root. He had not been long there when a small slut mounted the long at the west end and with her nose to the trunk approached him. Close behind her followed a plumed warrior. Brady had his choice. He preferred shooting the slut, which he did, she rolled off the log stone dead, and the warrior, with a loud whoop, sprung into the woods and disappeared. He was followed no further.

Many of Captain Brady's adventures occurred at periods of which no certainty as to dates can now be had. The following is of that class.

His success as a partizan had acquired for him its usual results;—approbation with some, and envy with others. Some of his brother officers censured the Commandant for affording him such frequent opportunities for honorable distinction.—At length open complaint was made, accompanied by a request, in the nature of a demand, that others should be permitted to share with Brady the perils and honors of the service, abroad from the fort. The General apprised Brady of what had passed, who readily acquiesced in the propriety of the proposed arrangement; and an opportunity was not long wanting for testing its efficiency.

The Indians made an inroad into the Sewickly settlement, committing the most barbarous murders, of men women and children; stealing such property as was portable, and destroying all else. The alarm was brought to Pittsburg, and a party of soldiers under the command of the emulous officers, dispatched for the protection of the settlements, and chastisement of the foe. From this expedition Brady was, of course, excluded; but the restraint was irksome to his feelings.

The day after the detachment had marched, he solicited permission from his commander, to take a small party for the purpose of "catching the Indians;" but was refused. By dint of importunity, however, he at length wrung from him a reluctant consent, and the

command of *five men;* to this he added his *pet* Indian, and made hasty preparation.

Instead of moving toward Sewickly, as the first detachment had done, he crossed the Allegheny at Pittsburg and proceeded up the river. Conjecturing that the Indians had descended that stream in canoes, till near the settlement, he was careful to examine the mouths of all creeks coming into it, particularly from the south east. At the mouth of Big Mahoning, about six miles above Kittanning, the canoes were seen drawn up to its western bank. He instantly retreated down the river, and waited for night. As soon as it was dark, he made a raft, and crossed to the Kittanning side. He then proceeded up to the creek, and found that the Indians had, in the meantime, crossed the creek, as their canoes were now drawn to its upper or north eastern bank.

The country on both sides of Mahoning, at its mouth, is rough and mountainous; and the stream, which was then high, very rapid. Several ineffectual attempts were made to wade it, which they at length succeeded in doing, three or four miles above the canoes. Next a fire was made, their clothing dried, and arms inspected; and the party moved toward the Indian camp, which was pitched on the second bank of the river. Brady placed his men at some distance, on the lower or first bank.

The Indians had brought from Sewickly a stallion, which they had fettered and turned to pasture on the lower bank. An Indian, probably the owner, under the *law of arms*, came frequently down to him, and occasioned the party no little trouble.—The horse, too, seemed willing to keep their company, and it required considerable circumspection to avoid all intercourse with either. Brady became so provoked that he had a strong inclination to tomahawk the Indian, but his calmer judgment repudiated the act, as likely to put to hazard a more decisive and important achievement.

At length the Indians seemed quiet, and the Captain determined to pay them a closer visit; and if in doing so, he met with a ludicrous adventure, gentle reader, it is no fault of mine.

He had got quite near their fires; his *pet* Indian had caught him by the hair and gave it a pluck, intimating the advice to retire, which he would not venture to whisper; but finding Brady regardless of it, had crawled off; when the Captain, who was scanning their numbers, and the position of their guns, observed one throw off his blanket and rise to his feet. It was altogether impracticable for Brady to move, without being seen. He instantly decided to remain where he was and risk what might happen. He drew his head slowly beneath the brow of the bank, putting his forehead to the earth for concealment. His next sensation was that of *warm water* poured into the hollow of his neck, as from the spout of a *tea pot*, which, trickling down his back over the chilled skin, produced a feeling that even his iron nerves could scarce master. He felt quietly for his tomahawk, and had it been about him, he probably would have used it; but he had divested himself even of that, when

preparing to approach the fires lest by striking against the stones or gravel, it might give alarm. He was compelled, therefore, "nolens volens," to submit to this very unpleasant operation, until it should please his warriorship to refrain; which he soon did, and returning to his place, wrapped himself up in his blanket, and composed himself for sleep as if nothing had happened.

Brady returned to, and posted his men, and in the deepest silence all awaited the break of day. When it appeared, the Indians arose and stood around their fires; exulting, doubtless, in the scalps they had taken; the plunder they had acquired; and the injury they had inflicted on their enemies. Precarious joy; short-lived triumph; the *avenger of blood* was beside them! At a signal given, seven rifles cracked, and five Indians were dead ere they fell. Brady's well known war cry was heard, his party was among them, and their guns (mostly empty) were all secured. The remaining Indians instantly fled and disappeared. One was pursued by the trace of his blood, which he seems to have succeeded in stanching. The *pet* Indian then imitated the cry of a young wolf, which was answered by the wounded man, and the pursuit again renewed. A second time the wolf cry was given and answered, and the pursuit continued into a windfall. Here he must have espied his pursuers, for he answered no more. Brady found his remains three weeks afterwards, being led to the place by ravens that were preying on the carcase.

The horse was unfettered, the plunder gathered, and the party commenced their return to Pittsburg, most of them descending in the Indian canoes.

Three days after their return, the first detachment came in. They reported that they had followed the Indians closely, but that the latter had got into their canoes and made their escape.

The incursions of the Indians had become so frequent, and their outrages so alarming, that it was thought advisable to retaliate upon them the injuries of war, and carry into the country occupied by them, the same system of destructive warfare with which they had visited the settlements. For this purpose an adequate force was provided, under the immediate command of General Broadhead, the command of the advance guard of which was confided to Captain Brady.

The troops proceeded up the Allegheny river, and had arrived at the flat of land near the mouth of Redbank creek, now known by the name of Brady's Bend, without encountering an enemy. Brady and his rangers were some distance in front of the main body, as their duty required, when they suddenly discovered a war party of Indians approaching them. Relying on the strength of the main body, and its ability to force the Indians to retreat, and anticipating, as Napoleon did in the battle with the Mamelukes, that when driven back they would return upon the same route they had advanced on, Brady permitted them to proceed without hindrance, and hastened

to seize a narrow pass, higher up the river; where the rocks, nearly perpendicular, approached the river, and where a few determined men might successfully combat superior numbers.

In a short time the Indians encountered the main body under Broadhead, and were driven back. In full and swift retreat they pressed on to gain the pass between the rocks and the river, but it was occupied by their daring and relentless foes, Brady and his rangers, who failed not to pour into their flying columns a most destructive fire.

"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the winds of heaven,
The *Indians* appear;
For life! for life! their flight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle cry
Are maddening in the rear."

Indeed I have been told by an officer of the American army, who is no stranger to Indian battles, that Walter Scott's description of the battle of "Beal An Duine," from which I have ventured to make the above extract, would suit very well for that of any battle with the Indians, by changing a few names, and substituting plumes for bonnets, bayonets for spears, &c.

Be that as it may, the Indians on this occasion were again broken, routed, and forced to jump into the river. Many were killed on the bank, and many more in the stream. Our aged friend Cornplanter, chief of the Senecas, then a young man, saved himself by swimming, as did several others of the party.

After they had crossed the river, Brady was standing on the bank wiping his rifle,—an Indian, exasperated at the unexpected defeat, and disgraceful retreat of his party, and supposing himself now safe from the well known and abhorred enemy of his race, commenced a species of conversation with him in broken English, which we call *blackguarding*.—Calling Brady and his men cowards, squaws, and the like;—and putting himself in such attitudes as he probably thought would be most expressive of his utter contempt of them. When the main army arrived, a canoe was manned, and Brady and a few men crossed to where the Indian had been seen. They found blood on the ground, and had followed it but a short distance till the Indian jumped up, struck his breast and said, "I am a man." It was Brady's wish to take him prisoner, without doing him further harm. The Indian continuing to repeat, "I am a man,"—"Yes," said an Irishman who was along,—"By J——s you're a purty boy"—and before Brady could arrest the blow, sunk his tomahawk into the Indian's brain.

The army moved onward, and after destroying all the Indians' corn, and ravaging the Kenjua flats, returned to Pittsburg.

In No. 1 of these sketches it has been stated that Captain John Brady, the father of Captain Samuel, had been wounded at the battle of Brandywine; that his son John was also wounded there, (who was but a lad of sixteen at the time,) and, that in consequence of their wounds, both had permission to return to their home, which was on the west branch of Susquehanna. It was farther stated, that Capt. John Brady and one of his sons were killed by the Indians, soon after Samuel had left home for Bedford or Pittsburg.

Although not immediately connected with the personal adventures of Captain Samuel Brady, I propose giving a sketch of events on the Susquehanna, prior and up to the death of his father and brother.

Those who read these sketches may perceive, from their nature and antiquity, that they are compiled from the statements, oral and written, of persons acquainted with the facts disclosed, either personally or by hearsay. Allowance will be made, therefore, for the want of chronological order, observable throughout, seeing that I am dependent on different persons, residing in different parts of the country, for what I have been enabled to put forth. Some of these persons are old and infirm, and have particular facts more deeply registered in the memory than others of more seeming importance; and it requires inquiry and examination to elicit other facts to supply or correct the narrative; and that all these have been hastily thrown together and published without even an examination of the proof sheet.

The transactions on the Susquehanna have, it is true, this connexion with the biography of Capt. Samuel Brady, that, on hearing of the murder of his youngest brother, and that of his father, by the Indians there, he did, it is said, raise his hand on high and vow—"Aided by Him who formed yonder sun and heavens, I will revenge the murder of my father and brother: nor while I live will I ever be at peace with the Indians, of any tribe."—This exclamation, uttered in a moment of anguished feeling, the recital of his brother's sufferings being fresh in his mind, has been assigned as the principal cause of his daring and unparalleled courage and address in the various conflicts he had with the Indians afterwards.

This representation has rather obscured his character than otherwise. He has been considered a devoted man-killer, reckless of all sympathy, and destitute of all humanity towards the Indian race. This is by no means true. Brady, as I have been informed by one who became acquainted with him on the occasion of his being indicted for the murder of certain Indians in time of peace, was a gentlemanly, fine looking man, possessed of a noble heart, and intellect of a high order. His conduct on that occasion, when investigated, was found to be correct; and that he had used his influence, as far, probably, as was safe with an infuriated band, to protect the Indians with whose murder he was charged. But of this hereafter.

Another cause than blind revenge might be assigned for that heroic devotedness of courage—that eagerness to solicit dangerous com-

mands—that contempt for all that is allied to fear, by which he was distinguished. But it is of little moment now, further than to authorize the assertion that it was honorable in its origin, though unpropitious in its termination.

After having perused our statement of the occurrences at Susquehanna, and retaining in his mind the intimation contained in the above lines, the reader will be satisfied that the excitement which prompted the vow, was not of that *savage* character it has generally been supposed to bear. But that it was the unpremeditated exclamation of one

"Upon whose ear the signal word
Of strife and death was hourly breaking,
Who slept with head upon the sword
His fevered hand must grasp in waking."

When Captain John Brady left Shippensburg, he located himself at the Standing Stone, a celebrated Indian town at the confluence of the Standing Stone creek and the Juniata river; the present town of Huntingdon, in Huntingdon county, stands in part on the site of the Standing Stone.—From thence he removed to the west branch of Susquehanna, opposite the spot on which Lewisburg or Derrstown, in Union county, stands. If I mistake not, the tract settled on by him, now belongs to George Kremer, Esq.—Derr had a small mill on the run that empties into the river below the town, and a trading house, from whence the Indians were supplied with powder, lead, tobacco and rum. In the commencement of the strife between the colonies and the mother country, Brady discovered that the Indians were likely to be tampered with by the British. The Seneca and Muncy tribes were in considerable force, and Pine and Lycoming creeks were navigable almost to the State line for canoes.—Fort Augusta had been built upon the east side of the north branch, immediately where it connects with the west, about a mile above the present town of Sunbury. It was garrisoned by "a fearless few," and commanded by Captain, afterwards Major Hunter, a meritorious officer. He had under his command about fifty men. In the season for tillage some attention was paid to farming, but the women and children mostly resided in the fort, or were taken there on the slightest alarm. It was known that the Wyoming Flats were full of Indians, of the Delaware and Shamokin tribes.—The latter, since extinct, was then a feeble people, and under the protection of the Delawares. In this state of affairs Capt. John Brady suggested to his neighbours and comrades, under arms at Fort Augusta, the propriety of making a treaty with the Seneca and Muncy tribes; knowing them to be at variance with the Delawares.—This course was approved of, and petitions sent on to the proper authorities praying the appointment of commissioners for the purpose of holding a treaty.—Commissioners were appointed, and Fort Augusta was designated as a place of conference; and notice of that, and of the time fixed for the arrival of the commissioners, was directed to be given to the two tribes. Captain John Brady and two others were

selected by the people in the fort to seek the Senecas and Muncies and communicate to them the proposal.

The Indians met the "ambassadors" of the settlers, to wit, Capt. John Brady and his companions, in a very friendly manner: the chiefs listened with apparent pleasure to the proposal for a treaty, and after smoking the pipe of peace, and promising to attend at Fort Augusta on the appointed day, led our men out of their camp, and, shaking hands with them cordially, parted in seeming friendship.

Brady feared to trust the friendship so warmly expressed, and took a different route in returning with his company from that they had gone, and arrived safe at home.

On the day appointed for holding the treaty the Indians appeared, with their wives and children. There were about one hundred men, all warriors, and dressed in war costume. Care had been taken that the little fort should look as fierce as possible, and every man was on the alert.

In former treaties the Indians had received large presents, and were expecting them here: but finding the fort too poor to give any thing of value, [and an Indian never trusts,] all efforts to form a treaty with them proved abortive. They left the fort, however, apparently in good humor, and well satisfied with their treatment, and taking to their canoes proceeded homeward. The remainder of the day was chiefly spent by the officers and people of the fort in devising means of protection against the anticipated attacks of the Indians. Late in the day, Brady thought of Derr's trading house, and foreboding evil from that point, mounted a small mare he had at the fort, and crossing the north branch he rode with all possible speed. On his way home he saw the canoes of the Indians on the bank of the river near Derr's. When near enough to observe the river, he saw the squaws exerting themselves to the utmost, at their paddles, to work canoes over to his side of the river; and that when they landed, they made for thickets of shumach, which grew in abundance on his land to the height of a man's head, and very thick upon the ground. He was not slow in conjecturing the cause. He rode on to where the squaws were landing and saw that they were conveying rifles, tomahawks and knives into the shumach thickets, and hiding them. He immediately jumped into a canoe and crossed to Derr's trading house, where he found the Indians brutally drunk. He saw a barrel of rum standing on end before Derr's door, with the head out. He instantly overset it, and spilled the rum, saying to Derr, "My God, Frederick, what have you done?" Derr replied, "Dey dells me you gif um no dreet town on de fort, so I dinks as I gif um one here, als he go home in bease."

One of the Indians, who saw the rum spilled, but was unable to prevent it, told Brady he would one day rue the spilling of that barrel. Being well acquainted with the Indian character, he knew death was the penalty of his offence, and was constantly on his guard for several years.

Next day the Indians started off. They did not soon attack the settlements, but carried arms for their allies, the English, in other parts. Meanwhile emigration to the west branch continued; the settlement extended, and Freelyng's, or Freelan's Fort was built, near the mouth of Warrior Run, about eight miles above Derr's trading house.

Contrary to expectation, the tomahawk remained at rest for several years on the Susquehanna. Fort Freelyng was the rallying point in cases of alarm. Spies were out in the wilderness and margin of the settlements, and even ventured a great distance into the Indian country without discovering signs of hostility.—The cloud that for a while had threatened and then rolled away, was about to return, however, darker than before, and charged with destructive fury.

One evening a scouting party came in who had seen signs of Indians making their way toward the Susquehanna. The neighborhood was alarmed, and all fled for safety to the fort. A council of war was held, and a decision made, that all the women and children should be sent down the river to Fort Augusta, immediately, and spies sent out to observe the approaching force. The spies soon returned with intelligence that the enemy were near two hundred strong, and that there were *white men* among them.

Fort Freelyng was commanded by Captain Dougherty, (than whom no braver man ever lived,) who had under his command about sixty men. After hearing the force of the enemy, the officers agreed upon evacuating that fort, and retiring to Fort Augusta, where, on uniting the whole force of the country, it was their determination to make a last and desperate defence. The Indians had been seen skulking around the fort, and the men were preparing for a march, when an *old tory*, who was in the fort, exclaimed—"Captain Dougherty, I always knew the continental troops would not fight." Dougherty was a man of impetuous feeling: he instantly replied—"You d—d old rascal, we will show you we can fight; and if the fort is betrayed, and I survive, I will sacrifice you."

The Indians attacked the fort early in the morning, on the upper side. On the lower was a kind of glade, covered over thickly with large bushes, from six to seven feet high, having a small path through to the river. The fire of the Indians was of no great account, as they chose to keep at a safe distance. The fire from the fort was well directed, by the best marksmen, and proved very galling. A British officer was seen busily engaged directing the Indians: but a lad in the fort taking deliberate aim at him, fired, and he was seen to fall—supposed to be killed or badly wounded. The attack was suspended from a little before sunset till the next morning. The Indians during the night had hid themselves in the bushes in order to draw the men out of the fort, but finding the little band too circumspect for the snare, came again to the attack with a most tremendous yell. They finally succeeded in getting into the fort, when a dreadful massacre ensued. Captain Dougherty

kept his eye upon the old tory, and finding all was over, sent a bullet through him, with the imprecation—"Damn the traitor!"

Every man sold his life as dearly as possible; none escaped but Captain Dougherty and Samuel Brady, brother to Captain John Brady and uncle to Captain Samuel. They left the fort together, pursued by a host of Indians. The hazle bushes being so thick on the side of the fort at which they came out, it was impossible for the enemy to follow them. Capt. Dougherty, who was an uncommonly active man, could load his rifle whilst under cover of the brush, and when he heard the noise of an Indian he could leap high enough to see and fire upon him. Samuel Brady (known in his day as uncle Sam.) had made his way through the large thicket and came upon a plain below. He thought it best, as he was heard to say afterwards, to "*make his eternal escape.*"

He had already run a considerable distance, when on looking back he beheld two Indians in pursuit, one of them a large, dangerous looking fellow, the other of small stature. He renerved his speed, and was getting along pretty well, when his foot slipped into a hole, and he fell down. The large Indian was foremost and armed. But Brady had fallen with a loaded rifle in his hand, with which he shot the savage, who gave a wild yell and fell dead. The little warrior thinking, perhaps, there were more rifles about, wheeled and made for the fort. At the edge of the thicket it was his fortune to meet Capt. Dougherty, who split his skull with the butt of his rifle, and ran on. These two only, Dougherty and Brady, survived that day's massacre, and brought the news to Fort Augusta. It may be supposed that that night was one of gloom and sorrow in the little fortress.—The reader can sketch the picture according to his own fancy.

The massacre at Fort Freelyng cast a damp on the settlement at the West Branch, but the hardy settlers prepared for the worst, by such measures of precaution as their means afforded. The Indians, after committing some further depredations, and murdering some families in Buffalo Valley, retreated. The settlement progressed and had reached the Muncy Hills. A fort was built at the mouth of Muncy Creek, near where Pennsboro' now stands, the command of which was given to Captain John Brady.

Frequent skirmishes took place between the whites and Indians, who resumed their old practice of harrassing the settlers by dividing themselves into small squads; taking some prisoners, scalping others, and carrying away or destroying the cattle and moveable property of their victims.—Brady, it appears, left the fort for the regular service, prior to the battle of Brandywine.

Shortly after the return from camp of Captain Brady and his son, a company of men formed for the purpose of aiding a friend to cut his oats, near the mouth of the Loyalsock Creek. James Brady, son of Captain John, and a younger brother of Captain Samuel of the Rrangers, went along. According to a custom in those days, which was, that if no commissioned officer were present the com-

pany selected a leader, whom they styled "Captain," and readily obeyed as such; James was selected leader or Captain of this little band, of about twenty men. After arriving on the ground, they placed two sentinels at opposite sides of the field; the other sides having clear land around, were not thought to require any. The guns were all placed together at one side of the field, and the order was, that, in case of alarm, all were to run to the rifles.

The first day, which was spent in cradling the oats, nothing remarkable happened; during the night a strict watch was kept. The next day, in the evening, one of the sentinels fired, and cried "Indians." The young Captain, without looking around for his men, ran for his rifle. When near the guns he was fired upon by a *white man*, with a pistol. Happening to stumble over a sheaf of oats, he fell, and the ball missed him. The Indians, supposing him dead, ran to secure his scalp. He fell within reach of the guns, and seizing one, he shot the first Indian who approached him. He now discovered that his men had fled and left him to contend with the savages alone. Despair rendered him but the more determined to die gallantly. He caught another gun, and brought down the second Indian. They then rushed in upon him in numbers; he was a stout, active man, and struggled with them for some time. At length one of them struck his tomahawk into his head.—He was stunned with the blow, and for a time, remained altogether powerless, yet, strange as it may seem, he retained his senses. They tore the scalp from his head as he lay in apparent death, and it was quite a trophy to them; for he had long red hair.

After they had scalped him, as he related afterwards, a little Indian was called and made to strike the tomahawk into his head in four separate places; then leaving him for dead, they took the guns and fled to the woods.

After coming to himself he attempted, between walking and creeping, to reach a little cabin, where was an old man who had been employed to cook for the working party. On hearing the report of the guns the old man had hid himself, but when he saw Brady return, he came to him. James begged the old man to fly to the fort, saying, "The Indians will soon be back and will kill you." The old man refused to leave him. Brady then requested to be taken down to the river, where he drank large quantities of water. He still begged the old man to leave him, and save himself, but he would not.—He next directed his old friend to load the gun that was in the cabin, which was done, and put into his hands; he then lay down and appeared to sleep.—A noise was suddenly heard on the bank above them; he jumped to his feet and cocked the gun. It was soon discovered that the noise was made by some troops who had come from the fort on horseback in pursuit of the Indians. They carried the brave young "Captain" to the fort, where he lived for five days. The first four days he was delirious; on the fifth his reason returned, and he described the whole scene he had passed through, with great minuteness. He said the Indians were of the

Seneca tribe, and amongst them were two chiefs : that one of those two chiefs was a very large man, and by the description he was supposed to be CORNPLANTER ; the other he personally knew to be the celebrated chief " Bald Eagle," from whom certain creeks, and the Ridge so called, in Centre and Huntingdon counties, have their name. " The Bald Eagle's nest," as his camp was called, was for part of the year at the mouth of the creek called " Bald Eagle," which empties into the Susquehanna near the Great Island, and about thirty miles, by water, from the scene of action.

On the evening of the fifth day, the young Captain died, deeply regretted by all within the fort. Vengeance, " not loud but deep," was breathed against the Bald Eagle ; but he laughed it to scorn till the fatal day at Brady's Bend, on the Allegheny.

War with the Indians again broke out all along the frontiers, and men of activity and courage were sent to the forts on the West Branch, and every precaution taken for the security of the settlements. It became necessary to go up the river some distance to procure supplies for the fort, and Captain John Brady, taking with him a wagon team, and guard, went himself and procured what could be had ; on his return, in the afternoon, riding a fine mare, and within a short distance of the fort, where the road forked, and being some distance behind the team and guard, and in conversation with a man named Peter Smith, he recommended it to Smith not to take the road the wagon had done, but the other, as it was shorter. They travelled on together till they came near a run where the same road joined. Brady observed " this would be a good place for Indians to secrete themselves."—Smith said, " Yes." That instant three rifles cracked and Brady fell ; the mare ran past Smith who threw himself on her, and was carried in a few seconds to the fort. The people in the fort had heard the rifles, and seeing Smith on the mare coming at full speed, all ran to ask for Captain Brady, his wife along, or rather before the rest. To their question, where is Captain Brady ? Smith replied, " In Heaven, or Hell, or on his way to Tioga,"—meaning, he was either dead or a prisoner to the Indians.

The men in the fort ran to the spot ; the wagon guard had also been attracted by the firing. They found the Captain lying on the road, his scalp taken off, his rifle gone, but the Indians were in such haste they had not taken either his watch or his shot-pouch.

Samuel Brady, Captain of the Rangers, or Spies, for the people called him by both names, was in Pittsburg when he heard of his father's death, as mentioned before.

It chanced that the party of Indians, one hundred strong, he encountered at Brady's Bend, on the Allegheny,—mentioned in No. 5,—several years after the death of his father and his brother James, was a war party of Senecas, under the command of Cornplanter, on their march to the Bald Eagle's nest ; and that the Bald Eagle himself was in company with them.

Captain Samuel Brady recognized the Bald Eagle on that day in the pass, and fired at him, but with what effect he knew not till after-

wards. When the Battle was over he searched for the Eagle's body and found it: a ball had pierced his heart; and the blood of the young "Captain" at Loyalsock, was found to have been fatally avenged by the hand of his brother, on the bank of the Allegheny.

Captain Brady had returned from Sandusky, perhaps a week, when he was observed one evening by a man of the name of Phouts, sitting in a solitary part of the fort, apparently absorbed in thought. Phouts approached him unregarded, and was pained to the bottom of his honest heart to perceive that the countenance of this honoured Captain bore traces of deep care, and even melancholy. He accosted him, however, in the best English he had, and soothingly said. "Gabtain, was ails you."—Brady looked at him for a short time without speaking; then resuming his usual equanimity, replied, I have been thinking about the red skins, and it is my opinion there are some above us on the river. I have a mind to pay them a visit. Now if I get permission from the General to do so, will you go along? Phouts was a stout thick Duchman of uncommon strength and activity. He was also well acquainted with the woods. When Brady had ceased speaking, Phouts raised himself on tiptoe, and bringing his heels hard down on the ground, by way of emphasis, his eyes full of fire, said, "By dunder und lightnin, I would rader go mit you, Gabtain, as to any of te finest weddins in tis guntry."—Brady told him to keep quiet and say nothing about it, as no man in the fort must know any thing of the expedition except General Broadhead—bidding Phouts call at his tent in an hour. He then went to the General's quarters, whom he found reading. After the usual topics were discussed, Brady proposed for consideration, his project of ascending the Allegheny, with but one man in company; stating his reasons for apprehending a descent from that quarter by the Indians. The General gave his consent, at parting took him by the hand in a friendly manner, advising him how to proceed, and charging him particularly to be careful of his own life, and that of the men or man whom he might select to accompany him; so affectionate were the General's admonitions, and so great the emotion he displayed, that Brady left him *with tears in his eyes*, and repaired to his tent, where he found Phouts in deep conversation with one of his *pet* Indians.

He told Phouts of his success with the General, and that, as it was early in the light of the moon, they must get ready and be off betimes.

They immediately set about cleaning their guns, preparing their ammunition, and having secured a small quantity of salt, they lay down together, and slept soundly until about two hours before day break. Brady awoke first, and stirring Phouts, each took down the "deadly rifle," and whilst all but the sentinels were wrapt in sleep, they left the little fort, and in a short time found themselves deep buried in the forest. That day they marched through woods never traversed by either of them before; following the general course of

the river they reached a small creek* that put in from the Pittsburg side; it was near night when they got there, and having no provision, they concluded to remain there all night.

Phouts struck fire, and after having kindled a little, they covered it up with leaves and brush, to keep it in. They then proceeded up the creek to look for game. About a mile from the mouth of the creek, a run comes into it, upon this run was a lick apparently much frequented by deer.—They placed themselves in readiness, and in a short time two deer came in; Phouts shot one, which they skinned and carried over to their fire, and during the night *jerked* a great part of it. In the morning they took what they could carry of *jerk*, and hung the remainder on a small tree, in the skin, intending, if they were spared to return, to call for it on their way homeward.

Next morning they started early and travelled hard all day; near evening they espied a number of crows hovering over the tops of the trees, near the bank of the river. Brady told Phouts that there were Indians in the neighbourhood, or else the men who were expected from Susquehanna at Pittsburg were there encamped, or had been some time before.

Phouts was anxious to go down and see, but Brady forbade him; telling him at the same time, "We must secrete ourselves till after night, when fires will be made by them, be they whom they may." Accordingly they hid themselves amongst fallen timber, and remained so till about ten o'clock at night. But even then they could still see no fire. Brady concluded there must be a hill or thick woods between him and where the crows were seen, and decided on leaving his hiding place to ascertain the fact; Phouts accompanied him. They walked with the utmost caution down towards the river bank, and had went about two hundred yards, when they observed the twinkling of a fire, at some distance on their right. They at first thought the river made a very short bend, but on proceeding further they discovered that it was a fork or branch of the river, probably the Kiskeminetas. Brady desired Phouts to stay where he was, intending to go himself to the fire, and see who was there; but Phouts refused, saying, "no, by George, I vill see too."—They approached the fire together, but with the utmost care; and from appearances judged it to be an Indian encampment, much too large to be attacked by them.

Having resolved to ascertain the number of the enemy, the Captain of the Spies and his brave comrade went close up to the fire, and discovered an old Indian sitting beside a tree near the fire, either mending or making a pair of moccasins.

Phouts, who never thought of danger, was for shooting the Indian immediately; but Brady prevented him. After examining carefully around the camp, he was of opinion that the number by which it was made had been large, but that they were principally absent.

*Probably Puckety Creek, which empties into the Allegheny at Logan's Ferry.

He determined on knowing more in the morning; and forcing Phouts away with him, who was bent on killing the old Indian, he retired a short distance into the woods to await the approach of day. As soon as it appeared they returned to the camp again, but saw no living thing, except the old Indian, a dog and a horse.

Brady wished to see the country around the camp, and understand its features better; for this purpose he kept at some distance from it, and examined about, till he got on the river above it.—Here he found a large *trail* of Indians, who had gone up the Allegheny; to his judgment it appeared to have been made one or two days before. Upon seeing this he concluded on going back to the camp, and taking the old Indian prisoner.

Supposing the old savage to have arms about him, and not wishing to run the risk of the alarm the report of a rifle might create, if Indians were in the neighborhood, Brady determined to seize the old fellow single handed, without doing him further "scathe," and carry him off to Pittsburg. With this view both crept toward the camp again very cautiously. When they came so near as to perceive him, the Indian was lying on his back, with his head towards them.

Brady ordered Phouts to remain where he was, and not to fire at all unless the dog should attempt to assist his master. In that case he was to shoot the dog, but by no means to hurt the Indian. The plan being arranged, Brady dropped his rifle, and, tomahawk in hand, silently crept towards the "old man of the woods," till within a few feet, then raising himself up, he made a spring like a Panther, and with a yell that awakened the echoes round, seized the Indian, hard and fast by the throat. The old man struggled a little at first, but Brady's was the gripe of a lion; holding his tomahawk over the head of his prisoner, he bade him surrender, as he valued his life. The dog behaved very civilly; he merely growled a little. Phouts came up and they tied their prisoner.—On examining the camp they found nothing of value except some powder and lead, which they threw into the river. When the Indian learned that he was to be taken to Pittsburg, and would be kindly treated, he shewed them a canoe, which they stepped into with their prisoner and his dog, and were soon afloat on the smooth bosom of the Allegheny.

They paddled swiftly along for the purpose of reaching the mouth of the run on which they had encamped coming up; for Brady had left his wiping rod there. It was late when they got to the creek's mouth. They landed, made a fire, and all laid down to sleep.

As soon as day light appeared, the Captain started to where their jerk was hanging, leaving Phouts in charge of the prisoner and his canoe. He had not left the camp long, till the Indian complained to Phouts that the cords upon his wrist hurt him. He had probably discovered that in Phout's composition there was a much larger proportion of *kindness* than of *fear*. The Dutchman at once took off the cords, and the Indian was, or pretended to be, very grateful.

Phouts was busied with something else in a minute, and had left his gun standing by a tree. The moment the Indian saw that the

eye of the other was not upon him, he sprung to the tree, seized the gun, and the first Phouts knew was that it was cocked, and at his breast, whereupon he let out a most magnificent *roar* and jumped at the Indian. But the trigger was pulled, and the bullet whistled past him, taking with it a part of his shot-pouch belt. One stroke of the Dutchman's tomahawk settled the Indian forever, and nearly severed the head from his body.

Brady heard the report of the rifle, and the yell of Phouts; and supposing all was not right, ran instantly to the spot, where he found the latter sitting on the body of the Indian, examining the rent in his shot-pouch belt. "In the name of Heaven," said Brady, "what have you done!"—"Yust look, Gabtan," said the fearless Dutchman, "vas dis d——d black b——h vas apout;"—holding up to view the hole in his belt.—He then related what has been stated with respect to his untying the Indian, and the attempt of the latter to kill him.—They then took off the scalp of the Indian, got their canoe, took in the Indian's dog, and returned to Pittsburg, the fourth day after their departure.

The Captain related to the General what he had seen, and gave it as his opinion, that the Indians whose camp he had discovered, were about making an attack upon the Susquehanna settlement.—The General was of the same opinion, and was much affected by the information; for he had just made a requisition upon that country for men, and had been expecting them on every day. He now feared that the Indians would either draw them into an ambuscade and cut them off, or fall upon their families, rendered defenceless by their absence.

The injuries inflicted on the Indians by the troops under General Broadhead quieted the country for some time; he kept spies out, however, for the purpose of watching their motions, and guarding against sudden attacks on the settlements. One of these parties, under the command of Captain Brady, had the French creek country assigned as their field of duty.

The Captain had reached the waters of Slippery Rock, a branch of Beaver, without seeing any signs of Indians; here, however, he came on an Indian trail in the evening, which he followed till dark without overtaking the Indians. The next morning he renewed the pursuit and overtook them while they were engaged at their morning meal.

Unfortunately for him, another party of Indians were in his rear; they had fallen upon his trail, and pursued him doubtless with as much ardour as characterized his pursuit, and at the moment he fired upon the Indians in his front, he was, in turn, fired upon by those in his rear. He was now between two fires, and vastly outnumbered. Two of his men fell, his tomahawk was shot from his side, and the battle yell was given by the party in his rear, and loudly returned and repeated by those in his front.

There was no time for hesitation, no safety in delay, no chance of

successful defence in their present position; the brave Captain and his Rangers had to flee before their enemies, who pressed on their flying footsteps with no lagging speed.

Brady ran towards the creek. He was known by many, if not all of them, and many and deep were the scores to be settled between him and them. They knew the country well; he did not; and from his running towards the creek they were certain of taking him prisoner. The creek was, for a long distance above and below the point he was approaching, washed in its channel to a great depth. In the certain expectation of catching him there, the private soldiers of his party were disregarded, and throwing down their guns, and drawing their tomahawks, all pressed forward to seize their victim.

Quick of eye, fearless of heart, and determined never to be a captive to the Indians, Brady comprehended their object and his only chance of escape the moment he saw the creek; and by one mighty effort of courage and activity, defeated the one and effected the other. He sprang across the abyss of waters, and stood, rifle in hand, on the opposite bank, in safety. "As quick as lightning," says my informant, "his rifle was primed, for it was his invariable practice to prime first; the next minute the powder-horn was at the gun's muzzle, when, as he was in this act, a large Indian who had been foremost in pursuit, came to the opposite bank, and with the manliness of a generous foe, who scorns to undervalue the qualities of an enemy, said in a loud voice, and tolerable English, 'Blady make good jump.'"

It may indeed be doubted whether the compliment was uttered in derision, for the moment he had said so he took to his heels, and as if fearful of the return it might merit, ran as crooked as a worm fence: sometims leaping high, at others suddenly squatting down, he appeared no way certain that Brady would not answer from the mouth of his rifle, but the rifle was not yet loaded.

The Captain was at the place afterwards, and ascertained that his leap was about twenty-three feet, and that the water was twenty feet deep.

Brady's next effort was to gather up his men; they had a place designated at which to meet in case they should happen to be separated; and thither he went and found the other three. They immediately commenced their homeward march, and returned to Pittsburg about half defeated. Three Indians had been seen to fall from the fire they gave them at breakfast.

The Indians did not return that season to do any injury to the whites, and early that fall moved off to their friends, the British, who had to keep them all winter, their corn having been destroyed by Broadhead.

When the General found the Indians were gone, at the suggestion of Brady, three companies were ordered out, with a sufficient number of pack-horses, to kill game for the supply of the garrison. These companies were respectively commanded by Captains Harrison,

Springer, and Brady. Game was very plenty, for neither whites nor Indians ventured to hunt, and great quantities were put up.

In putting up his tent, Captain Brady's tomahawk had slipped and cut his knee, by which he was lamed for some time. This occasioned him to remain at the tents until he got well, which afforded him the opportunity of witnessing some of the peculiar superstitions of his Indian allies, for he had his Indians and their families along.

One of these Indians had assumed the name of Wilson. The Captain was lying in his tent one afternoon, and observed his man Wilson coming home in a great hurry, and that as he met his squaw he gave her a kick, without saying a word, and began to unbreech his gun. The squaw went away, and returned soon after, with some roots, which she had gathered; which, after washing them clean, she put into a kettle to boil. While boiling, Wilson corked up the muzzle of his gun and stuck the breech into the kettle, and continued it there until the plug flew out of the muzzle. He then took it out and put it into the stock.—Brady knowing the Indians were very "superstitious" as we call it, did not speak to him until he saw him wiping his gun. He then called to him, and asked what was the matter. Wilson came up to the Captain and said, in reply, that his gun had been very sick, that she could not shoot; he had been just giving her a vomit, and she was now well. Whether the vomit helped the gun, or only strengthened Wilson's nerves, the Captain could not tell, but he avered that Wilson killed ten deer the next day.

SKETCH

OF THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

Col. DANIEL BOONE.

It is much to be regretted, that the materials for a sketch of Boone are so scanty. He has left us a brief account of his adventures, but they are rather such as one would require for the composition of an epitaph, than of a biography. The leading incidents are mentioned in a general way, and there are some gaudy and ambitious sketches of *scenery* which swell the bulk of the piece, without either pleasing the imagination or gratifying the curiosity. It would seem that the brief notes of the plain old woodsman, had been committed to some young sciolist in literature, who thought that flashy description could atone for barrenness of incident. A general summary of remarkable events, neither excites nor gratifies curiosity, like a minute detail of *all the circumstances* connected with them. This trait, so essential to the interest of narratives, and of which, perhaps, the most splendid example in existence has been given in Mr. Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," is deplorably wanting in most of the materials to which we have had access. A novelist may fill up the blank from his own imagination; but a writer who professes to adhere to truth, is fettered down to the record before him. If, therefore, in the following details, we should be found guilty of the unpardonable sin of dulness, we hope that at least a portion of the blame will fall upon the scantiness of the materials.

Of Boone's early youth, nothing is known. He has modestly forborne to say any thing of himself, except so far as he is connected with the settlement of Keutucky. He was born in Virginia, but instigated by that roving spirit which distinguished him throughout life, he emigrated at an early period to North Carolina, and lived, until his fourteenth year, upon the banks of the Yadkin. In 1767, Findley* returned from his adventurous journey, and brought with him a report of a large tract of fertile country, totally unoccupied, and abounding in every variety of game, from the beaver to the buffalo. To a man like Boone, fond of hunting, and naturally

* Findley is said to have been the first white man who ever visited Kentucky,—but of him nothing is known save the simple fact that he *did* visit Kentucky—first alene, and afterwards in company with Boone.

attached to a roving and adventurous life, such a scene presented irresistable charms. Accordingly, in 1769, he left his family upon the Yadkin, and in company with five others, of whom Findley was one, he moved in a western direction, being determined to explore that country of which he had heard so favourable an account.

On the 7th of June, they reached Red river, and from a neighbouring eminence, were enabled to survey the vast plain of Kentucky. Here they built a cabin, in order to afford them a shelter from the rain, which had fallen in immense quantities on their march, and remained in a great measure stationary until December, killing a great quantity of game immediately around them. Immense herds of buffalo ranged through the forest in every direction, feeding upon the leaves of the cane or the rich and spontaneous fields of clover.

On the 22d of December, Boone and John Stuart, one of his companions, left their encampment, and following one of the numerous paths which the buffalo had made through the cane, they plunged boldly into the interior of the forest. They had as yet seen no Indians, and the country had been reported as totally uninhabited. This was true in a strict sense, for although the southern and northwestern tribes were in the habit of hunting here as upon neutral ground, yet not a single wigwam had been erected, nor did the land bear the slightest mark of having ever been cultivated. The different tribes would fall in with each other, and from the fierce conflicts which generally followed these casual rencontres, the country had been known among them by the name of "*the dark and bloody ground!*" The two adventurers soon learned the additioual danger to which they were exposed. While roving carelessly from canebrake to canebrake, and admiring the rank growth of vegetation, and the variety of timber which marked the fertility of the soil, they were suddenly alarmed by the appearance of a party of Indians, who, springing from their place of concealment, rushed upon them with a rapidity which rendered escape impossible. They were almost instantly seized, disarmed and made prisoners. Their feelings may be readily imagined. They were in the hands of an enemy who knew no alternative between adoption and torture, and the numbers and fleetness of their captors, rendered escape by open means impossible, while their jealous vigilance seemed equally fatal to any secret attempt. Boone, however, was possessed of a temper admirably adapted to the circumstances in which he was placed. Of a cold and saturnine, rather than an ardent disposition, he was never either so much elevated by good fortune or depressed by bad, as to loose for a moment the full possession of all his faculties. He saw that immediate escape was impossible, but he encouraged his companion, and constrained himself to follow the Indians in all their excursions, with so calm and contented an air, that their vigilance insensibly began to relax.

On the seventh evening of their captivity, they encamped in a

thick canebrake, and, having built a large fire, lay down to rest.—The party whose duty it was to watch, were weary and negligent, and about midnight Boone, who had not closed an eye, ascertained from the deep breathing all around him, that the whole party, including Stuart, was in a deep sleep. Gently and gradually extricating himself from the Indians who lay around him, he walked cautiously to the spot where Stuart lay, and having succeeded in awakening him, without alarming the rest, he briefly informed him of his determination, and exhorted him to arise, make no noise, and follow him. Stuart, although ignorant of the design, and suddenly roused from sleep, fortunately obeyed with equal silence and celerity, and within a few minutes they were beyond hearing. Rapidly traversing the forest, by the light of the stars and the barks of the trees, they ascertained the direction in which the camp lay, but upon reaching it on the next day, to their great grief, they found it plundered and deserted, with nothing remaining to show the fate of their companions: and even to the day of his death, Boone knew not whether they had been killed or taken, or had voluntarily abandoned their cabin and returned. Here in a few days they were accidentally joined by Boone's brother and another man, who had followed them from Carolina, and fortunately stumbled upon their camp. This accidental meeting in the bosom of a vast wilderness, gave great relief to the two brothers, although their joy was soon overcast.

Boone and Stuart, in a second excursion, were again pursued by savages, and Stuart was shot and scalped, while Boone fortunately escaped. As usual, he has not mentioned particulars, but barely stated the event. Within a few days they sustained another calamity, if possible still more distressing. Their only remaining companion was benighted in a hunting excursion, and while encamped in the woods alone, was attacked and devoured by the wolves.

The two brothers were thus left in the wilderness alone, separated by several hundred miles from home, surrounded by hostile Indians, and destitute of every thing but their rifles. After having had such melancholy experience of the dangers to which they were exposed, we would naturally suppose that their fortitude would have given way, and that they would instantly have returned to the settlements. But the most remarkable feature in Boone's character was a calm and cold equanimity, which rarely rose to enthusiasm, and never sunk to despondency. His courage undervalued the danger to which he was exposed, and his presence of mind, which never forsook him, enabled him, on all occasions, to take the best means of avoiding it. The wilderness, with all its dangers and privations, had a charm for him, which is scarcely conceivable by one brought up in a city; and he determined to remain alone, whilst his brother returned to Carolina for an additional supply of ammunition, as their original supply was nearly exhausted. His situation we should now suppose in the highest degree gloomy and dispiriting. The dangers which attended his brother on his return were nearly equal to his own: and each had left a wife and children, which Boone acknow-

ledged cost him many an anxious thought. But the wild and solitary grandeur of the country around him, where not a tree had been cut, nor a house erected, was to him an inexhaustible source of admiration and delight; and he says himself, that some of the most rapturous moments of his life were spent in those lonely rambles. The utmost caution was necessary to avoid the savages, and scarcely less to escape the ravenous hunger of the wolves that prowled nightly around him in immense numbers. He was compelled frequently to shift his lodging, and by undoubted signs, saw that the Indians had repeatedly visited his hut during his absence. He sometimes lay in canebrakes, without fire, and heard the yell of the Indians around him. Fortunately, however, he never encountered them.

On the 27th of July, 1770, his brother returned with a supply of ammunition; and with a hardihood which appears almost incredible, they ranged through the country in every direction, and without injury, until March, 1771. They then returned to North Carolina, where Daniel rejoined his family, after an absence of three years, during nearly the whole of which time he had never tasted bread or salt, nor seen the face of a single white man, with the exception of his brother, and the two friends who had been killed. He here determined to sell his farm and remove with his family to the wilderness of Kentucky—an astonishing instance of hardihood, and we should even say indifference to his family, if it were not that his character has uniformly been represented as mild and humane, as it was bold and fearless.

Accordingly, on the 25th of September, 1771, having disposed of all the property which he could not take with him, he took leave of his friends and commenced his journey to the west. A number of milch cows and horses, laden with a few necessary household utensils, formed the whole of his baggage. His wife and children were mounted on horseback and accompanied him, every one regarding them as devoted to destruction. In Powel's valley, they were joined by five more families and forty men well armed. Encouraged by this accession of strength, they advanced with additional confidence, but had soon a severe warning of the further dangers which awaited them. When near Cumberland mountain, their rear was suddenly attacked with great fury by a scouting party of Indians, and thrown into considerable confusion. The party, however, soon rallied, and being accustomed to Indian warfare, returned the fire with such spirit and effect, that the Indians were repulsed with slaughter. Their own loss, however, had been severe. Six men were killed upon the spot, and one wounded. Among the killed was Boone's eldest son—to the unspeakable affliction of his family. The disorder and grief occasioned by this rough reception, seems to have affected the emigrants deeply, as they instantly retraced their steps to the settlements on Clinch river, forty miles from the scene of action. Here they remained until June, 1774, probably at the request of the women, who must have been greatly alarmed at the

prospect of plunging more deeply into a country, upon the skirts of which they had witnessed so keen and bloody a conflict.

At this time Boone, at the request of Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, conducted a number of surveyors to the falls of Ohio, a distance of eight hundred miles. Of the incidents of this journey, we have no record whatever. After his return, he was engaged under Dunmore, until 1775, in several affairs with the Indians, and at the solicitation of some gentlemen of North Carolina, he attended at a treaty with the Cherokees, for the purpose of purchasing the lands south of Kentucky river. With his usual brevity, Boone has omitted to inform us of the particulars of this conference, or of the particular character of the business upon which he was sent. By the aid of Mr. Marshall's valuable history, however, we are enabled to supply this silence—at least with regard to the latter circumstance. It seems that the Cherokees living within the chartered limits of the State of North Carolina, claimed all the land south of the Kentucky as far as Tennessee river. That Col. Richard Henderson and some other gentlemen, animated by the glowing description of the fertility of the soil, which Boone and his brother had given upon their return, determined to purchase the whole of this immense tract from the Cherokees, and employ Boone as their agent. The Cherokees gladly parted with an empty title, for a solid, although moderate recompense, and Henderson and his friends instantly prepared to take possession, relying upon the validity of their deed from the Indians. Unfortunately, however, for the success of these speculators, Kentucky lay within the limits of Virginia, according to the old charter of King James, and that state accordingly claimed for herself solely the privilege of purchasing the Indian title to lands lying within her own limits. She lost no time, therefore, in pronouncing the treaty of Henderson null and void, as it regarded *his own title*—although by rather an exceptionable process of reasoning, they determined that it was obligatory upon the Indians, so far as regarded the extinction of *their* title. Whether or not the reasoning was good, I cannot pretend to say—but supported as it was by the authority of a powerful State, it was *made good*, and Henderson's golden dreams completely vanished. He and his associates, however, received a liberal grant of land lying on Green river, as a compensation for the expense and danger which they had incurred in prosecuting their settlement.

It was under the auspices of Henderson, that Boone's next visit to Kentucky was made. Leaving his family on Clinch river, he sat out at the head of a few men, to mark out a road for the pack horses or wagons of Henderson's party. This laborious and dangerous duty he executed with his usual patient fortitude, until he came within fifteen miles of the spot where Boonsborough afterwards was built. Here, on the 22nd of March, his small party was attacked by the Indians, and suffered a loss of four men killed and wounded. The Indians, although repulsed with loss in this affair, renewed the attack with equal fury on the next day, and killed and wounded five

more of his party. On the 1st of April, the survivors began to build a small fort on the Kentucky river, afterwards called Boonsborough, and on the 4th, they were again attacked by the Indians, and lost another man. Notwithstanding the harrassing attacks to which they were constantly exposed, (for the Indians seemed enraged to madness at the prospect of their building houses on their hunting ground,) the work was prosecuted with indefatigable diligence, and on the 14th was completed.

Boone instantly returned to Clinch river for his family, determined to bring them with him at every risk. This was done as soon as the journey could be performed, and Mrs. Boone and her daughters were the first white women who stood upon the banks of the Kentucky river, as Boone himself had been the first white man who ever built a cabin upon the borders of the State. The first house, however, which ever stood in the *interior* of Kentucky, was erected at Harrodsburgh, in the year 1774, by James Harrod, who conducted to this place a party of hunters from the banks of the Monongahela. This place was, therefore, a few months older than Boonsborough. Both soon became distinguised, as the only places in which hunters and surveyors could find security from the fury of the Indians.

Within a few weeks after the arrival of Mrs. Boone and her daughters, the infant colony was reinforced by three more families, at the head of which were Mrs. McGary, Mrs. Hogan and Mrs. Denton. Boonsborough, however, was the central object of Indian hostilities, and scarcely had his family become domesticated in their new possession, when they were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians, and lost one of their garrison. This was on the 24th of December, 1775.

In the following July, however, a much more alarming incident occurred. One of his daughters, in company with a Miss Calloway, were amusing themselves in the immediate neighborhood of the fort, when a party of Indians suddenly rushed out of a canebrake, and intercepting their return took them prisoners. The screams of the terrified girls quickly alarmed the family. The small garrison was dispersed in their usual occupations ; but Boone hastily collected a small party of eight men, and pursued the enemy. So much time, however, had been lost, that the Indians had got several miles the start of them. The pursuit was urged through the night with great keenness, by woodsmen capable of following a trail at all times, and on the following day they came up with them. The attack was so sudden and furious, that the Indians were driven from the ground before they had leisure to tomahawk their prisoners, and the girls were recovered without having sustained any other injury than excessive fright and fatigue. Nothing but a barren outline of this interesting occurrence has been given. We know nothing of the conduct of the Indians to their captives, or of the situation of the young ladies during the short engagement, and cannot venture to fill up the outline from imagination. The Indians lost two men, while Boone's party was uninjured.

From this time until the 15th of April, 1777, the garrison was incessantly harrassed by flying parties of Indians. While ploughing their corn, they were waylaid and shot; while hunting, they were chased and fired upon; and some times a solitary Indian would creep up near the fort, in the night, and fire upon the first of the garrison who appeared in the morning. They were in a constant state of anxiety and alarm, and the most ordinary duties could only be performed at the risk of their lives.

On the 15th of April, the enemy appeared in large numbers, hoping to crush the infant settlement at a single blow. Boonsborough, Logan's fort and Harrodsburgh were attacked at one and the same time. But, destitute as they were of artillery, scaling ladders, and all the proper means of reducing fortified places, they could only distress the men, alarm the women and destroy the corn and cattle. Boonsborough sustained some loss, as did the other stations, but the enemy being more exposed, suffered so severely as to cause them to retire with precipitation.

No rest, however, was given to the unhappy garrison. On the 4th of July following, they were again attacked by two hundred warriors, and again repulsed the enemy with loss. The Indians retreated, but a few days afterwards fell upon Logan's station with great fury, having sent detachments to alarm the other stations, so as to prevent the appearance of reinforcements to Logan's. In this last attempt, they displayed great obstinacy, and as the garrison consisted only of 15 men, they were reduced to extremity. Not a moment could be allowed for sleep. Burning arrows were shot upon the roofs of the houses, and the Indians often pressed boldly up to the gates, and attempted to hew them down with their tomahawks. Fortunately, at this critical time, Col. Bowman arrived from Virginia with one hundred men well armed, and the savages precipitately withdrew, leaving the garrison almost exhausted with fatigue, and reduced to twelve men.

A brief period of repose now followed, in which the settlers endeavored to repair the damages done to their farms. But a period of heavy trial to Boone and his family was approaching. In January, 1778, accompanied by thirty men, Boone went to the Blue Licks to make salt for the different stations; and on the 7th of February following, while out hunting, he fell in with one hundred and two Indian warriors, on their march to attack Boonsborough. He instantly fled, but being upwards of fifty years old, was unable to contend with the fleet young men who pursued him, and was a second time taken prisoner. As usual he was treated with kindness until his final fate was determined, and was led back to the Licks, where his men were still encamped. Here his whole party, to the number of twenty seven, surrendered themselves, upon promise of life and good treatment, both of which conditions were faithfully observed.

Had the Indians prosecuted their enterprise, they might, perhaps, by showing their prisoners, and threatening to put them to the torture,

have operated so far upon the sympathies of the garrisons as to have obtained considerable results. But nothing of the kind was attempted. They had already been unexpectedly successful, and it is their custom after either good or bad fortune, immediately to return home and enjoy the triumph. Boone and his party were conducted to the old town of Chillicothe, where they remained until the following March. No journal was written during this period, by either Boone or his party. We are only informed that his mild and patient equanimity, wrought powerfully upon the Indians; that he was adopted into a family, and uniformly treated with the utmost affection. One fact is given us which shows his acute observation, and knowledge of mankind. At the various shooting matches to which he was invited, he took care not to beat them *too* often. He knew that no feeling is more painful than that of inferiority, and that the most effectual way of keeping them in a good humor with *him*, was to keep them in a good humor with themselves. He, therefore, only shot well enough to make it an honor to beat him, and found himself an universal favorite.

On the 10th of March, 1778, Boone was conducted to Detriot, when Governor Hamilton himself, offered £100 for his ransom; but so strong was the affection of the Indians for their prisoner, that it was positively refused. Several English gentlemen, touched with sympathy for his misfortunes, made pressing offers of money and other articles, but Boone steadily refused to receive benefits which he could never return. The offer was honorable to them, and the refusal was dictated by rather too refined a spirit of independence. Boone's anxiety on account of his wife and children, was incessant, and the more intolerable, as he dared not excite the suspicion of the Indians by any indication of a wish to rejoin them.

Upon his return from Detroit, he observed that one hundred and fifty warriors of various tribes had assembled, painted and equipped for an expedition against Boonsborough. His anxiety at this sight became ungovernable, and he determined, at every risk, to effect his escape. During the whole of this agitating period, however, he permitted no symptoms of anxiety to escape him. He hunted and shot with them, as usual, until the morning of the 16th of June, when, taking an early start, he left Chillicothe, and directed his route to Boonsborough. The distance exceeded one hundred and sixty miles, but he performed it in four days, during which he ate only one meal. He appeared before the garrison like one risen from the dead. His wife, supposing him killed, had transported herself, children and property to her father's house, in North Carolina; his men, suspecting no danger, were dispersed in their ordinary avocations, and the works had been permitted to go to waste. Not a moment was to be lost. The garrison worked day and night upon the fortifications. New gates, new flanks and double bastions, were soon completed. The cattle and horses were brought into the fort, ammunition prepared, and every thing made ready for the approach of the enemy within ten days after his arrival. At this time, one of

his companions in captivity arrived from Chillicothe, and announced that his escape had determined the Indians to delay the invasion for three weeks.

During this interval, it was ascertained that numerous spies were traversing the woods and hovering around the station, doubtless for the purpose of observing and reporting the condition of the garrison. Their report could not have been favorable. The alarm had spread very generally, and all were upon the alert. The attack was delayed so long, that Boone began to suspect that they had been discouraged by the report of the spies; and he determined to invade them. Selecting nineteen men from his garrison, he put himself at their head and marched with equal silence and celerity, against the town of Paint Creek, on the Scioto. He arrived, without discovery, within four miles of the town, and there encountered a party of thirty warriors on their march to unite with the grand army in the expedition against Boonsborough. Instantly attacking them with great spirit, he compelled them to give way with some loss, and without any injury to himself. He then halted, and sent two spies in advance to ascertain the condition of the village. In a few hours they returned with the intelligence, that the town was evacuated. He instantly concluded that the grand army was upon its march against Boonsborough, whose situation, as well as his own, was exceedingly critical. Retracing his steps, he marched day and night, hoping still to elude the enemy and reach Boonsborough before them. He soon fell in with their trail, and making a circuit to avoid them, he passed their army on the sixth day of his march, and on the seventh reached Boonsborough.

On the eighth, the enemy appeared in great force. There were nearly five hundred Indian warriors, armed and painted in their usual manner, and what was still more formidable, they were conducted by Canadian officers, well skilled in the usages of modern warfare. As soon as they were arrayed in front of the fort, the British colors were displayed, and an officer with a flag was sent to demand the surrender of the fort, with a promise of quarter and good treatment in case of compliance, and threatening "the hatchet," in case of a storm. Boone requested two days for consideration, which, in defiance of all experience and common sense, was granted. This interval, as usual, was employed in preparation for an obstinate resistance. The cattle were brought into the fort, the horses secured, and all things made ready against the commencement of hostilities. Boone then assembled the garrison and represented to them the condition in which they stood. They had not now to deal with Indians alone, but with British officers, skilled in the art of attacking fortified places, sufficiently numerous to *direct*, but too few to *restrain* their savage allies. If they surrendered, their lives might and probably would be saved; but they would suffer much inconvenience, and *must* loose all their property. If they resisted, and were overcome, the life of every man, woman and child would be sacrificed. The hour was now come in which they were to determine what was

to be done. If they were inclined to surrender, he would announce it to the officer; if they were resolved to maintain the fort, he would share their fate, whether in life or in death. He had scarcely finished, when every man arose and in a firm tone announced his determination to defend the fort to the last.

Boone then appeared at the gate of the fortress, and communicated to Capt. Duquesne the resolution of his men. Disappointment and chagrin were strongly painted upon the face of the Canadian at this answer; but endeavoring to disguise his feelings, he declared that Governor Hamilton had ordered him not to injure the men if it could be avoided, and that if nine of the principal inhabitants of the fort would come out into the plain and treat with them, they would instantly depart without farther hostility. The insidious nature of this proposal was evident, for they could converse very well from where they then stood, and going out would only place the officers of the fort at the mercy of the savages—not to mention the absurdity of supposing that this army of warriors would "*treat*," but upon such terms as pleased them, and no terms were likely to do so, short of a total abandonment of the country. Notwithstanding these obvious objections, the word "treat," sounded so pleasantly in the ears of the besieged, that they agreed at once to the proposal and Boone himself, attended by eight of his men, went out and mingled with the savages, who crowded around them in great numbers, and with countenances of deep anxiety. The treaty then commenced and was soon concluded. What the terms were, we are not informed, nor is it a matter of the least importance, as the whole was a stupid and shallow artifice. This was soon made manifest. Duquense, after many very pretty periods about the "*bienfaisance and humanite*" which should accompany the warfare of civilized beings, at length informed Boone, that it was a singular custom with the Indians, upon the conclusion of a treaty with the whites, for two warriors to take hold of the hand of each white man. Boone thought this rather a singular custom, but there was no time to dispute about etiquette, particularly, as he could not be more in their power that he already was; so he signified his willingness to conform to the Indian mode of cementing friendship. Instantly, two warriors approached each white man, with the word "brother" upon their lips, but a very different expression in their eyes, and grappling him with violence, attempted to bear him off. They probably (unless totally infatuated,) expected such a consummation, and all at the same moment sprung from their enemies and ran to the fort, under a heavy fire, which fortunately only wounded one man.

We look here in vain for the prudence and sagacity which usually distinguished Boone. Indeed there seems to have been a contest between him and Duquesne, as to which should display the greater quantum of shallowness. The plot itself was unworthy of a child, and the execution beneath contempt. For after all this treachery, to permit his prisoner to escape from the very midst of his warriors, who certainly might have thrown themselves between Boone and

the fort, argues a poverty or timidity, on the part of Duquesne, truly despicable.

The attack instantly commenced by a heavy fire against the picketing, and was returned with fatal accuracy by the garrison. The Indians quickly sheltered themselves, and the action became more cautious and deliberate. Finding but little effect from the fire of his men, Duquesne next resorted to a more formidable mode of attack. The fort stood on the south bank of the river, within sixty yards of the water. Commencing under the bank, where their operations were concealed from the garrison, they attempted to push a mine into the fort. Their object, however, was fortunately discovered by the quantity of fresh earth which they were compelled to throw into the river, and by which the water became muddy for some distance below. Boone, who had regained his usual sagacity, instantly cut a trench within the fort in such a manner as to intersect the line of their approach, and thus frustrated their design. The enemy exhausted all the ordinary artifices of Indian warfare, but were steadily repulsed in every effort. Finding their numbers daily thinned by the deliberate but fatal fire of the garrison, and seeing no prospect of final success, they broke up on the ninth day of the siege and returned home. The loss of the garrison was two men killed and four wounded. On the part of the savages, thirty-seven were killed and many wounded, who, as usual, were all carried off. This was the last siege sustained by Boonsborough. The country had increased so rapidly in numbers, and so many other stations lay between Boonsborough and the Ohio, that the savages could not reach it without leaving enemies in the rear.

In the autumn of this year Boone returned to North Carolina for his wife and family, who, as already observed, had supposed him dead, and returned to her father. There is a hint in Mr. Marshall's history, that the family affairs, which detained him in North Carolina, were of an unpleasant character, but no explanation is given.

In the summer of 1780, he returned to Kentucky with his family, and settled at Boonsborough. Here he continued busily engaged upon his farm, until the 6th of October, when, accompanied by his brother, he went to the Lower Blue Licks, for the purpose of providing himself with salt. This spot seemed fatal to Boone. Here he had once been taken prisoner by the Indians, and here he was destined, within two years, to loose his youngest son, and to witness the slaughter of many of his dearest friends. His present visit was not free from calamity. Upon their return, they were encountered by a party of Indians, and his brother, who had accompanied him faithfully through many years of toil and danger, was killed and scalped before his eyes. Unable either to prevent or avenge his death, Boone was compelled to fly, and by his superior knowledge of the country, contrived to elude his pursuers. They followed his trail, however, by the scent of a dog, that pressed him closely, and prevented his concealing himself. This was one of the most criti-

cal moments of his life, but his usual coolness and fortitude enabled him to meet it. He halted until the dog, baying loudly upon his trail, came within gun-shot, when he deliberately turned and shot him dead. The thickness of the wood and the approach of darkness then enabled him to effect his escape.

During the following year, Boonsborough enjoyed uninterrupted tranquility. The country had become comparatively thickly settled, and was studded with fortresses in every direction. Fresh emigrants with their families were constantly arriving; and many young unmarried women, (who had heretofore been extremely scarce,) had ventured to risk themselves in Kentucky. They could not have selected a spot where their merit was more properly appreciated, and were disposed of very rapidly to the young hunters, most of whom had hitherto, from necessity, remained bachelors. Thriving settlements had been pushed beyond the Kentucky river, and a number of houses had been built where Lexington now stands.

The year 1781 passed away in perfect tranquility, and, judging from appearances, nothing was more distant, than the terrible struggle that awaited them. But during the whole of this year, the Indians were meditating a desperate effort to crush the settlements at a single blow. They had become seriously alarmed at the tide of emigration, which rolled over the country, and threatened to convert their favorite hunting ground into one vast cluster of villages. The game had already been much dispersed, the settlers originally weak and scattered over the south side of the Kentucky river, had now become numerous, and were rapidly extending to the Ohio. One vigorous and united effert might still crush their enemies, and regain for themselves the undisputed possession of the western forests. A few renegado white men, were mingled with them, and inflamed their wild passions, by dwelling upon the injuries which they had sustained at the hands of the whites, and of the necessity for instant and vigorous exertion, or of an eternal surrender of every hope either of redress or vengeance. Among these the most remarkable was *Simon Girty*. Runners were despatched to most of the north-western tribes, and all were exhorted to lay aside private jealousy, and unite in a common cause against these white intruders. In the mean time, the settlers were busily employed in opening farms, marrying and giving in marriage, totally ignorant of the storm which was gathering upon the Lakes.

In the spring of 1782, after a long interval of repose, they were harassed by small parties, who preceded the main body, as the pattering and irregular drops of rain, are the precursors of the approaching storm. In the month of May, a party of twenty-five Wyandots secretly approached Estill's station, and committed shocking outrages in its vicinity. Entering a cabin which stood apart from the rest, they seized a woman and her two daughters, who, having been violated with circumstances of savage barbarity, were tomahawked and scalped. Their bodies, yet warm and bleeding, were found upon the floor of the cabin. The neighbor-

hood was instantly alarmed. Captain Estill speedily collected a body of twenty-five men, and pursued their trail with great rapidity. He came up with them on Hinkston fork of Licking, immediately after they had crossed it, and a most severe and desperate conflict ensued. The Indians at first appeared daunted and began to fly, but their chief, who was badly wounded by the first fire was heard in a loud voice, ordering them to stand and return the fire, which was instantly obeyed. The creek ran between the two parties, and prevented a charge on either side, without the certainty of great loss. The parties, therefore, consisting of precisely the same number, formed an irregular line, within fifty yards of each other, and sheltering themselves behind trees or logs, they fired with deliberation, as an object presented itself. The only manœuvre which the nature of the ground permitted, was to extend their lines in such a manner as to uncover the flank of the enemy, and even this was extremely dangerous, as every motion exposed them to a close and deadly fire. The action, therefore, was chiefly stationary, neither party advancing or retreating, and every individual acting for himself. It had already lasted more than an hour, without advantage on either side or any prospect of its termination. Captain Estill had lost one third of his men, and had inflicted about an equal loss upon his enemies, who still boldly maintained their ground, and returned his fire with equal spirit. To have persevered in the Indian mode of fighting, would have exposed his party to certain death, one by one, unless all the Indians should be killed first, who, however, had at least an equal chance with himself. Even victory, bought at such a price, would have afforded but a melancholy triumph ; yet it was impossible to retreat or advance without exposing his men to the greatest danger. After coolly revolving these reflections in his mind, and observing that the enemy exhibited no symptoms of discouragement, Captain Estill determined to detach a party of six men, under Lieut. Miller, with orders to cross the creek above, and take the Indians in flank, while he maintained his ground, ready to co-operate, as circumstances might require. But he had to deal with an enemy equally bold and sagacious. The Indian chief was quickly aware of the division of the force opposed to him, from the slackening of the fire in front, and readily conjecturing his object, he determined to frustrate it by crossing the creek with his whole force, and overwhelming Estill, now weakened by the absence of Miller. The manœuvre was bold and masterly, and was executed with determined courage. Throwing themselves into the water, they fell upon Estill with the tomahawk, and drove him before them with slaughter. Miller's party retreated with precipitation, and even lie under the reproach of deserting their friends, and absconding, instead of occupying the designated ground. Others contradict this statement, and affirm that Miller punctually executed his orders, crossed the creek, and falling in with the enemy, was compelled to retire with loss. We think it probable that the Indians rushed upon Estill, as above mentioned, and having defeated him, recrossed the

creek and attacked Miller, thus cutting up their enemy in detail. Estill's party, finding themselves furiously charged, and receiving no assistance from Miller, who was probably at that time on the other side of the creek, in execution of his orders, would naturally consider themselves deserted, and when a clamor of that kind is once raised against a man, (particularly in a defeat,) the voice of reason can no longer be heard. Some scapegoat is always necessary. The broken remains of the detachment returned to the station, and filled the country with consternation and alarm, greatly disproportioned to the extent of the loss. The brave Estill, with eight of his men, had fallen, and four more were wounded,—more than half of their original number.

This, notwithstanding the smallness of the numbers, is a very remarkable action, and perhaps more honorable to the Indians than any other one on record. The numbers, the arms, the courage and the position of the parties were equal. Both were composed of good marksmen and skilful woodsmen. There was no surprise, no panic, nor any particular accident, according to the most probable account, which decided the action. A delicate manœuvre, on the part of Estill, gave an advantage, which was promptly seized by the Indian chief, and a bold and masterly movement decided the fate of the day.

The news of Estill's disaster, was quickly succeeded by another, scarcely less startling to the alarmed settlers. Captain Holder, at the head of seventeen men, pursued a party of Indians who had taken two boys from the neighborhood of Hoy's station. He overtook them after a rapid pursuit, and in the severe action which ensued, was repulsed with the loss of more than half his party. The tide of success seemed completely turned in favor of the Indians. They traversed the woods in every direction, sometimes singly and sometimes in small parties, and kept the settlers in constant alarm.

At length, early in August, the great effort was made. The allied Indian army, composed of detachments from nearly all the northwestern tribes, and amounting to nearly six hundred men, commenced their march from Chillicothe, under the command of their respective chiefs, aided and influenced by Girty, M'Kee, and other renegado white men. With a secrecy and celerity peculiar to themselves, they advanced through the woods without giving the slightest indication of their approach, and on the night of the 14th of August, they appeared before Bryant's station, as suddenly as if they had risen from the earth, and surrounding it on all sides, calmly awaited the approach of daylight, holding themselves in readiness to rush in upon the inhabitants the moment the gates were opened in the morning. The supreme influence of fortune in war, was never more strikingly displayed. The garrison had determined to march on the following morning, to the assistance of Hoy's station, from which a messenger had arrived the evening before, with the intelligence of Holder's defeat. Had the Indian's arrived only a few

hours later, they would have found the fort occupied only by old men, women, and children, who could not have resisted their attack for a moment. As it was, they found the garrison assembled and under arms, most of them busily engaged throughout the whole night, in preparing for an early march the following morning. The Indians could distinctly hear the bustle of preparation, and see lights glancing from block houses and cabins during the night, which must have led them to suspect that their approach had been discovered. All continued tranquil during the night, and Girty silently concerted the plan of attack.

The fort, consisting of about forty cabins placed in parallel lines, stands upon a gentle rise on the southern bank of the Elkhorn, a few paces to the right of the road from Maysville to Lexington. The garrison was supplied with water from a spring at some distance from the fort, on its north-western side—a great error in most of the stations, which, in a close and long continued siege, must have suffered dreadfully for want of water.

The great body of Indians placed themselves in ambush within half rifle shot of the spring, while one hundred select men were placed near the spot where the road now runs after passing the creek, with orders to open a brisk fire and show themselves to the garrison on that side, for the purpose of drawing them out, while the main body held themselves in readiness to rush upon the opposite gate of the fort, hew it down with their tomahawks, and force their way into the midst of the cabins. At dawn of day, the garrison paraded under arms, and were preparing to open their gates and march off, as already mentioned, when they were alarmed by a furious discharge of rifles, accompanied with yells and screams, which struck terror to the hearts of the women and children, and startled even the men. All ran hastily to the picketing, and beheld a small party of Indians, exposed to open view, firing, yelling, and making the most furious gestures. The appearance was so singular, and so different from their usual manner of fighting, that some of the more wary and experienced of the garrison instantly pronounced it a decoy party, and restrained their young men from sallying out and attacking them, as some of them were strongly disposed to do. The opposite side of the fort was instantly manned, and several breaches in the picketing rapidly repaired. Their greatest distress arose from the prospect of suffering for water. The more experienced of the garrison felt satisfied that a powerful party was in abuscade near the spring, but at the same time they supposed that the Indians would not unmask themselves, until the firing upon the opposite side of the fort was returned with such warmth as to induce the belief that the feint had succeeded. Acting upon this impression, and yielding to the urgent necessity of the case, they summoned all the women, without exception, and explaining to them the circumstances in which they were placed, and the improbability that any injury would be offered them, until the firing had been returned from the opposite side of the fort, they urged them to go in a body to the spring, and

each to bring up a bucket full of water. Some of the ladies, as was natural, had no relish for the undertaking, and asked why the men could not bring water as well as themselves! observing that *they* were not bullet-proof, and that the Indians made no distinction between male and female scalps! To this it was answered, that women were in the habit of bringing water every morning to the fort, and that if the Indians saw them engaged as usual, it would induce them to believe that their ambuscade was undiscovered, and that they would not unmask themselves for the sake of firing at a few women, when they hoped, by remaining concealed a few moments longer, to obtain complete possession of the fort. That if *men* should go down to the spring, the Indians would immediately suspect that something was wrong, would despair of succeeding by ambuscade, and would instantly rush upon them, follow them into the fort, or shoot them down at the spring. The decision was soon over. A few of the boldest declared their readiness to brave the danger, and the younger and more timid rallying in the rear of these veterans, they all marched down in a body to the spring, within point blank shot of more than five hundred Indian warriors! Some of the girls could not help betraying symptoms of terror, but the married women, in general, moved with a steadiness and composure which completely deceived the Indians. Not a shot was fired. The party were permitted to fill their buckets, one after another, without interruption, and although their steps became quicker and quicker, on their return, and when near the gate of the fort, degenerated into rather an unmilitary celerity, attended with some little crowding in passing the gate, yet not more than one fifth of the water was spilled, and the eyes of the youngest had not dilated to more than double their ordinary size.

Being now amply supplied with water, they sent out thirteen young men to attack the decoy party, with orders to fire with great rapidity, and make as much noise as possible, but not to pursue the enemy too far, while the rest of the garrison took post on the opposite side of the fort, cocked their guns, and stood in readiness to receive the ambuscade as soon as it was unmasked. The firing of the light parties on the Lexington road was soon heard, and quickly became sharp and serious, gradually becoming more distant from the fort. Instantly, Girty sprung up at the head of his five hundred warriors, and rushed rapidly upon the western gate, ready to force his way over the undefended palisades. Into this immense mass of dusky bodies, the garrison poured several rapid vollies of rifle balls with destructive effect. Their consternation may be imagined. With wild cries they dispersed on the right and left, and in two minutes not an Indian was to be seen. At the same time, the party who had sallied out on the Lexington road, came running into the fort at the opposite gate, in high spirits, and laughing heartily at the success of their manœuvre.

A regular attack, in the usual manner, then commenced without much effect on either side, until two o'clock in the afternoon, when

a new scene presented itself. Upon the first appearance of the Indians in the morning, two of the garrison, Tomlinson and Bell, had been mounted upon fleet horses, and sent to Lexington, announcing the arrival of the Indians and demanding reinforcements. Upon their arrival, a little after sunrise, they found the town occupied only by women and children, and a few old men, the rest having marched at the intelligence of Holder's defeat, to the general rendezvous at Hoy's station. The two couriers instantly followed at a gallop, and overtaking them on the road, informed them of the danger to which Lexington was exposed during their absence. The whole party, amounting to sixteen horsemen, and more than double that number on foot, with some additional volunteers from Boone's station, instantly countermarched, and repaired with all possible expedition to Bryant's station. They were entirely ignorant of the overwhelming numbers opposed to them, or they would have proceeded with more caution. Tomlinson had only informed them that the station was surrounded, being himself ignorant of the numbers of the enemy. By great exertions, horse and foot appeared before Bryant's at two in the afternoon, and pressed forward with precipitate gallantry to throw themselves into the fort. The Indians, however, had been aware of the departure of the two couriers, who had, in fact, broken through their line in order to give the alarm, and expecting the arrival of reinforcements, had taken measures to meet them.

To the left of the long and narrow lane, where the Maysville and Lexington road now runs, there were more than one hundred acres of green standing corn. The usual road from Lexington to Bryant's, ran parallel to the fence of this field, and only a few feet distant from it. On the opposite side of the road was a thick wood. Here, more than three hundred Indians lay in ambush, within pistol shot of the road, awaiting the approach of the party. The horsemen came in view at a time when the firing had ceased and every thing was quiet. Seeing no enemy, and hearing no noise, they entered the lane at a gallop, and were instantly saluted with a shower of rifle balls, from each side at the distance of ten paces. At the first shot, the whole party set spurs to their horses, and rode at full speed through a rolling fire from either side, which continued for several hundred yards, but owing partly to the furious rate at which they rode, partly to the clouds of dust raised by the horses' feet, they all entered the fort unhurt. The men on foot were less fortunate. They were advancing through the cornfield, and might have reached the fort in safety, but for their eagerness to succor their friends. Without reflecting, that from the weight and extent of the fire, the enemy must have been ten times their number, they ran up with inconsiderate courage, to the spot where the firing was heard, and there found themselves cut off from the fort, and within pistol shot of more than three hundred savages. Fortunately, the Indian guns had just been discharged, and they had not yet leisure to reload. At the sight of this brave body of footmen, however, they raised a hideous yell, and rushed upon them, tomahawk in hand. Nothing but the high

corn and their loaded rifles, could have saved them from destruction. The Indians were cautious in rushing upon a loaded rifle, with only a tomahawk, and when they halted to load their pieces, the Kentuckians ran with great rapidity, turning and dodging through the corn in every direction. Some entered the wood and escaped through the thickets of cane, some were shot down in the cornfield, others maintained a running fight, halting occasionally behind trees and keeping the enemy at bay with their rifles, for of all men, the Indians are generally the most cautious in exposing themselves to danger. A stout, active young fellow, was so hard pressed by Girty and several savages, that he was compelled to discharge his rifle. (however unwillingly, having no time to re-load it,) and Girty fell. It happened, however, that a piece of thick soal-leather was in his shot-pouch at the time, which received the ball, and preserved his life, although the force of the blow felled him to the ground. The savages halted upon his fall, and the young man escaped. Although the skirmish and race lasted for more than an hour, during which the cornfield presented a scene of turmoil and bustle which can scarcely be conceived, yet very few lives were lost. Only six of the white men were killed and wounded, and probably still fewer of the enemy, as the whites never fired until absolutely necessary, but reserved their loads as a check upon the enemy. Had the Indians pursued them to Lexington, they might have possessed themselves of it without resistance, as there was no force there to oppose them; but after following the fugitives for a few hundred yards, they returned to the hopeless siege of the fort.

It was now near sunset, and the fire on both sides had slackened. The Indians had become discouraged. Their loss in the morning had been heavy, and the country was evidently arming, and would soon be upon them. They had made no impression upon the fort, and without artillery could hope to make none. The chiefs spoke of raising the siege and decamping, but Girty determined, since his arms had been unavailing, to try the efficacy of negotiation. Near one of the bastions there was a large stump, to which he crept on his hands and knees, and from which he hailed the garrison. "He highly commended their courage, but assured them, that further resistance would be madness, as he had six hundred warriors with him, and was in hourly expectation of reinforcements, with artillery, which would instantly blow their cabins into the air; that if the fort was taken by storm, as it certainly would be, when their cannon arrived, it would be impossible for him to save their lives; but if they surrendered at once, he gave them his honor, that not a hair of their heads should be injured. He told them his name, enquired whether they knew him, and assured them, that they might safely trust to his honor." The garrison listened in silence to his speech, and many of them looked very blank at the mention of the artillery, as the Indians had, on one occasion, brought cannon with them, and destroyed two stations. But a young man by the name of Reynolds, highly distinguished for courage, energy, and a frolicksome gaiety

of temper, perceiving the effect of Girty's speech, took upon himself to reply to it. To Girty's enquiry of "whether the garrison knew him?" Reynolds replied, "that he was very well known—that he himself, had a worthless dog, to which he had given the name of "Simon Girty," in consequence of his striking resemblance to the man of that name. That if he had either artillery or reinforcements, he might bring them up and be ——. That if either himself or any of the naked rascals with him, found their way into the fort, they would disdain to use their guns against them, but would drive them out again with switches, of which they had collected a great number for that purpose alone; and finally, he declared, that *they* also expected reinforcements—that the whole country was marching to their assistance, and that if Girty and his gang of murderers remained twenty-four hours longer before the fort their scalps would be found drying in the sun upon the roof of their cabins." Girty took great offence at the tone and language of the young Kentuckian, and retired with an expression of sorrow for the inevitable destruction which awaited them on the following morning. He quickly rejoined the chiefs, and instant preparations were made for raising the siege. The night passed away in uninterrupted tranquility, and at daylight in the morning, the Indian camp was found deserted. Fires were still burning brightly, and several pieces of meat were left upon their roasting sticks, from which it was inferred that they had retreated a short time before daylight.

Early in the day, reinforcements began to drop in, and by noon, one hundred and sixty seven men were assembled at Bryant's station. Col. Daniel Boone, accompanied by his youngest son, headed a strong party from Boonsborough; Trigg brought up the force from the neighborhood of Harrodsburg, and Todd commanded the militia around Lexington. Nearly a third of the whole number assembled, was composed of commissioned officers, who hurried from a distance to the scene of hostilities, and for the time took their station in the ranks. Of those under the rank of Colonel, the most conspicuous were, Majors Harland, McBride, McGary, and Levy Todd, and Captains Bulger and Gordon. Of the six last named officers, all fell in the subsequent battle, except Todd and McGary. Todd and Trigg, as senior Colonels, took the command, although their authority seems to have been in a great measure nominal. That, however, was of less consequence, as a sense of common danger is often more binding than the strictest discipline. A tumultuous consultation, in which every one seems to have had a voice, terminated in a unanimous resolution to pursue the enemy without delay. It was well known that General Logan had collected a strong force in Lincoln, and would join them at farthest in twenty four hours. It was distinctly understood that the enemy was at least double, and, according to Girty's account, more than treble their own numbers. It was seen that their trail was broad and obvious, and that even some indications of a tardiness and willingness to be pursued, had been observed by their scouts, who had been sent out to reconnoitre, and

from which it might reasonably be inferred that they would halt on the way—at least march so leisurely as to permit them to wait for the aid of Logan. Yet so keen was the arder of officer and solidier, that all these obvious reasons were overlooked, and in the afternoon of the 18th of August, the line of march was taken up, and the pursuit urged with that precipitate courage which has so often been fatal to Kentuckians. Most of the officers and many of the privates were mounted.

The Indians had followed the buffalo trace, and as if to render their trail still more evident, they had chopped many of the trees on each side of the road with their hatchets. These strong indications of tardiness, made some impression upon the cool and calculating mind of Boone, but it was too late to advise retreat. They encamped that night in the woods, and on the following day reached the fatal boundary of their pursuit! At the Lower Blue Licks, for the first time since the pursuit commenced, they came within view of an enemy. As the miscellaneous crowd of horse and foot reached the southern bank of Licking, they saw a number of Indians ascending the rocky ridge on the other side. They halted upon the appearance of the Kentuckians, gazed at them for a few moments in silence, and then calmly and leisurely disappeared over the top of the hill. A halt immediately ensued. A dozen or twenty officers met in front of the ranks, and entered into consultation. The wild and lonely aspect of the country around them, their distance from any point of support, with the certainty of their being in the presence of a superior enemy, seems to have inspired a portion of seriousness bordering upon awe. All eyes were now turned upon Boone, and Col. Todd asked his opinion as to what should be done. The veteran woodsman, with his usual unmoved gravity, replied, "that their situation was critical and delicate—that the force opposed to them was undoubtedly numerous and ready for battle, as might readily be seen from the leisurely retreat of the few Indians who had appeared upon the crest of the hill: that he was well acquainted with the ground in the neighborhood of the Lick, and was apprehensive that an ambuscade was formed at the distance of a mile in advance where two ravines, one upon each side of the ridge, ran in such a manner, that a concealed enemy might assail them at once both in front and flank, before they were apprised of the danger. It would be proper, therefore, to do one of two things. Either to await the arrival of Logan, who was now undoubtedly on his march to join them, or if it was determined to attack without delay, that one half of their number should march up the river, which there bends in an elliptical form, cross at the rapids, and fall upon the rear of the enemy, while the other division attacked in front. At any rate, he strongly urged the necessity of reconnoitering the ground carefully before the main body crossed the river." Such was the counsel of Boone. And although no measure could have been much more disastrous than that which was adopted, yet it may be doubted if any thing short of an immediate retreat upon Logan, could have

saved this gallant body of men from the fate which they encountered. If they divided their force, the enemy, as in Estill's case, might have overwhelmed them in detail—if they remained where they were, without advancing, the enemy would certainly have attacked them, probably in the night, and with a certainty of success. They had committed a great error at first in not waiting for Logan, and nothing short of a retreat, which would have been considered disgraceful, could now repair it.

Boone was heard in silence and with deep attention. Some wished to adopt the first plan—others preferred the second, and the discussion threatened to be drawn out to some length, when the boiling ardor of McGary, who could never endure the presence of an enemy without instant battle, stimulated him to an act which had nearly proved destructive to his country. He suddenly interrupted the consultation with a loud whoop, resembling the war cry of the Indians, spurred his horse into the stream, waved his hat over his head and shouted, "Let all who are not cowards follow me!" The words and the action together, produced an electrical effect. The mounted men dashed tumultuously into the river, each striving to be foremost. The footmen were mingled with them in one rolling and irregular mass. No order was given and none observed. They struggled through a deep ford as well as they could, McGary still leading the van, closely followed by Majors Harland and McBride. With the same rapidity they ascended the ridge, which, by the trampling of buffalo forages, had been stripped bare of all vegetation, with the exception of a few dwarfish cedars, and which was rendered still more desolate in appearance, by the multitude of rocks, blackened by the sun, which were spread over its surface. Upon reaching the top of the ridge, they followed the buffalo trace with the same precipitate ardor—Todd and Trigg in the rear; McGary, Harland, McBride and Boone in front. No scouts were sent in advance—none explored either flank—officers and soldiers seemed alike demented by the contagious example of a single man, and all struggled forward, horse and foot, as if to outstrip each other in the advance.

Suddenly, the van halted. They had reached the spot mentioned by Boone, where the two ravines head, on each side of the ridge. Here a body of Indians presented themselves, and attacked the van. McGary's party instantly returned the fire, but under great disadvantage. They were upon a bare and open ridge—the Indians in a bushy ravine. The centre and rear, ignorant of the ground, hurried up to the assistance of the van, but were soon stopped by a terrible fire from the ravine which flanked them. They found themselves enclosed as if in the wings of a net, destitute of proper shelter, while the enemy were in a great measure covered from their fire. Still, however, they maintained their ground. The action became warm and bloody. The parties gradually closed, the Indians emerged from the ravine, and the fire became mutually destructive. The officers suffered dreadfully. Todd and Trigg, in the rear—Harland,

McBride, and young Boone, in front, were already killed. The Indians gradually extended their line, to turn the right of the Kentuckians, and cut off their retreat. This was quickly perceived by the weight of the fire from that quarter, and the rear instantly fell back in disorder, and attempted to rush through their only opening to the river. The motion quickly communicated itself to the van, and a hurried retreat became general. The Indians instanly sprung forward in pursuit, and falling upon them with their tomahawks, made a cruel slaughter. From the battle ground to the river, the spectacle was terrible. The horsemen generally escaped, but the foot, particularly the van, which had advanced farthest within the wings of the net, were almost totally destroyed. Colonel Boone, after witnessing the death of his son and many of his dearest friends, found himself almost entirely surrounded at the very commencement of the retreat. Several hundred Indians were between him and the ford, to which the great mass of the fugitives were bending their flight, and to which the attention of the savages was pricipally directed. Being intimately acquainted with the ground, he, together with a few friends, dashed into the ravine which the Indians had occupied, but which most of them had now left to join the pursuit. After sustaining one or two heavy fires, and baffling one or two small parties, who pursued him for a short distance, he crossed the river below the ford, by swimming, and entering the wood at a point where there was no pursuit, returned by a circuitous route to Bryant's station. In the mean time, the great mass of the victors and vanquished crowded the bank of the ford. The slaughter was great in the river. The ford was crowded with horsemen and foot and Indians, all mingled together. Some were compelled to seek a passage above by swimming—some, who could not swim, were overtaken and killed at the edge of the water. A man by the name of Netherland, who had formerly been strongly suspected of cowardice, here displayed a coolness and presence of mind, equally noble and unexpected. Being finely mounted he had outstripped the great mass of fugitives, and crossed the river in safety. A dozen or twenty horemen accompanied him, and having placed the river between them and the enemy, showed a disposition to continue their flight, without regard to the safety of their friends who were on foot and still struggling with the current. Netherland instantly checked his horse, and in a loud voice, called upon his companions to halt !—fire upon the Indians, and save those who were still in the stream. The party instantly obeyed—and facing about, poured a fatal discharge of rifles upon the foremost of the pursuers. The enemy instantly fell back from the opposite bank, and gave time for the harassed and miserable footmen to cross in safety The check, however, was but momentary. Indians were seen crossing in great numbers above and below, and the flight again became general. Most of the foot left the great buffalo track, and plunging into the thickets, escaped by a circuitous route to Bryant's.

But little loss was sustained after crossing the river, although the pursuit was urged keenly for twenty miles. From the battle ground to the ford, the loss was very heavy; and at that stage of the retreat there occurred a rare and striking instance of magnanimity, which it would be criminal to omit. The reader cannot have forgotten young Reynolds, who replied with such rough but ready humor to the pompous summons of Girty, at the siege of Bryant's. This young man, after bearing his share in the action with distinguished gallantry, was galloping with several other horsemen in order to reach the ford. The great body of fugitives had preceded them, and their situation was in the highest degree critical and dangerous. About half way between the battle ground and the river, the party overtook Captain Patterson, on foot, exhausted by the rapidity of the flight and, in consequence of former wounds received from the Indians, so infirm as to be unable to keep up with the main body of the men on foot. The Indians were close behind him, and his fate seemed inevitable. Reynolds, upon coming up with this brave officer, instantly sprung from his horse, aided Patterson to mount upon the saddle, and continued his own flight on foot. Being remarkably active and vigorous, he contrived to elude his pursuers, and turning off from the main road, plunged into the river near the spot where Boone had crossed, and swam in safety to the opposite side. Unfortunately, he wore a pair of buckskin breeches, which had become so heavy and full of water, as to prevent his exerting himself with his usual activity, and while sitting down for the purpose of pulling them off, he was overtaken by a party of Indians and made prisoner. A prisoner is rarely put to death by the Indians, unless wounded or infirm, until they return to their own country; and then his fate is decided in solemn council. Young Reynolds, therefore, was treated kindly, and compelled to accompany his captors in the pursuit. A small party of Kentuckians soon attracted their attention, and he was left in charge of three Indians, who, eager in pursuit, in turn committed him to the charge of one of their number, while they followed their companions. Reynolds and his guard jogged along very leisurely,—the former totally unarmed, the latter with a tomahawk and rifle in his hands. At length the Indian stopped to tie his moccasin, when Reynolds instantly sprung upon him, knocked him down with his fist, and quickly disappeared in the thicket which surrounded them. For this act of generosity, Capt. Patterson afterwards made him a present of two hundred acres of first-rate land.

Late in the evening of the same day, most of the survivors arrived at Bryant's station. The melancholy intelligence spread rapidly throughout the country, and the whole land was covered with mourning. Sixty men had been killed in the battle and flight, and seven had been taken prisoners, of whom some were afterwards put to death by the Indians, as was said, to make their loss even. This account, however, appears very improbable. It is almost incredible that the Indians should have suffered an equal loss. Their superiority of numbers, their advantage of position, (being in a great measure shel-

tered, while the Kentuckians, particularly the horsemen, were much exposed,) the extreme brevity of the battle, and the acknowledged boldness of the pursuit, all tend to contradict the report that the Indian loss exceeded ours. We have no doubt that some of the prisoners were murdered, after arriving at their towns, but cannot believe that the reason assigned for so ordinary a piece of barbarity was the true one. Still the execution done by the Kentuckians, while the battle lasted, seems to have been considerable, although far inferior to the loss which they themselves sustained. Todd and Trigg were a severe loss to their families, and to the country generally. They were men of rank in life, superior to the ordinary class of settlers, and generally esteemed for courage, probity and intelligence. The death of Major Harland was deeply and universally regretted. A keen courage, united to a temper the most amiable, and an integrity the most incorruptible, had rendered him extremely popular in the country. Together with his friend McBride, he accompanied McGary in the van, and both fell in the commencement of the action. McGary, notwithstanding the extreme exposure of his station, as leader of the van, and consequently most deeply involved in the ranks of the enemy, escaped without the slightest injury. This gentleman will ever be remembered, as associated with the disaster of which he was the immediate, although not the original cause. He has always been represented as a man of fiery and daring courage, strongly tinctured with ferocity, and unsoftened by any of the humane and gentle qualities, which awaken affection.—In the hour of battle, his presence was invaluable, but in civil life, the ferocity of his temper rendered him an unpleasant companion.

Several years after the battle of the Blue Licks, a gentleman of Kentucky, since dead, fell in company with McGary at one of the circuit courts, and the conversation soon turned upon the battle. McGary frankly acknowledged that he was the immediate cause of the loss of blood on that day, and, with great heat and energy, assigned his reasons for urging on the battle. He said that in the hurried council which was held at Bryant's, on the 18th, he had strenuously urged Todd and Trigg to halt for twenty-four hours, assuring them, that with the aid of Logan, they would be able to follow them even to Chillicothe if necessary, and that their numbers *then* were too weak to encounter them alone. He offered, he said, to pledge his head, that the Indians would not return with such precipitation as was supposed, but would afford ample time to collect more force, and give them battle with a prospect of success. He added, that Col. Todd scouted his arguments, and declared that "if a single day was lost the Indians would never be overtaken—but would cross the Ohio and disperse; that now was the time to strike them, while they were in a body—that to talk of their numbers was nonsense—the more the merrier!—that for his part he was determined to pursue without a moment's delay, and did not doubt that there were brave men enough on the ground to enable him to attack them with effect." McGary declared, "that he felt somewhat

nettled at the manner in which his advice had been received; that he thought Todd and Trigg jealous of Logan, who, as senior Colonel, would be entitled to the command upon his arrival; and that, in their eagerness to have the honor of the victory to themselves, they were rashly throwing themselves into a condition, which would endanger the safety of the country. However, sir, (continued he, with an air of unamiable triumph,) when I saw the gentlemen so keen for a fight, I gave way, and joined in the pursuit, as willingly as any; but when we came in sight of the enemy, and the gentlemen began to talk of 'numbers,' 'position,' 'Logan,' and 'waiting,' I burst into a passion, d——d them for a set of cowards, who could not be wise until they were scared into it, and swore that since they had come so far for a fight, they *should fight*, or I would disgrace them for ever! That when I spoke of waiting for Logan on the day before, they had scouted the idea, and hinted something about 'courage,'—that now it would be shown who had courage, or who were d——d cowards, that could talk big when the enemy were at a distance, but turned pale when danger was near. I then dashed into the river, and called upon all who were not cowards to follow!" The gentleman upon whose authority this is given added, that even then, McGary spoke with bitterness of the deceased Colonels, and swore that they had received just what they deserved, and that he for one was glad of it.

That the charge of McGary, in its full extent, was unjust, there can be no doubt; at the same time, it is in accordance with the known principles of human nature, to suppose that the natural ardor of the officers—both young men—should be stimulated by the hope of gaining a victory, the honor of which would be given them as commanders. The number of the Indians was not distinctly known, and if their retreat had been ordinarily precipitate, they would certainly have crossed the Ohio before Logan could have joined. But, leaving all the facts to speak for themselves, we will proceed with our narrative.

On the very day on which this rash and unfortunate battle was fought, Col. Logan arrived at Bryant's Station at the head of no less than four hundred and fifty men. He here learned that the little army had marched on the preceding day, without waiting for so strong and necessary a reinforcement. Fearful of some such disaster as had actually occurred, he urged his march with the utmost diligence, still hoping to overtake them before they could cross the Ohio; but within a few miles of the fort, he encountered the foremost of the fugitives, whose jaded horses, and harassed looks, announced but too plainly the event of the battle. As usual with men after a defeat, they magnified the number of the enemy and the slaughter of their comrades. None knew the actual extent of their loss. They could only be certain of their own escape, and could give no account of their companions. Fresh stragglers constantly came up, with the same mournful intelligence; so that Logan, after some hesitation, determined to return to Bryant's until all the sur-

vivors should come up. In the course of the evening, both horse and foot were reassembled at Bryant's, and the loss was distinctly ascertained. Although sufficiently severe, it was less than Logan had at first apprehended; and having obtained all the information which could be collected, as to the strength and probable destination of the enemy, he determined to continue his march to the battle ground, with the hope that success would embolden the enemy, and induce them to remain until his arrival. On the second day he reached the field. The enemy were gone, but the bodies of the Kentuckians still lay unburied, on the spot where they had fallen. Immense flocks of buzzards were soaring over the battle ground, and the bodies of the dead had become so much swollen and disfigured, that it was impossible to recognize the features of their most particular friends. Many corses were floating near the shore of the northern bank, already putrid from the action of the sun, and partially eaten by fishes. The whole were carefully collected, by order of Col. Logan, and interred as decently as the nature of the soil would permit. Being satisfied that the Indians were by this time far beyond his reach, he then retraced his steps to Bryant's station and dismissed his men.

As soon as intelligence of the battle of the Blue Licks reached Col. George Rogers Clark, who then resided at the falls of Ohio, he determined to set on foot an expedition against the Indian towns, for the purpose, both of avenging the loss of the battle, and rousing the spirit of the country, which had begun to sink into the deepest dejection. He proposed that one thousand men should be raised from all parts of Kentucky, and should rendezvous at Cincinnati, under the command of their respective officers, where he engaged to meet them at the head of a part of the Illinois regiment, then under his command, together with one brass field piece, which was regarded by the Indians with superstitious terror. The offer was embraced with great alacrity; and instant measures were taken for the collection of a sufficient number of volunteers.

The whole force of the interior was assembled, under the command of Col. Logan, and descending the Licking in boats prepared for the purpose, arrived safely at the designated point of union, where they were joined by Clark, with the volunteers and regular detachment from below. No provision was made for the subsistence of the troops, and the sudden concentration of one thousand men and horses upon a single point, rendered it extremely difficult to procure the necessary supplies. The woods abounded in game—but the rapidity and secrecy of their march, which was absolutely essential to the success of the expedition, did not allow them to disperse in search of it. They suffered greatly, therefore, from hunger as well as fatigue; but all being accustomed to privations of every kind, they prosecuted their march with unabated rapidity, and appeared within a mile of one of their largest villages, without encountering a single Indian. Here, unfortunately, a straggler fell in with them, and instantly fled to the village, uttering the alarm whoop repeatedly

in the shrillest and most startling tones. The troops pressed forward with great despatch, and entering their town, found it totally deserted. The houses had evidently been abandoned only a few minutes before their arrival. Fires were burning, meat was upon the roasting sticks, and corn was still boiling in their kettles. The provisions were a most acceptable treat to the Kentuckians, who were well nigh famished, but the escape of their enemies excited deep and universal chagrin.

After refreshing themselves, they engaged in the serious business of destroying the property of the tribes with unrelenting severity.—Their villages were burnt, their corn cut up, and their whole country laid waste. During the whole of this severe, but necessary occupation, scarcely an Indian was to be seen. The alarm had spread universally, and every village was found deserted. Occasionally, a solitary Indian would crawl up within gunshot, and deliver his fire; and once a small party, mounted upon superb horses, rode up with great audacity, within musket shot, and took a leisurely survey of the whole army, but upon seeing a detachment preparing to attack them, they galloped off with a rapidity that baffled pursuit.

Boone accompanied this expedition, but, as usual, has omitted every thing which relates to himself. Here the brief memoir of Boone closes. It does not appear that he was afterwards engaged in any public expedition or solitary adventure. He continued a highly respectable citizen of Kentucky for several years, until the country became too thickly settled for *his* taste. As refinement of manners advanced, and the general standard of intelligence became elevated by the constant arrival of families of rank and influence, the rough old woodsman found himself entirely out of his element. He could neither read nor write—the all-engaging subject of politics, which soon began to agitate the country with great violence, was to him as a sealed book or an unknown language, and for several years he wandered among the living group which thronged the court yard or the churches, like a venerable relict of other days. He was among them, but not of them! He pined in secret for the wild and lonely forests of the west—for the immense prairie, trodden only by the buffalo, or the elk, and became eager to exchange the listless langor and security of a village, for the healthful exercises of the chase, or the more thrilling excitement of savage warfare.

In 1792, he dictated his brief and rather dry memoirs to some young gentleman who could write, and who has garnished it with a few flourishes of rhetoric, which passed off upon the old woodsman as a precious morsel of eloquence. He was never more gratified than when he could sit and hear it read to him, by some one who was willing at so small an expense to gratify the harmless vanity of the kind hearted old pioneer. He would listen with great earnestness, and occasionally rub his hands, smile, and ejaculate, "all true! every word true!—not a lie in it!" He shortly afterwards left Kentucky, and removed to Louisiana. Hunting was his daily amusement, and almost his only occupation. Until the day of his

death, (and he lived to an unusually advanced age,) he was in the habit of remaining for days at a time in the forest, at a distance from the abodes of men, armed with a rifle, hatchet, knife, and having flints and steel to enable him to kindle a fire, and broil the wild game upon which he depended for subsistence. When too old to walk through the woods, as was his custom when young, he would ride to a lick, and there lay in ambush all day, for the sake of getting a shot at the herds of deer that were accustomed to visit the spot, for the sake of the salt. We have heard that he died in the woods, while lying in ambush near a lick, but have not at present the means of ascertaining with certainty the manner of his death. He has left behind him a name strongly written in the annals of Kentucky, and a reputation for calm courage, softened by humanity, conducted by prudence, and embellished by a singular modesty of deportment. His person was rough, robust, and indicating strength rather than activity; his manner was cold, grave and taciturn; his countenance homely, but kind; his conversation unadorned, unobtrusive, and touching only upon the "needful." He never spoke of himself, unless particularly questioned; but the written account of his life was the Delilah of his imagination. The idea of "seeing his name in print," completely overcame the cold philosophy of his general manner, and he seemed to think it a masterpiece of composition.

SKETCH

OF THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

SIMON KENTON.

Simon Kenton was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, on the 15th of May, 1755, the ever memorable year of Braddock's defeat. Of his early years nothing is known. His parents were poor, and until the age of sixteen, his days seem to have passed away in the obscure and laborious drudgery of a farm. He was never taught to read or write, and to this early negligence or inability on the part of his parents, is the poverty and desolation of his old age, in a great measure to be attributed. At the age of sixteen, by an unfortunate adventure, he was launched into life, with no other fortune, than a stout heart, and a robust set of limbs. It seems that, young as he was, his heart had become entangled in the snares of a young coquette in the neighborhood, who was grievously perplexed by the necessity of choosing *one* husband out of *many* lovers. Young Kenton and a robust farmer by the name of Leitchman, seem to have been the most favored suitors, and the young lady, not being able to decide upon their respective merits, they took the matter into their own hands, and, in consequence of foul play on the part of Leitchman's friends, young Kenton was beaten with great severity. He submitted to his fate, for the time, in silence, but internally vowed, that as soon as he had obtained his full growth, he would take ample vengeance upon his rival, for the disgrace he had sustained at his hands. He waited patiently until the following spring, when finding himself six feet high, and full of health and action, he determined to delay the hour of retribution no longer.

He accordingly walked over to Leitchman's house one morning, and finding him busily engaged in carrying shingles from the woods, to his own house, he stopped him, told him his object, and desired him to adjourn to a spot more convenient for the purpose. Leitchman, confident in his superior age and strength, was not backward in testifying his willingness to indulge him in so amiable a pastime, and having reached a solitary spot in the wood, they both stripped and prepared for the encounter. The battle was fought with all the fury which mutual hate, jealousy, and herculean power on both sides, could supply, and after a severe round, in which considerable

damage was done and received, Kenton was brought to the ground. Leitchman (as usual in Virginia) sprung upon him without the least scruple, and added the most bitter taunts, to the kicks with which he saluted him, from his head to his heels, reminding him of his former defeat, and rubbing salt into the raw wounds of jealousy, by triumphant allusions to his own superiority both in love and war. During these active operations on the part of Leitchman, Kenton lay perfectly still, eying attentively a small bush which grew near them. It instantly occurred to him, that if he could wind Leitchman's hair, (which was remarkably long,) around this bush, he would be able to return those kicks which were now bestowed upon him in such profusion. The difficulty was to get his antagonist near enough. This he at length effected in the good old Virginia style, viz: by biting him *en arriere*, and compelling him, by short springs, to approach the bush, much as a bullock is goaded on to approach the fatal ring, where all his struggles are useless. When near enough, Kenton suddenly exerted himself violently, and succeeded in wrapping the long hair of his rival around the sapling. He then sprung to his feet, and inflicted a terrible revenge for all his past injuries. In a few seconds Leitchman was gasping, apparently in the agonies of death. Kenton instantly fled, without even returning for an additional supply of clothing, and directed his steps westward.

During the first day of his journey, he travelled in much agitation. He supposed that Leitchman was dead, and that the hue and cry would instantly be raised after himself as the murderer. The constant apprehension of a gallows, lent wings to his flight, and he scarcely allowed himself a moment for refreshment, until he had reached the neighborhood of the Warm Springs, where the settlements were thin and the immediate danger of pursuit was over. Here, he fortunately fell in with an exile from the state of New Jersey, of the name of Johnson, who was travelling westward on foot, and driving a single pack horse, laden with a few necessaries, before him. They soon became acquainted, related their adventures to each other, and agreed to travel together. They plunged boldly into the wilderness of the Alleghany mountains, and subsisting upon wild game and a small quantity of flour, which Johnson had brought with him, they made no halt until they arrived at a small settlement on Cheat river, one of the prongs of the Monongahela. Here the two friends separated, and Kenton, (who had assumed the name of Butler,) attached himself to a small company headed by John Mahon and Jacob Greathouse, who had united for the purpose of exploring the country. They quickly built a large canoe, and descended the river as far as the Province's settlement. There Kenton became acquainted with two young adventurers, Yager and Strader, the former of whom had been taken by the Indians when a child, and had spent many years in their village. He informed Kenton that there was a country below, which the Indians called Kan-tuck-ee, which was a perfect Elysium: that the ground was not only the richest, and the vegetation the most luxuriant in the world, but

that the immense heards of buffalo and elk, which ranged at large through its forests, would appear incredible to one who had never witnessed such a spectacle. He added, that it was entirely uninhabited, and was open to all who chose to hunt there; that he himself had often accompanied the Indians in their grand hunting parties through the country, and was confident that he could conduct him to the same ground, if he was willing to venture.

Kenton closed with the proposal, and announced his readiness to accompany him immediately. A canoe was speedily procured, and the three young men committed themselves to the waters of the Ohio, in search of the enchanted hunting ground, which Yager had visited in his youth, while a captive among the Indians. Yager had no idea of its exact distance from Province's settlement. He recollected only that he had crossed the Ohio in order to reach it, and declared that, by sailing down the river for a few days, they would come to the spot where the Indians were accustomed to cross, and assured Kenton that there would be no difficulty in recognizing it, that its appearance was different from all the rest of the world, &c. &c.

Fired by Yager's glowing description of its beauty, and eager to reach this new El Dorado of the west, the young men rowed hard for several days, confidently expecting that every bend of the river would usher them into the land of promise. No such country, however, appeared; and at length Kenton and Strader became rather sceptical as to its existence at all. They rallied Yager freely upon the subject, who still declared positively that they would soon witness the confirmation of all that he had said. After descending, however, as low as the spot where Manchester now stands, and seeing nothing which resembled Yager's country, they held a council, in which it was determined to return and survey the country more carefully—Yager still insisting, that they must have passed it in the night. They accordingly retraced their steps, and successively explored the land about Salt Lick, Little and Big Sandy, and Guyandotte. At length, being totally wearied out, in searching for what had no existence, they turned their attention entirely to hunting and trapping, and spent nearly two years upon the Great Kenawha, in this agreeable and profitable accupation. They obtained clothing in exchange for their furs, from the traders of Fort Pitt, and the forest supplied them abundantly with wild game for food.

In March, 1773, while reposing in their tent, after the labors of the day, they were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians. Strader was killed at the first fire, and Kenton and Yager with difficulty effected their escape, being compelled to abandon their guns, blankets, and provisions, and commit themselves to the wilderness, without the means of sheltering themselves from the cold, procuring a morsel of food, or even kindling a fire. They were far removed from any white settlement, and had no other prospect than that of perishing by famine, or falling a sacrifice to the fury of such Indians as might chance to meet them. Reflecting, however, that it was

never too late for men to be utterly lost, they determined to strike through the woods for the Ohio river, and take such fortune as it should please heaven to bestow.

Directing their route by the barks of trees, they pressed forward in a straight direction for the Ohio, and during the two first days allayed the piercing pangs of hunger by chewing such roots as they could find on their way. On the third day, their strength began to fail, and the keen appetite which at first had constantly tortured them, was succeeded by a nausea, accompanied with dizziness and sinking of the heart, bordering on despair. On the fourth day, they often threw themselves upon the ground, determined to await the approach of death—and as often were stimulated by the instinctive love of life, to arise and resume their journey. On the fifth, they were completely exhausted, and were able only to crawl, at intervals. In this manner, they travelled about a mile during the day, and succeeded, by sunset, in reaching the banks of the Ohio. Here, to their inexpressible joy, they encountered a party of traders, from whom they obtained a comfortable supply of provisions.

The traders were so much startled at the idea of being exposed to perils, such as those which Kenton and Yager had just escaped, that they lost no time in removing from such a dangerous vicinity, and instantly returned to the mouth of the Little Kenawha, where they met with Dr. Briscoe at the head of another exploring party. From him, Kenton obtained a rifle and some ammunition, with which he again plunged alone into the forest and hunted with success until the summer of '73 was far advanced. Returning, then, to the Little Kenawha, he found a party of fourteen men under the direction of Dr. Wood and Hancock Lee, who were descending the Ohio with the view of joining Capt. Bullitt, who was supposed to be at the mouth of Scioto, with a large party. Kenton instantly joined them, and descended the river in canoes as far as the Three Islands, landing frequently and examining the country on each side of the river. At the Three Islands they were alarmed by the approach of a large party of Indians, by whom they were compelled to abandon their canoes and strike diagonally through the wilderness for Greenbriar county, Virginia. They suffered much during this journey from fatigue and famine, and were compelled at one time (nothwithstanding the danger of their situation,) to halt for fourteen days and wait upon Dr. Wood, who had unfortunately been bitten by a copperhead snake and rendered incapable of moving for that length of time. Upon reaching the settlements the party separated.

Kenton, not wishing to venture to Virginia, (having heard nothing of Leitchman's recovery,) built a canoe on the banks of the Monongahela, and returned to the mouth of the Great Kenawha, hunted with success until the spring of '74, when a war broke out between the Indian tribes and the colonies, occasioned, in a great measure, by the murder of the family of the celebrated Indian Chief, Logan. Kenton was not in the great battle near the mouth of the Kenawha, but acted as a spy throughout the whole of the campaign, in the

course of which, he traversed the country around Fort Pitt, and a large part of the present state of Ohio.

When Dunmore's forces were disbanded, Kenton, in company with two others, determined on making a second effort to discover the rich lands bordering on the Ohio, of which Yager had spoken. Having built a canoe, and provided themselves abundantly with ammunition, they descended the river as far as the mouth of Big Bone Creek, upon which the celebrated Lick of that name is situated. They there disembarked, and explored the country for several days; but not finding the land equal to their expectations, they reascended the river as far as the mouth of Cabin Creek, a few miles above Maysville.

From this point, they set out with a determination to examine the country carefully, until they could find land answering in some degree to Yager's description. In a short time, they reached the neighborhood of Mayslick, and for the first time were struck with the uncommon beauty of the country and fertility of the soil. Here they fell in with the great buffalo trace, which in a few hours, brought them to the Lower Blue Lick. The flats upon each side of the river were crowded with immense herds of buffalo, that had come down from the interior for the sake of the salt, and a number of elk were seen upon the bare ridges which surrounded the springs. Their great object was now achieved. They had discovered a country far more rich than any which they had yet beheld, and where the game seemed as abundant as the grass of the plain.

After remaining a few days at the Lick, and killing an immense number of deer and buffalo, they crossed the Licking, and passed through the present counties of Scott, Fayette, Woodford, Clarke, Montgomery and Bath, when, falling in with another buffalo trace, it conducted them to the Upper Blue Lick, where they again beheld elk and buffalo in immense numbers. Highly gratified at the success of their expedition, they quickly returned to their canoe, and ascended the river as far as Green Bottom, where they had left their skins, some ammunition, and a few hoes, which they had procured at Kenawha, with the view of cultivating the rich ground which they expected to find.

Returning as quickly as possible, they built a cabin on the spot where the town of Washington now stands, and having cleared an acre of ground, in the centre of a large canebrake, they planted it with Indian corn. Strolling about the country in various directions, they one day fell in with two white men, near the Lower Blue Lick, who had lost their guns, blankets, and ammunition, and were much distressed for provisions and the means of extricating themselves from the wilderness. They informed them that their names were Fitzpatrick and Hendricks; that, in descending the Ohio, their canoe had been overset by a sudden squall; and that they were compelled to swim ashore, without being able to save any thing from the wreck; that they had wandered thus far through the woods, in the effort to penetrate through the country, to the settlements above,

but must infallibly perish, unless they could be furnished with guns and ammunition. Kenton informed them of the small settlement which he had opened at Washington, and invited them to join him and share such fortune as Providence might bestow. Hendricks consented to remain, but Fitzpatrick, being heartily sick of the woods, insisted upon returning to the Monongahela. Kenton and his two friends, accompanied Fitzpatrick to "the point," as it was then called, being the spot where Maysville now stands, and having given him a gun, &c., assisted him in crossing the river, and took leave of him on the other side.

In the mean time, Hendricks had been left at the Blue Lick, without a gun, but with a good supply of provisions, until the party could return from the river. As soon as Fitzpatrick had gone, Kenton and his two frinds hastened to return to the Lick, not doubting for a moment, that they would find Hendricks in camp as they had left him. Upon arriving at the point where the tent had stood, however, they were alarmed at finding it deserted, with evident marks of violence around it. Several bullet holes were to be seen in the poles of which it was constructed, and various articles belonging to Hendricks, were tossed about in too negligent a manner, to warrant the belief that it had been done by him. At a little distance from the camp, in a low ravine, they observed a thick smoke, as if from a fire just beginning to burn. They did not doubt for a moment, that Hendricks had fallen into the hands of the Indians, and believing that a party of them were then assembled around the fire which was about to be kindled, they betook themselves to their heels, and fled faster and farther than true chivalry perhaps would justify. They remained at a distance until the evening of the next day, when they ventured cautiously to return to camp. The fire was still burning, although faintly, and after carefully reconnoitering the adjacent ground, they ventured at length to approach the spot, and there beheld the skull and bones of their unfortunate friend! He had evidently been roasted to death by a party of Indians, and must have been alive at the time when Kenton and his companion approached on the preceding day. It was a subject of deep regret to the party, that they had not reconnoitered the spot more closely, as it was probable that their friend might have been rescued. The number of Indians might have been small, and a brisk and unexpected attack might have dispersed them. Regret, however, was now unavailing, and they sadly retraced their steps to their camp at Washington, pondering upon the uncertainty of their own condition, and upon the danger to which they were hourly exposed from the numerous bands of hostile Indians, who were prowling around them in every direction.

They remained at Washington, entirely undisturbed, until the month of September, when again visiting the Lick, they saw a white man, who informed them that the interior of the country was already occupied by the whites, and that there was a thriving settlement at Boonsborough. Highly gratified at this intelligence, and

anxious once more to enjoy the society of men, they broke up their encampment at Washington, and visited the different stations which had been formed in the country. Kenton sustained two sieges in Boonsborough, and served as a spy, with equal diligence and success, until the summer of '78, when Boone, returning from captivity, as has already been mentioned, concerted an expedition against the small Indian town on Paint Creek. Kenton acted as a spy on this expedition, and after crossing the Ohio, being some distance in advance of the rest, he was suddenly startled by hearing a loud laugh from an adjoining thicket, which he was just about to enter. Instantly halting, he took his station behind a tree, and waited anxiously for a repetition of the noise. In a few minutes, two Indians approached the spot where he lay, both mounted upon a small poney, and chatting and laughing in high good humor. Having permitted them to approach within good rifle distance, he raised his gun, and aiming at the breast of the foremost, pulled the trigger. Both Indians fell—one shot dead, the other severely wounded. Their frightened poney galloped back into the cane, giving the alarm to the rest of the party, who were some distance in the rear. Kenton instantly ran up to scalp the dead man and to tomahawk his wounded companion, according to the usual rule of western warfare; but, when about to put an end to the struggles of the wounded Indian, who did not seem disposed to submit very quietly to the operation, his attention was arrested by a rustling in the cane on his right, and turning rapidly in that direction, he beheld two Indians within twenty steps of him, very deliberately taking aim at his person. A quick spring to one side, on his part, was instantly followed by the flash and report of their rifles—the balls whistled close to his ears, causing him involuntarily to duck his head, but doing him no injury. Not liking so hot a neighborhood, and ignorant of the number which might yet be behind, he lost no time in regaining the shelter of the wood, leaving the dead Indian unscalped and the wounded man to the care of his friends. Scarcely had he treed, when a dozen Indians appeared on the edge of the canebrake, and seemed disposed to press upon him with more vigor than was consistent with the safety of his present position. His fears, however, were instantly relieved by the appearance of Boone and his party, who came running up as rapidly as a due regard for the shelter of their persons would permit, and opening a brisk fire upon the Indians, quickly compelled them to regain the shelter of the canebrake, with the loss of several wounded, who, as usual, were carried off. The dead Indian, in the hurry of the retreat, was abandoned, and Kenton at last had the gratification of taking his scalp!

Boone, as has already been mentioned, instantly retraced his steps to Boonsborough; but Kenton and his friend Montgomery, determined to proceed alone to the Indian town, and at least obtain some recompense for the trouble of their journey. Approaching the village with the cautious and stealthy pace of the cat or panther, they took their stations upon the edge of the cornfield, supposing

that the Indians would enter it as usual to gather roasting ears. They remained here patiently all day, but did not see a single Indian, and heard only the voices of some children who were playing near them. Being disappointed in the hope of getting a shot, they entered the Indian town in the night, and stealing four good horses, made a rapid night's march for the Ohio, which they crossed in safety, and on the second day afterwards reached Logan's fort with their booty.

Scarcely had he returned, when Col. Bowman ordered him to take his friend Montgomery, and another young man named Clark, and go on a secret expedition to an Indian town on the Little Miami, against which the Colonel meditated an expedition, and of the exact condition of which he wished to have certain information. They instantly sat out, in obedience to their orders, and reached the neighborhood of the town without being discovered. They examined it attentively, and walked around the houses during the night with perfect impunity. Thus far all had gone well—and had they been contented to return after the due execution of their orders, they would have avoided the heavy calamity which awaited them. But, unfortunately, during their nightly promenade, they stumbled upon a pound in which were a number of Indian horses. The temptation was not to be resisted. They each mounted a horse, but not satisfied with that, they could not find it in their hearts to leave a single animal behind them, and as some of the horses seemed indisposed to change masters, the affair was attended with so much fracas, that at last they were discovered. The cry ran through the village at once, that the Long Knives were stealing their horses right before the doors of their wigwams, and old and young, squaws, boys and warriors, all sallied out with loud screams to save their property from these greedy spoilers. Kenton and his friends quickly discovered that they had overshot the mark, and that they must ride for their lives; but even in this extremity, they could not bring themselves to give up a single horse which they had haltered, and while two of them rode in front and led, I know not how many horses, the other brought up the rear, and plying his whip from right to left, did not permit a single animal to lag behind. In this manner they dashed through the woods at a furious rate, with the hue and cry after them, until their course was suddenly stopped by an impenetrable swamp. Here, from necessity, they paused for a few moments and listened attentively. Hearing no sounds of pursuit, they resumed their course, and skirting the swamp for some distance, in the vain hope of crossing it, they bent their course in a straight direction towards the Ohio. They rode during the whole night without resting a moment—and halting for a few minutes at daylight, they continued their journey throughout the day, and the whole of the following night, and by this uncommon expedition, on the morning of the second day they reached the northern bank of the Ohio. Crossing the river would now ensure their safety, but this was likely to prove a difficult undertaking, and the close pursuit

which they had reason to expect, rendered it necessary to lose as little time as possible. The wind was high and the river rough and boisterous. It was determined that Kenton should cross with the horses, while Clark and Montgomery should construct a raft in order to transport their guns, baggage and ammunition to the opposite shore. The necessary preparations were soon made, and Kenton, after forcing his horses into the river, plunged in himself and swam by their side. In a very few minutes the high waves completely overwhelmed him and forced him considerably below the horses, which stemmed the current much more vigorously than himself.—The horses being thus left to themselves, turned about and swam again to the Ohio shore, where Kenton was compelled to follow them. Again he forced them into the water, and again they returned to the same spot, until Kenton became so exhausted by repeated efforts as to be unable to swim. A council was then held and the question proposed, "what was to be done?" That the Indians would pursue them, was certain—that the horses would not, and could not be made to cross the river in its present state, was equally certain. Should they abandon their horses and cross on the raft, or remain with their horses and take such fortune as heaven should send? The latter alternative was unanimously adopted. Death or captivity might be tolerated—but to lose so beautiful a lot of horses, after having worked so hard for them, was not to be thought of for a moment.

As soon as it was determined that themselves and horses were to share the same fate, it again became necessary to fix upon some probable plan of saving them. Should they move up or down the river, or remain where they were? The latter course was adopted. It was supposed that the wind would fall at sunset, and the river become sufficiently calm to admit of their passage, and as it was supposed probable that the Indians might be upon them before night, it was determined to conceal the horses in a neighboring ravine, while they should take their stations in the adjoining wood. A more miserable plan could not have been adopted. If they could not consent to sacrifice their horses, in order to save their own lives, they should have moved either up or down the river, and thus have preserved the distance from the Indians which their rapidity of movement had gained. The Indians would have followed their trail, and being twenty-four hours march behind them, could never have overtaken them. But neglecting this obvious consideration, they stupidly sat down until sunset, expecting that the river would become more calm. The day passed away in tranquility, but at night the wind blew harder than ever, and the water became so rough, that even their raft would have been scarcely able to cross. Not an instant more should have been lost, in moving from so dangerous a post; but, as if totally infatuated, they remained where they were until morning—thus wasting twenty-four hours of most precious time in total idleness. In the morning the wind abated, and the river became calm—but it was now too late. Their horses,

recollecting the difficulty of the passage on the preceding day, had become as obstinate and heedless as their masters, and positively and repeatedly refused to take the water. Finding every effort to compel them entirely unavailing, their masters at length determined to do what ought to have been done at first. Each resolved to mount a horse and make the best of his way down the river to Louisville. Had even this resolution, however tardily adopted, been executed with decision, the party would probably have been saved, but after they were mounted, instead of leaving the ground instantly, they went back upon their own trail, in the vain effort to regain possession of the rest of their horses, which had broken from them in the last effort to drive them into the water. They wearied out their good genius, and literally fell victims to their love for horse-flesh. They had scarcely ridden one hundred yards, (Kenton in the centre, the others upon the flanks, with an interval of two hundred yards between them,) when Kenton heard a loud halloo, apparently coming from the spot which they had just left. Instead of getting out of the way as fast as possible, and trusting to the speed of his horse and the thickness of the wood for safety, he put the last capping stone to his imprudence, and dismounting, walked leisurely back to meet his pursuers, and thus give them as little trouble as possible. He quickly beheld three Indians and one white man, all well mounted. Wishing to give the alarm to his companions, he raised his rifle to his shoulder, took a steady aim at the breast of the foremost Indian, and drew the trigger. His gun had become wet on the raft, and flashed. The enemy were instantly alarmed, and dashed at him. Now, at last, when flight could be of no service, Kenton betook himself to his heels, and was pursued by four horsemen at full speed. He instantly directed his steps to the thickest part of the wood, where there was much fallen timber and rank growth of underwood, and had succeeded, as he thought, in baffling his pursuers, when, just as he was leaving the fallen timber and entering the open wood, an Indian on horseback galloped round the corner of the wood, and approached him so rapidly as to render flight useless. The horseman rode up, holding out his hand and calling out "brother! brother!" in a tone of great affection. Kenton observes that if his gun would have made fire he would have "brothered" him to his heart's content, but being totally unarmed, he called out that he would surrender if they would give him quarter and good treatment. Promises were cheap with the Indian, and he showered them out by the dozen, continuing all the while to advance with extended hands and a writhing grin upon his countenance, which was intended for a smile of courtesy. Seizing Kenton's hand, he grasped it with violence. Kenton, not liking the manner of his captor, raised his gun to knock him down, when an Indian who had followed him closely through the brushwood, instantly sprung upon his back and pinioned his arms to his side. The one who had just approached him then seized him by the hair and shook him until his teeth rattled, while the rest of the party coming up, they all fell upon Kenton with their

tongues and ramrods, until he thought they would scold or beat him to death. They were the owners of the horses which he had carried off, and now took ample revenge for the loss of their property. At every stroke of their ramrods over his head, (and they were neither few nor far between,) they would repeat, in a tone of strong indignation, "steal Indian hoss!! hey!!"

Their attention, however, was soon directed to Montgomery, who, having heard the noise attending Kenton's capture, very gallantly hastened up to his assistance; while Clark very prudently consulted his own safety by betaking himself to his heels, leaving his unfortunate companions to shift for themselves. Montgomery halted within gunshot and appeared busy with the pan of his gun as if preparing to fire. Two Indians instantly sprung off in pursuit of him, while the rest attended to Kenton. In a few minutes Kenton heard the crack of two rifles in quick succession, followed by a halloo, which announced the fate of his friend. The Indians quickly returned, waving the bloody scalp of Montgomery, and with countenances and gestures which menaced him with a similar fate. They then proceeded to secure their prisoner. They first compelled him to lie upon his back, and stretch out his arms to their full length. They then passed a stout stick at right angles across his breast, to each extremity of which his wrists were fastened by thongs made of buffalo's hide. Stakes were then driven into the earth near his feet to which they were fastened in a similar manner. A halter was then tied around his neck and fastened to a sapling which grew near, and finally a strong rope was passed under his body, lashed strongly to the pole which lay transversely upon his breast, and finally wrapped around his arms at the elbows, in such a manner as to pinion them to the pole with a painful violence, and render him literally incapable of moving hand, foot, or head, in the slightest manner.

During the whole of this severe operation, neither their tongues nor hands were by any means idle. They cuffed him from time to time, with great heartiness, until his ears rang again, and abused him for "a teef!—a hoss steal!—a rascal!" and finally for a "d—d white man!" I may here observe, that all the western Indians had picked up a good many English words—particularly our oaths, which, from the frequency with which they were used by our hunters and traders, they probably looked upon as the very root and foundation of the English language. Kenton remained in this painful attitude throughout the night, looking forward to certain death, and most probably torture, as soon as he should reach their towns. Their rage against him seemed to increase rather than abate, from indulgence, and in the morning it displayed itself in a form at once ludicrous and cruel. Among the horses which Kenton had taken, and which their original owners had now recovered, was a fine but wild young colt, totally unbroken, and with all his honors of mane and tail undocked. Upon him Kenton was mounted, without saddle or bridle, with his hands tied behind him, and his feet fastened under the horse's belly. The country was rough and bushy, and Kenton

had no means of protecting his face from the brambles, through which it was expected that the colt would dash. As soon as the rider was firmly fastened to his back, the colt was turned loose with a sudden lash, but after exerting a few curvetts and caprioles, to the great distress of his rider, but the infinite amusement of the Indians, he appeared to take compassion upon his rider, and falling into a line with the other horses, avoided the brambles entirely, and went on very well. In this manner he rode through the day. At night he was taken from the horse and confined as before.

On the third day, they came within a few miles of Chillicothe. Here the party halted and dispatched a messenger to inform the village of their arrival, in order, I suppose, to give them time to prepare for his reception. In a short time Blackfish, one of their chiefs, arrived, and regarding Kenton with a stern countenance, thundered out in very good English, "You have been stealing horses?" "Yes, sir." "Did Capt. Boone tell you to steal our horses?" "No, sir: I did it of my own accord." This frank confession was too irritating to be borne. Blackfish made no reply, but brandishing a hickory switch, which he held in his hand, he applied it so briskly to Kenton's naked back and shoulders, as to bring the blood freely, and occasion acute pain.

Thus alternately beaten and scolded, he marched on to the village. At the distance of a mile from Chillicothe, he saw every inhabitant of the town, men, women and children, running out to feast their eyes with a view of the prisoner. Every individual, down to the smallest child, appeared in a paroxism of rage. They whooped, they yelled, they hooted, they clapped their hands, and poured upon him a flood of abuse to which all that he had yet received, was gentleness and civility. With loud cries they demanded that their prisoner should be tied to the stake. The hint was instantly complied with. A stake was quickly fastened into the ground. The remnants of Kenton's shirt and breeches were torn from his person, (the squaws officiating with great dexterity in both operations,) and his hands, being tied together and raised above his head, were fastened to the top of the stake. The whole party then danced around him until midnight, yelling and screaming in their usual frantic manner, striking him with switches, and slapping him with the palms of their hands. He expected every moment to undergo the torture of fire, but *that* was reserved for another time. They wished to prolong the pleasure of tormenting him as much as possible, and after having caused him to anticipate the bitterness of death, until a late hour of the night, they released him from his stake and conveyed him to the village.

Early in the morning he beheld the scalp of Montgomery stretched upon a hoop, and drying in the air, before the door of one of their principal houses. He was quickly led out and ordered to run the gauntlet. A row of boys, women and men, extended to the distance of a quarter of a mile. At the starting place, stood two grim looking warriors, with butcher knives in their hands—at the extremity

of the line, was an Indian beating a drum, and a few paces beyond the drum was the door of the council house. Clubs, switches, hoe-handles and tomahawks were brandished along the whole line, causing the sweat involuntarily to stream from his pores, at the idea of the discipline which his naked skin was to receive during the race. The moment for starting arrived—the great drum at the door of the council house was struck—and Kenton sprung forward in the race.—He avoided the row of his enemies, and turning to the east, drew the whole party in pursuit of him. He doubled several times with great activity, and at length observing an opening, he darted though it, and pressed forward to the council house with a rapidity which left his pursuers far behind. One or two of the Indians succeeded in throwing themselves between him and the goal—and from these alone, he received a few blows, but was much less injured than he could at first have supposed possible.

As soon as the race was over, a council was held in order to determine whether he should be burnt to death on the spot, or carried round to the other villages, and exhibited to every tribe. The arbiters of his fate sat in a circle on the floor of the council house, while the unhappy prisoner, naked and bound, was committed to the care of a guard in the open air. The deliberation commenced. Each warrior sat in silence, while a large war club was passed round the circle. Those who were opposed to burning the prisoner on the spot, were to pass the club in silence to the next warrior, those in favor of burning, were to strike the earth violently with the club before passing it. A teller was appointed to count the votes. This dignitary quickly reported that the opposition had prevailed: that his execution was suspended for the present; and that it was determined to take him to an Indian town on Mad river, called Waughcotomoco. His fate was quickly announced to him by a renegado white man, who acted as interpreter. Kenton felt rejoiced at the issue—but naturally became anxious to know what was in reserve for him at Waughcotomoco. He accordingly asked the white man "what the Indians intended to do with him, upon reaching the appointed place?" "BURN YOU! G——d d——n you!!!" was the ferocious reply. He asked no further question, and the scowling interpreter walked away.

Instantly preparations were made for his departure, and to his great joy, as well as astonishment, his clothes were restored to him, and he was permitted to remain unbound. Thanks to the ferocious intimation of the interpreter, he was aware of the fate in reserve for him, and secretly determined that he would never reach Waughcotomoco alive if it was possible to avoid it. Their route lay through an unpruned forest, abounding in thickets and undergrowth. Unbound as he was, it would not be impossible to escape from the hands of his conductors; and if he could once enter the thickets, he thought that he might be enabled to baffle his pursuers. At the worst, he could only be retaken—and the fire would burn no hotter after an attempt to escape, than before. During the whole of their march,

he remained abstracted and silent—often meditating an effort for liberty, and as often shrinking from the peril of the attempt.

At length he was aroused from his reverie, by the Indians firing off their guns, and raising the shrill scalp halloo. The signal was soon answered, and the deep roll of a drum was heard far in front, announcing to the unhappy prisoner, that they were approaching an Indian town where the gauntlet, certainly, and perhaps the stake awaited him. The idea of a repetition of the dreadful scenes which he had already encountered, completely banished the indecision which had hitherto withheld him, and with a sudden and startling cry, he sprung into the bushes and fled with the speed of a wild deer. The pursuit was instant and keen, some on foot, some on horseback. But he was flying for his life—the stake and the hot iron, and the burning splinters, were before his eyes, and he soon distanced the swiftest hunter that pursued him. But fate was against him at every turn. Thinking only of the enemy behind—he forgot that there might also be enemies before—and before he was aware of what he had done, he found that he had plunged into the centre of a fresh party of horsemen, who had sallied from the town at the firing of the guns, and happened unfortunately to stumble upon the poor prisoner, now making a last effort for freedom. His heart sunk at once from the ardor of hope, to the very pit of despair, and he was again haltered and driven before them to town like an ox to the slaughter-house.

Upon reaching the village, (Pickaway,) he was fastened to a stake near the door of the council house, and the warriors again assembled in debate. In a short time, they issued from the council house, and surrounding him, they danced, yelled, &c. for several hours, giving him once more a foretaste of the bitterness of death. On the following morning, their journey was continued, but the Indians had now become watchful, and gave him no opportunity of even attempting an escape. On the second day, he arrived at Waughcotomoco. Here he was again compelled to run the gauntlet, in which he was severely hurt; and immediately after this ceremony, he was taken to the council house, and all the warriors once more assembled to determine his fate.

He sat silent and dejected upon the floor of the cabin, awaiting the moment which was to deliver him to the stake, when the door of the council house opened, and Simon Girty, James Girty, John Ward and an Indian, came in with a woman (Mrs. Mary Kennedy,) as a prisoner, together with seven children and seven scalps. Kenton was instantly removed from the council house, and the deliberations of the assembly were protracted to a very late hour, in consequence of the arrival of the last named party with a fresh drove of prisoners.

At length, he was again summoned to attend the council house, being informed that his fate was decided. Regarding the mandate as a mere prelude to the stake and fire, which he knew was intended for him, he obeyed it with the calm despair which had now

succeeded the burning anxiety of the last few days. Upon entering the council house, he was greeted with a savage scowl, which, if he had still cherished a spark of hope, would have completely extinguished it. Simon Girty threw a blanket upon the floor, and harshly ordered him to take a seat upon it. The order was not immediately complied with, and Girty impatiently seized his arm, jirked him roughly upon the blanket, and pulled him down upon it. In the same rough and menacing tone, Girty then interrogated him as to the condition of Kentucky. "How many men are there in Kentucky?" "It is impossible for me to answer that question," replied Kenton, "but I can tell you the number of officers and their respective ranks,—you can then judge for yourself." "Do you know William Stewart?" "Perfectly well—he is an old and intimate acquaintance." "What is your own name?" "Simon Butler!" replied Kenton. Never did the annunciation of a name produce a more powerful effect. Girty and Kenton (then bearing the name of Butler,) had served as spies together, in Dunmore's expedition. The former had not then abandoned the society of the whites for that of the savages, and had become warmly attached to Kenton during the short period of their services together. As soon as he heard the name he became strongly agitated—and springing from his seat, he threw his arms around Kenton's neck, and embraced him with much emotion. Then turning to the assembled warriors, who remained astonished spectators of this extraordinary scence, he addressed them in a short speech, which the deep earnestness of his tone, and the energy of his gesture, rendered eloquent. He informed them that the prisoner, whom they had just condemned to the stake, was his ancient comrade and bosom friend: that they had travelled the same war path, slept upon the same blanket, and dwelt in the same wigwam. He entreated them to have compassion upon his feelings—to spare him the agony of witnessing the torture of an old friend, by the hands of his adopted brothers—and not to refuse so trifling a favor as the life of a white man, to the earnest intercession of one who had proved by three years faithful service, that he was sincerely and zealously devoted to the cause of the Indians.

The speech was listened to, in unbroken silence. As soon as he had finished, several chiefs, expressed their approbation by a deep guttural injterjection, while others were equally as forward in making known their objections to the proposal. They urged that his fate had already been determined in a large and solemn council, and that they would be acting like squaws to change their minds every hour. They insisted upon the flagrant misdemeanors of Kenton; that he had not only stolen their horses, but had flashed his gun at one of their young men—that it was in vain to suppose that so bad a man could ever become an Indian at heart, like their brother Girty—that the Kentuckians were all alike—very bad people—and ought to be killed as fast as they were taken—and, finally, they observed that many of their people had come from a distance, solely to assist at the torture of the prisoner—and patheti-

cally painted the disappointment and chagrin with which they would hear that all their trouble had been for nothing.

Girty listened with obvious impatience to the young warriors, who had so ably argued against a reprieve—and starting to his feet, as soon as the others had concluded, he urged his former request with great earnestness. He briefly, but strongly recapitulated his own services, and the many and weighty instances of attachment which he had given. He asked if *he* could be suspected of partiality to the whites? When had he ever before interceded for any of that hated race? Had he not brought seven scalps home with him from the last expedition? and had he not submitted seven white prisoners that very evening to their discretion? Had he expressed a wish that a single one of the captives should be saved? *This* was his first and should be his last request: for if they refused to *him*, what was never refused to the intercession of one of their natural chiefs, he would look upon himself as disgraced in their eyes, and considered as unworthy of confidence. Which of their own natural warriors had been more zealous than himself? From what expedition had he ever shrunk? what white man had ever seen his back? Whose tomahawk had been bloodier than his? He would say no more. He asked it as a first and last favor; as an evidence that they approved of his zeal and fidelity, that the life of his bosom friend might be spared. Fresh speakers arose upon each side, and the debate was carried on for an hour and a half with great heat and energy.

During the whole of this time, Kenton's feelings may readily be imagined. He could not understand a syllable of what was said. He saw that Girty spoke with deep earnestness, and that the eyes of the assembly were often turned upon himself with various expressions. He felt satisfied that his friend was pleading for his life, and that he was violently opposed by a large part of the council. At length, the war club was produced and the final vote taken. Kenton watched its progress with thrilling emotion—which yielded to the most rapturous delight, as he perceived, that those who struck the floor of the council house, were decidedly inferior in number to those who passed it in silence. Having thus succeeded in his benevolent purpose, Girty lost no time in attending to the comfort of his friend. He led him into his own wigwam, and from his own store gave him a pair of moccasins and leggings, a breech-cloth, a hat, a coat, a handkerchief for his neck, and another for his head.

The whole of this remarkable scene is in the highest degree honorable to Girty, and is in striking contrast to most of his conduct after his union with the Indians. No man can be completely hardened, and no character is at all times the same. Girty had been deeply offended with the whites; and knowing that his desertion to the Indians had been universally and severely reprobated, and that he himself was regarded with detestation by his former countrymen —he seems to have raged against them from these causes, with a fury which resembled rather the paroxism of a maniac, than the

deliberate cruelty of a naturally ferocious temper. Fierce censure never reclaims—but rather drives to still greater extremities; and this is the reason that renegadoes are so much fiercer than natural foes—and that when females fall, they fall irretrievably.

For the space of three weeks, Kenton lived in perfect tranquility. Girty's kindness was uniform and indefatigable. He introduced Kenton to his own family, and accompanied him to the wigwams of the principal chiefs, who seemed all at once to have turned from the extremity of rage to the utmost kindness and cordiality. Fortune, however, seemed to have selected him for her football, and to have snatched him from the frying pan only to throw him into the fire. About twenty days after his most providential deliverance from the stake, he was walking in company with Girty and an Indian named Redpole, when another Indian came from the village towards them, uttering repeatedly a whoop of peculiar intonation. Girty instantly told Kenton that it was the distress halloo, and that they must all go instantly to the council house. Kenton's heart involuntarily fluttered at the intelligence, for he dreaded all whoops, and hated all council houses—firmly believing that neither boded him any good. Nothing, however, could be done, to avoid whatever fate awaited, and he sadly accompanied Girty and Redpole back to the village.

Upon approaching the Indian who had hallooed, Girty and Redpole shook hands with him. Kenton likewise offered his hand, but the Indian refused to take it—at the same time scowling upon him ominously. This took place within a few paces of the door of the council house. Upon entering, they saw that the house was unusually full. Many chiefs and warriors from the distant towns were present; and their countenances were grave, severe and forbidding. Girty, Redpole and Kenton, walked around, offering their hands successively to each warrior. The hands of the two first were cordially received—but when poor Kenton anxiously offered *his* hand to the first warrior, it was rejected with the same scowling eye as before. He passed on to the second, but was still rejected—he persevered, however, until his hand had been refused by the first six—when sinking into despondence, he turned off and stood apart from the rest.

The debate quickly commenced. Kenton looked eagerly towards Girty, as his last and only hope. His friend looked anxious and distressed. The chiefs from a distance arose one after another, and spoke in a firm and indignant tone, often looking at Kenton with an eye of death. Girty did not desert him—but his eloquence appeared wasted upon the distant chiefs. After a warm debate, he turned to Kenton and said, "well! my friend! *you must die!*"—One of the stranger chiefs instantly seized him by the collar, and the others surrounding him, he was strongly pinioned, committed to a guard, and instantly marched off. His guard were on horseback, while the prisoner was driven before them on foot, with a long rope around his neck, the other end of which was held by one of the guard. In this manner they had marched about two and a half miles, when

Girty passed them on horseback, informing Kenton that he had friends at the next village, with whose aid he hoped to be able to do something for him. Girty passed on to the town, but finding that nothing could be done, he would not see his friend again, but returned to Waughcotomoco by a different route.

They passed through the village without halting, and at the distance of two and a half miles beyond it, Kenton had again an opportunity of witnessing the fierce hate with which these children of nature regard an enemy. At the distance of a few paces from the road, a squaw was busily engaged in chopping wood, while her lord and master was sitting on a log, smoking his pipe and directing her labors, with the indolent indifference common to the natives, when not under the influence of some exciting passion. The sight of Kenton, however, seemed to rouse him to fury. He hastily sprung up, with a sudden yell—snatched the axe from the squaw, and rushing upon the prisoner so rapidly as to give him no opportunity of escape, dealt him a blow with the axe which cut through his shoulder, breaking the bone and almost severing the arm from his body. He would instantly have repeated the blow, had not Kenton's conductors interfered and protected him, severely reprimanding the Indian for attempting to rob them of the amusement of torturing the prisoner at ———.

They soon reached a large village upon the head waters of Scioto, where Kenton, for the first time, beheld the celebrated Mingo Chief, Logan, so honorably mentioned in Mr. Jefferson's Notes on Virginia. Logan walked gravely up to the place where Kenton stood, and the following short conversation ensued: "Well, young man, these young men seem very mad at you?" "Yes, sir, they certainly are." "Well! don't be disheartened; I am a great chief; you are to go to Sandusky—they speak of burning you there—but I will send two runners to-morrow to speak good for you." Logan's form was striking and manly—his countenance calm and noble, and he spoke the English language with fluency and correctness. Kenton's spirits instantly rose at the address of the benevolent chief, and he once more looked upon himself as providentially rescued from the stake.

On the following morning, two runners were dispatched to Sandusky, as the chief had promised, and until their return, Kenton was kindly treated being permitted to spend much of his time with Logan, who conversed with him freely, and in the most friendly manner. In the evening, the two runners returned, and were closeted with Logan. Kenton felt the most burning anxiety to know what was the result of their mission, but Logan did not visit him again until the next morning. He then walked up to him, accompanied by Kenton's guards, and giving him a piece of bread, told him that he was instantly to be carried to Sandusky; and without uttering another word, turned upon his heel and left him.

Again, Kenton's spirits sunk. From Logan's manner, he supposed that his intercession had been unavailing—and that Sandusky

was destined to be the scene of his final suffering. This appears to have been the truth. But fortune, who, to use Lord Lovat's expression, had been playing at cat and mouse with him for the last month, had selected Sandusky for the display of her strange and capricious power. He was driven into the town, as usual, and was to have been burnt on the following morning, when an Indian Agent, named Drewyer, interposed, and once more rescued him from the stake. He was anxious to obtain intelligence, for the British commandant at Detroit—and so earnestly insisted upon Kenton's being delivered up to him, that the Indians at length consented upon the express condition that after the required information had been obtained, he should again be placed at their discretion. To this Drewyer consented, and without further difficulty, Kenton was transfered to his hands. Drewyer lost no time in removing him to Detroit.

On the road, he informed Kenton of the condition upon which he had obtained possession of his person, assuring him, however, that no consideration should induce him to abandon a prisoner to the mercy of such wretches. Having dwelt at some length upon the generosity of his own disposition—and having sufficiently magnified the service which he had just rendered him, he began, at length, to cross question Kenton as to the force and condition of Kentucky, and particularly as to the number of men at fort McIntosh. Kenton very candidly declared his inability to answer either question, observing, that he was merely a private, and by no means acquainted with matters of an enlarged and general import; that his great business had heretofore been, to endeavor to take care of himself—which he had found a work of no small difficulty. Drewyer replied, that he believed him, and from that time Kenton was troubled with no more questions.

His condition at Detroit was not unpleasant. He was compelled to report himself every morning, to an English officer, and was restricted to certain boundaries through the day; but in other respects, he scarcely felt that he was a prisoner. His battered body and broken arm were quickly repaired, and his emaciated limbs were again clothed with a proper proportion of flesh. He remained in this state of easy restraint from October, 1777, until June, 1778, when he meditated an escape. There was no difficulty in leaving Detroit—but he would be compelled to traverse a wilderness of more than two hundred miles, abounding with hostile Indians, and affording no means of subsistance, beyond the wild game, which could not be killed without a gun. In addition to this, he would certainly be pursued, and if retaken by the Indians, he might expect a repetition of all that he had undergone before—without the prospect of a second interposition on the part of the English. These considerations deterred him, for some time, from the attempt, but at length his impatience became uncontrollable, and he determined to escape or perish in the attempt. He took his measures with equal secrecy and foresight. He cautiously

sounded two young Kentuckians, then at Detroit, who had been taken with Boone at the Blue Licks, and had been purchased by the British. He found them as impatient as himself of captivity, and resolute to accompany him. Charging them not to breathe a syllable of their design to any other prisoners, he busied himself for several days in making the necessary preparations. It was absolutely necessary that they should be provided with arms, both for the sake of repelling attacks and for procuring the means of subsistence; and, at the same time, it was very difficult to obtain them, without the knowledge of the British commandant. By patiently waiting their opportunity, however, all these preliminary difficulties were overcome. Kenton formed a close friendship with two Indian hunters, deluged them with rum, and bought their guns for a mere trifle. After carefully hiding them in the woods, he returned to Detroit, and managed to procure another rifle, together with powder and balls, from a Mr. and Mrs. Edger, citizens of the town. They then appointed a night for the attempt, and agreed upon a place of rendezvous. All things turned out prosperously.—They met at the time and place appointed, without discovery, and taking a circuitous route, avoided pursuit, and travelling only during the night, they at length arrived safely at Louisville, after a march of thirty days.

Thus terminated one of the most remarkable adventures in the whole range of western history. A fatalist would recognize the hand of destiny in every stage of its progress. In the infatuation with which Kenton refused to adopt proper measures for his safety, while such were practicable—in the persevering obstinacy with which he remained upon the Ohio shore, until flight became useless; and afterwards, in that remarkable succession of accidents, by which, without the least exertion on his part, he was alternately tantalized with a prospect of safety, then plunged again into the deepest despair. He was eight times exposed to the gauntlet—three times tied to the stake—and as often thought himself on the eve of a terrible death. All the sentences passed upon him, whether of mercy or condemnation, seemed to have been only pronounced in one council, in order to be reversed in another. Every friend that Providence raised up in his favor, was immediately followed by some enemy, who unexpectedly interposed, and turned his short glimpse of sunshine into deeper darkness than ever. For three weeks, he was see-sawing between life and death, and during the whole time, *he* was perfectly passive. No wisdom, or foresight, or exertion, could have saved him. Fortune fought his battle from first to last, and seemed determined to permit nothing else to interfere. Scarcely had he reached Kentucky, when he was embarked in a new enterprize.

Col. George Rogers Clarke had projected an expedition against the hostile posts of Vincennes and Kaskaskia, and invited all Kentuckians, who had leisure and inclination, to join him. Kenton

instantly repaired to his standard, and shared in the hardship and glory of one of the boldest, most arduous, and successful expeditions which has ever graced the American arms. The results of the campaign are well known. Secrecy and celerity were eminently combined in it, and Clarke shared with the common soldier, in encountering every fatigue and braving every danger. Kenton, as usual, acted as a spy, and was eminently serviceable, but no incident occurred, of sufficient importance to obtain a place in these sketches.

From that time, until the close of the Indian war in the west, Kenton was actively employed, generally in a frontier station, and occasionally in serious expeditions. He accompanied Edwards in his abortive expedition against the Indian towns in 1785, and shared in Wayne's decisive campaign of '94.

SKETCH

OF THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

Gen. BENJAMIN LOGAN.

Among the earliest and most respectable of the emigrants to Kentucky, was Generel Benjamin Logan. His father was an Irishman, who had left his own country early in the 18th century, and settled in Pennsylvania, from which he subsequently removed to Augusta county, Virginia. Here he shortly afterwards died. Young Logan, as the eldest son, was entitled by the laws of Virginia, to the whole of the landed property, (his father having died intestate.) He refused, however, to avail himself of this circumstance, and as the farm upon which the family resided was too small to admit of a division, he caused it to be sold, and the money to be distributed among his brothers and sisters, reserving a portion for his mother. At the age of twenty one, he removed from Augusta county to the banks of the Holston, where, shortly afterwards, he purchased a farm and married. In 1774, he accompanied Dunmore in his expedition, probably as a private. In '75, he removed to Kentucky, and soon became particularly distinguished. His person was striking and manly, his hair and complexion very dark, his eye keen and penetrating, his countenance grave, thoughtful, and expressive of a firmness, probity and intelligence, which were eminently displayed throughout his life. His education was very imperfect, and confined, we believe, simply, to the arts of reading and writing. Having remained in Kentucky, in a very exposed situation, until the spring of '76, he returned for his family, and brought them out to a small settlement, called Logan's Fort, not far from Harrodsburgh. The Indians during this summer were so numerous and daring in their excursions, that Logan was compelled to remove his wife and family, for safety, to Harrodsburgh, while he himself remained at his cabins and cultivated a crop of corn.

In the spring of '77, his wife returned to Logan's Fort; and several settlers having joined him, he determined to maintain himself there at all risk. His courage was soon put to the test. On the morning of the 20th May, a few days after his wife had rejoined him, the women were milking the cows at the gate of the little fort, and some of the garrison attending them, when a party of Indians appeared and fired upon them. One man was shot dead and two

more wounded, one of them mortally. The whole party, including one of the wounded men, instantly ran into the fort and closed the gate. The enemy quickly showed themselves on the edge of the canebrake, within close rifle shot of the gate, and seemed numerous and determined. Having a moment's leisure to look around, they beheld a spectacle, which awakened the most lively interest and compassion. A man named Harrison, had been severely wounded, and still lay near the spot where he had fallen, within full view both of the garrison and the enemy. The poor fellow was, at intervals, endeavoring to crawl in the direction of the fort, and had succeeded in reaching a cluster of bushes, which, however, were too thin to shelter his person from the enemy. His wife and family were in the fort and in deep distress at his situation. The enemy undoubtedly forbore to fire upon him, from the supposition that some of the garrison would attempt to save him, in which case, they held themselves in readiness to fire upon them from the canebrake. The case was a very trying one. It seemed impossible to save him without sacrificing the lives of several of the garrison, and their numbers already were far too few for an effectual defence, having originally amounted only to fifteen men, three of whom had already been put hors de combat. Yet the spectacle was so moving, and the lamentations of his family so distressing, that it seemed equally impossible not to make an effort to relieve him. Logan endeavored to persuade some of his men to accompany him in a sally, but so evident and apalling was the danger, that all at first refused, one Herculean fellow observing that he was a "weakly man," and another declaring that he was sorry for Harrison, "but that the skin was closer than the shirt." At length, John Martin collected his courage, and declared his willingness to accompany Logan, saying that "he could only die once, and that he was as ready now as he ever would be." The two men opened the gate and started upon their forlorn expedition, Logan leading the way. They had not advanced five steps, when Harrison, perceiving them, made a vigorous effort to rise, upon which Martin, supposing him able to help himself, immediately sprung back within the gate. Harrison's strength almost instantly failed, and he fell at full length upon the grass. Logan paused a moment after the desertion of Martin, then suddenly sprung forward to the spot where Harrison lay, rushing through the tremendous shower of rifle balls, which was poured upon him from every spot around the fort, capable of covering an Indian. Seizing the wounded man in his arms, he ran with him to the fort, through the same heavy fire, and entered it unhurt, although the gate and picketing near him were riddled with balls, and his hat and clothes pierced in several places.

The fort was now vigorously assailed in the Indian manner, and as vigorously defended by the garrison. The women were all employed in moulding bullets, while the men were constantly at their posts. The weakness of the garrison was not their only grievance. A distressing scarcity of ammunition prevailed, and no supply could

be procured nearer than Holston. But how was it to be obtained? The fort was closely blockaded—the Indians were swarming in the woods, and chances were sadly against the probability of the safe passage of any courier through so many dangers! Under these circumstances, Logan determined to take the dangerous office upon himself. After encouraging the men as well as he could, with the prospect of a safe and speedy return, he took advantage of a dark night, and crawled through the Indian encampment without discovery. Shunning the ordinary route through Cumberland Gap, he arrived at Holston by by-paths which no white man had yet trodden—through canebrakes and thickets; over tremendous cliffs and precipices, where the deer could scarcely obtain footing and where no vestige of any of the human family could be seen.—Having obtained a supply of powder and lead, he returned through the same almost inaccessible paths to the fort, which he found still besieged and now reduced to extremity. The safe return of their leader inspired them with fresh courage, and in a few days, the appearance of Col. Bowman's party compelled the Indians to retire.

During the whole of this and the next year, the Indians were exceedingly troublesome. The Shawnees particularly, distinguished themselves by the frequency and inveterate nature of their incursions; and as their capitol, Chillicothe, was within striking distance, an expedition was set on foot against it in 1779, in which Logan served as second in command. Capt. James Harrod and John Bulger, accompanied the expedition—the former of whom, shortly afterwards, perished in a lonely ramble—and the latter was killed at the Blue Licks. Col. Bowman commanded in chief. The detachment, amounting to one hundred and sixty men, consisted entirely of volunteers, accustomed to Indian warfare, and was well officered, with the exception of its commander. They left Harrodsburgh in July, and took their preliminary measures so well, that they arrived within a mile of Chillichothe, without giving the slightest alarm to the enemy. Here the detachment halted at an early hour in the night, and as usual, sent out spies to examine the condition of the village. Before midnight they returned, and reported that the enemy remained unapprised of their being in the neighborhood, and were in the most unmilitary security. The army was instantly put in motion. It was determined that Logan, with one half of the men, should turn to the left and march half way around the town, while Bowman, at the head of the remainder, should make a corresponding march to the right; that both parties should proceed in silence, until they had met at the opposite extremity of the village, when, having thus completely encircled it, the attack was to commence. Logan, who was bravery itself, performed his part of the combined operation, with perfect order, and in profound silence; and having reached the designated spot, awaited with impatience the arrival of his commander. Hour after hour stole away, but Bowman did not appear. At length daylight appeared. Logan, still expecting the arrival of his Colonel, ordered the men to conceal themselves in the

high grass, and await the expected signal to attack. No orders, however, arrived. In the mean time, the men, in shifting about through the grass, alarmed an Indian dog, the only sentinel on duty. He instantly began to bay loudly, and advanced in the direction of the man who had attracted his attention. Presently a solitary Indian left his cabin, and walked cautiously towards the party, halting frequently, rising upon tip-toes, and gazing around him. Logan's party lay close, with the hope of taking him, without giving the alarm; but at that instant a gun was fired in an opposite quarter of the town, as was afterwards ascertained by one of Bowman's party, and the Indian, giving one shrill whoop, ran swiftly back to the council house. Concealment was now impossible. Logan's party instantly sprung up from the grass, and rushed upon the village, not doubting for a moment that they would be gallantly supported. As they advanced, they perceived Indians of all ages and of both sexes running to the great cabin, near the centre of the town, where they collected in full force and appeared determined upon an obstinate defence. Logan instantly took possession of the houses which had been deserted, and rapidly advancing from cabin to cabin, at length established his detachment within close rifle shot of the Indian redoubt. He now listened impatiently for the firing which should have been heard from the opposite extremity of the town, where he supposed Bowman's party to be, but to his astonishment, every thing remained quiet in that quarter. In the mean time his own position had become critical. The Indians had recovered from their panic, and kept up a close and heavy fire upon the cabins which covered his men. He had pushed his detachment so close to the redoubt, that they could neither advance nor retreat without great exposure. The enemy out numbered him, and gave indications of a disposition to turn both flanks of his position, and thus endanger his retreat. Under these circumstances, ignorant of the condition of his commander, and cut off from communication with him, he formed the bold and judicious resolution, to make a moveable breast work of the planks which formed the floor of the cabins, and under cover of it to rush upon the strong hold of the enemy and carry it by main force. Had this gallant determination been carried into effect, and had the movement been promptly seconded, as it ought to have been by Bowman, the conflict would have been bloody, and the victory decisive. Most probably not an Indian would have escaped, and the consternation which such signal vengeance would have spread throughout the Indian tribes, might have repressed their incursions for a considerable time. But before the necessary steps could be taken, a messenger arrived from Bowman, with orders "to retreat!"

Astonished at such an order, at a time when honor and safety required an offensive movement on their part, Logan hastily asked if Bowman had been overpowered by the enemy? No! Had he even beheld an enemy? No! What then, was the cause of this extraordinary abandonment of a design so prosperously begun! He did not know—the Colonel had ordered a retreat! Logan, however

reluctantly, was compelled to obey. A retreat is always a dispiriting movement, and with militia, is almost certain to terminate in a complete route. As soon as the men were informed of the order, a most irregular and tumultuous scene commenced. Not being buoyed up by the mutual confidence which is the offspring of discipline, and which sustains regular soldiers under all circumstances, they no longer acted in concert. Each man selected the time, manner and route of his retreat for himself. Here a solitary Kentuckian would start up from behind a stump, and scud away through the grass, dodging and turning to avoid the balls which whistled around him. There a dozen men would run from a cabin, and scatter in every direction, each anxious to save himself, and none having leisure to attend to their neighbors. The Indians, astonished at seeing men route themselves in this manner, sallied out of their redoubts and pursued the stragglers as sportsmen would cut up a scattered flock of wild geese. They soon united themselves to Bowman's party, who, from some unaccountable panic of their commander or fault in themselves, had stood stock still near the spot where Logan had left them the night before. All was confusion. Some cursed their Colonel; some reproached other officers—one shouted one thing; one bellowed another; but all seemed to agree that they ought to make the best of their way home, without the loss of a moment's time. By great exertions on the part of Logan, well seconded by Harrod, Bulger and the present Major Bedinger, of the Blue Licks, some degree of order was restored, and a tolerably respectable retreat commenced. The Indians, however, soon surrounded them on all sides, and kept up a hot fire which began to grow fatal. Colonel Bowman appeared totally demented, and sat upon his horse like a pillar of stone, neither giving an order, nor taking any measures to repel the enemy. The sound of the rifle shots, however, had completely restored the men to their senses, and they readily formed in a large hollow square, took trees and returned the fire with equal vivacity. The enemy was quickly repelled, and the troops re-commenced their march.

But scarcely had they advanced half a mile, when the Indians reappeared, and again opened a fire upon the front, rear, and both flanks. Again, a square was formed and the enemy repelled; but scarcely had the harassed troops recommenced their march, when the same galling fire was opened upon them from every tree, bush and stone capable of concealing an Indian. Matters now began to look serious. The enemy were evidently endeavoring to detain them, until fresh Indians could come up in sufficient force to compel them to lay down their arms. The men began to be unsteady, and the panic was rapidly spreading from the Colonel to the privates. At this crisis, Logan, Harrod, Bedinger, &c., selected the boldest, and best mounted men, and dashing into the bushes on horseback, scoured the woods in every direction, forcing the Indians from their coverts, and cutting down as many as they could overtake. This decisive step completely dispersed the enemy—and the weary and

dispirited troops continued their retreat unmolested. They lost nine killed and a few others wounded. But the loss of reputation on the part of the Colonel, was incalculable, for, as usual, *he* was the scapegoat upon whose head the disgrace of the miscarrage was laid. No good reason has ever been assigned for the extraordinary failure of his own detachment, and the subsequent panic which he displayed when harassed in the wood, afforded room for suspicion, that either the darkness of the night, or the cry of an owl (for he did not see the face of an enemy,) had robbed the Colonel of his usual courage.

It may here be remarked, that the propriety of combined operations with irregular troops, is at least doubtful. Different corps, moving by different routes upon the same point, are liable to miscarriage from so many causes, that the measure is scarcely ever attended with success, unless when the troops are good, the officers intelligent and unanimous, and the ground perfectly understood. The intervention of a creek, the ignorance of a guide, or the panic of an officer, as in the case of Bowman, may destroy the *vnity* of the operation, and expose the detachment which has reached its station in proper time to be cut off. The signal failure of Washington at Germantown, may, in a great measure, be attributed to the complicated plan of attack, as the several divisions arrived at different times, attacked without concert, and were beaten in detail. I can scarcely recollect a single instance, save the affair of Trenton, in which raw troops have succeeded by combined operations, and many miscarriages in our own annals, may be attributed to that circumstance. Logan returned to Kentucky with a reputation increased, rather than diminished, by the failure of the expedition. His conduct was placed in glaring contrast to that of his unfornate commander, and the praise of the one was in exact correspondence to the censure of the other.

No other affair of consequence occurred, until the rash and disastrous battle of the Blue Licks, in which as we have seen, Logan was unable to share. He seems to have remained quietly engaged in agricultural pursuits, until the summer of '88, when he conducted and expedition against the north western tribes, which as usual, terminated in burning their villages, and cutting up their cornfields, serving to irritate but not to subdue the enemy. A single incident attending this expedition, deserves to be commemorated.—Upon approaching a large village of the Shawnees, from which, as usual, most of the inhabitants had fled, an old chief named Moluntha, came out to meet them, fantastically dressed in an old cocked hat, set jauntily upon one side of his head, and a fine shawl thrown over his shoulders. He carried an enormous pipe in one hand, and a tobacco pouch in the other, and strutted out with the air of an old French beaux to smoke the pipe of peace with his enemies, whom he found himself unable to meet in the field. Nothing could be more striking than the fearless confidence with which he walked through the foremost ranks of the Kentuckians, evidently highly pleased with

his own appearance, and enjoying the admiration which he doubted not, that his cocked hat and splendid shawl inspired. Many of the Kentuckians were highly amused at the mixture of dandyism and gallantry which the poor old man exhibited, and shook hands with him very cordially. Unfortunately, however, he at length approached Major McGary, whose temper, never particularly sweet, was as much inflamed by the sight of an Indian, as that of a wild bull by the waving of a red flag. It happened, unfortunately too, that Moluntha had been one of the chiefs who commanded at the Blue Licks, a disaster which McGary had not yet forgotten. Instead of giving his hand as the others had done, McGary scowled upon the old man, and asked him if "he recollected the Blue Licks!" Moluntha smiled and merely repeated the word "Blue Licks!"—When McGary instantly drew his tomahawk and cleft him to the brain. The old man received the blow without flinching for a second, and fell dead at the feet of his destroyer. Great excitement instantly prevailed in the army. Some called it a ruthless murder—and others swore that he had done right—that an Indian was not to be regarded as a human being—but ought to be shot down as a wolf whenever and wherever he appeared. McGary himself raved like a madman at the reproach of his countrymen, and declared, with many bitter oaths, that he would not only kill every Indian whom he met, whether in peace or war, at church or market, but that he would equally as readily tomahawk the man who blamed him for the act.

Nothing else, worthy of being mentioned, occurred during the expedition, and Logan, upon his return, devoted himself exclusively to the civil affairs of the country, which about this time began to assume an important aspect.

ADVENTURES

OF

THE WHETZELS.*

I am about detailing detached narratives of a family by the name of Whetzel, who were among the first white men that settled about Wheeling, in Virginia. This was then the outside verge of our western frontier; where written laws were unknown, and consequently men were governed by their passions and inclinations. Mr. Macpherson, in his remarks on the poems of Ossian, says, "The nobler passions of the mind never shoot forth more free and unrestrained, than in the times we call barbarous. That irregular manner of life, and those manly pursuits, from which barbarity takes its name, are highly favorable to strength of mind unknown in polished times. In advanced society the characters of men are more uniform and disguised. The human passions lie in some degree confined behind forms and artificial manners; and the powers of the soul, without an opportunity of exerting them, lose their vigor."

From our first acquaintance with the history of man to the present time, the art of war has been held in more veneration than any other profession. Were the accounts of destroying life, by murders, by persecutions, by private and public wars, blotted from our books, our libraries could be stowed away in small book-cases. The history of man appears to be a history of revolution, blood and carnage. Were it not for wars, how many names, which now shine with peculiar lustre, would have been lost in oblivion? War has rendered conspicuous the names of Joshua, David, Cyrus, Alexander, Romulus, Marius, Cæsar, Scipio, Hannibal, Constantine, Cromwell, Washington, and last, though not least, Napoleon; with a host of others, all of whose names are rendered illustrious, by marching boldly to the temple of fame through rivers of blood.

It is a natural impulse of the human mind, to be informed of the condition and doings of man in every age, circumstance and situation in which he appears to have been placed by Providence. In no situation can he appear more interesting, than in the first settling of

* Written for the Western Christian Advocate, by John M'Donald, of Ohio.

empires. Those philanthropists who have, by their studies and labor, either in the retirement of the closet, the workshop, or in the cultivation of the earth, richly merited the gratitude of mankind, have been generally passed by as plodding grovellers, unworthy of distinction. If men are careless in commemorating the names of philosophers, chemists, and mechanics, who have brought to such perfection the arts and sciences, by which the condition of man in all the walks of public and private life have been so much improved; the warrior at least has no cause of complaint, as mankind appears anxious, as if by common consent, to place in the front page of history the fiery, impetuous soldier. Then, as the whole world cannot be supposed to be in error, and to the military profession has been awarded the most dignified station, we will even let it be so; as a disregard to custom, and a long settled public opinion, always betrays a stubborn, or a weak, or an ill-regulated mind. While the historians who have gone before, have recorded the achievements of those generals who have commanded the strength of empires in the battle field, I will endeavor to give a true narrative of the brilliant exploits of some of the old pioneers, who fought frequently single-handed, without pay or the prospect of emolument, but merely for the sake of fighting.

As the aboriginals of our country held peaceable possession of it from time immemorial, it would almost appear unjust to dispossess them. But the practice of the world, from the earliest times, appears to have established the principle, that the most powerful have a right to govern; the right of conquest, then, appears to be a legitimate right, sanctioned by the laws of God and man.

Our border war was of a distressing, destructive character—it was a war of extermination. When our frontier men went on scouts or campaigns, their services were wholly voluntary, and their supplies were furnished by themselves. "Campaigns begun and ended, without even a newspaper notice; as a printing press was then unknown in the country."

"Let the imagination of the reader pursue the track of the adventurer into the solitary wilderness, bending his course towards the setting sun; over undulating hills, under the shade of large forest trees, and wading through rank weeds and grass which covered the earth;—now viewing from the top of a hill the winding course of a creek, he ascertains the cardinal points of north and south by the thickness of the moss and bark on the north side of the ancient trees;—now descending into a valley, and perceiving his approach to a river, by seeing the large ash, sycamore, and sugar tree, beatifully festooned with grape vines. Watchful as Argus his restless eyes catch every thing around him. In an unknown region, and surrounded with dangers, he is the sentinel of his own safety, and relies on himself alone for protection. The toilsome march of the day being ended, at the fall of night he seeks for safety some narrow, sequestered hollow; and by the side of a log builds a fire, and after eating his coarse and scanty meal, wraps himself up in his blanket, and lays

him down on his bed of leaves, with his feet to the fire, for repose."

Of the Whetzels there were four brothers. Their names were Martin, Lewis, Jacob and John. Their father was a German, and was one of the first white men who settled near Wheeling, in Virginia. At which station or fort he located himself I cannot now recollect, although I often heard the story in my youth. Old Mr. Whetzel, although it was in the hottest time in the Indian war, was so rash as to build a cabin some distance from the fort, and move his family into it. How long he lived there before his fatal tragedy occurred, is not remembered. One day, in the midst of summer, (Martin, his eldest son, being out hunting, and John having been sent on some errand to the fort,) a numerous party of Indians surrounded the house, rushed in, and killed, tomahawked and scalped old Mr. Whetzel, his wife, and all his small children. Lewis and Jacob, being smart, active boys, were spared, and made prisoners. When the pirates gave Cæsar his liberty for a small ransom, they little knew the value of their prisoner. Could the Indians have had a prescience of the sad havock those two youths would have made on their race, instead of carrying them off prisoners, they would have carried their scalps to their towns. It is happy for us, that God has veiled from us the future.

The following account of the escape of the Whetzels from captivity, is taken from "Doddridge's Notes:" "When about thirteen years of age, Lewis was taken prisoner by the Indians, together with his brother Jacob, about eleven years old. Before he was taken he received a slight wound in the breast, from a bullet, which carried off a small piece of the breast-bone. The second night after they were taken, the Indians encamped at the Big Lick, twenty miles from the river, on the waters of McMahon's Creek. The boys were not confined. After the Indians had fallen asleep, Lewis whispered to his brother Jacob that he must get up and go back home with him. When they had got about one hundred yards from the camp, they sat down on a log. 'Well,' said Lewis, 'we can't go home barefooted; I will go back and get a pair of moccasons for each of us;' and accordingly did so, and returned. After sitting a little longer, 'Now,' said he, 'I will go back and get father a gun, and then we will start.' This was effected. They had not travelled far on the trail by which they came before they heard the Indians after them. It was a moonlight night. When the Indians came pretty nigh them, they stepped aside into the bushes, and let them pass; then fell into the rear and travelled on. On the return of the Indians they did the same. They were then pursued by two Indians on horseback, whom they dodged in the same way. The next day they reached Wheeling in safety, crossing the river on a raft of their own making. By this time Lewis had become almost spent from his wound."

After their return from captivity, and these lads began to grow to be men, (and the boys on the frontier, at a very early age, at least

as soon as they could handle a gun, considered themselves men,) they took a solemn oath that they would never make peace nor truce with the Indians, whilst they had strength to wield a tomahawk, or sight to draw a bead; and they were as true to their oaths as was the illustrious and far-famed hero of Carthage. "These warriors esteemed the duty of revenge as the most precious and sacred portion of their inheritance." The blood of their murdered and mangled parents, and infant brothers and sisters, was always present to their minds, and strung their sinews to activity, and whetted their souls to the highest pitch of resolution to bathe their hands in the blood of their enemies.

"The following narrative goes to show how much may be effected by the skill, bravery, and physical activity of a single individual, in the partizan warfare carried on against the Indians, on the western frontier. Lewis Whetzel's education, like that of his cotemporaries, was that of the hunter and warrior. When a boy, he adopted the practice of loading and firing his rifle as he ran. This was a means of making him so destructive to the Indians afterwards."

"In the year 1782, after Crawford's defeat, Lewis Whetzel went with Thomas Mills, who had been in the campaign, to get a horse, which he had left near the place where St. Clairsville now stands. At the Indian Spring, two miles above St. Clairsville, on the Wheeling road, they were met by about forty Indians, who were in pursuit of the stragglers from the campaign. The Indians and the white men discovered each other about the same time. Lewis fired first, and killed an Indian; the fire from the Indians wounded Mr. Mills, and he was soon overtaken and killed. Four of the Indians then singled out, dropped their guns, and pursued Whetzel. Whetzel loaded his rifle as he ran. After running about half a mile, one of the Indians having got within eight or ten steps of him, Whetzel wheeled round and shot him down, ran on, and loaded as before.—After going about three quarters of a mile further, a second Indian came so close to him, that when he turned to fire, the Indian caught the muzzle of his gun, and as he expressed it, he and the Indian had a severe wring for it; he succeeded, however, in bringing the muzzle to the Indian's breast, and killed him on the spot. By this time he, as well as the Indians, were pretty well tired; the pursuit was continued by the two remaining Indians. Whetzel, as before, loaded his gun, and stopped several times during the latter chase. When he did so the Indians treed themselves. After going something more than a mile, Whetzel took the advantage of a little open piece of ground, over which the Indians were passing, a short distance behind him, to make a sudden stop for the purpose of shooting the foremost, who got behind a little sapling, which was too small to cover his body. Whetzel shot, and broke his thigh; the wound, in the issue, proved fatal. The last of the Indians then gave a little yell, and said, 'No catch dat man—gun always loaded,' and gave up the chase; glad, no doubt, to get off with his life. This was a

frightful and well managed fight. It is said that Lewis Whetzel, in the course of the Indian wars in this part of the country, (Wheeling,) killed twenty-seven Indians; besides a number more, along the frontier settlements of Kentucky."

MARTIN WHETZEL.

In the year 1780, an expedition was set on foot, to proceed against and destroy the Indian towns situated on the Coshocton, a branch of the Muskingum river. The place of rendezvous for the troops was Wheeling. The command of the expedition was conferred on Col. Broadhead, a soldier of some distinction in those days. Martin Whetzel was a volunteer in this campaign. The officers of the frontier armies were only nominally such; every soldier acted as seemed right in his own judgment. This little army, of four hundred men, went forward rapidly, in order to fall upon the Indian towns by surprise. They were secretly and actively pushed forward, till they surrounded one of their towns before the enemy were apprised of their danger. "Every man, woman and child were made prisoners, without the firing of a gun."

"Among the prisoners were sixteen warriors." "A little after dark a council of war was held, to determine on the fate of the warriors in custody. They were doomed to death, and by the order of the commander were bound, taken a little distance below the town, and despatched with tomahawks and spears, and then scalped." In this work of death, Martin Whetzel, with a kind of fiendish pleasure, sunk his tomahawk into the heads of the unresisting Indians.

"Early the next morning, an Indian presented himself on the opposite bank of the river, and asked for the 'Big Captain.' Col. Broadhead presented himself, and asked the Indian what he wanted? To which he replied, 'I want peace.' 'Send over some of your chiefs,' said Broadhead. 'May be you kill,' said the Indian. He was answered, 'They shall not be killed.' One of the chiefs, a well-looking man, came over the river, and entered into conversation with the commander in the street; but while engaged in conversation, Martin Whetzel came up behind him with a tomahawk concealed in the bosom of his hunting-shirt, and struck him on the back of the head. The poor Indian fell, and immediately expired." This act of perfidy and reckless revenge, the commander had no power, if he had the disposition, to punish, as probably two-thirds of the army approved the vindictive deed.

"The next day the army commenced its retreat from Coshocton. Col. Broadhead committed the prisoners to the militia. They were about twenty in number. After they marched about half a mile, the men commenced killing them." Martin Whetzel's tomahawk upon this occasion was crimsoned with the blood and brains of the unresisting Indians. Such was his indomitable spirit of revenge for the murder of his parents and infant brothers and sisters, that no place

nor circumstance was sacred enough to preserve the life of an Indian, when within his vindictive grasp. "In a short time they were all despatched except a few women and children, who were spared and taken to Fort Pitt, and after some time exchanged for an equal number of their prisoners."

Some years after the foregoing action took place, Martin Whetzel was surprised and taken prisoner by the Indians, and remained with them a considerable length of time; till by his cheerful disposition, and apparent satisfaction with their mode and manner of life, he disarmed their suspicion, acquired their confidence, and was adopted into one of their families. How much his duplicity overreached the credulity of those sons of the forest, the sequel will show. He was free, he hunted around the town, returned, danced, and frolicked with the young Indians, and appeared perfectly satisfied with his change of life. But all this time, although he showed a cheerful face, his heart was brooding on escape, which he wished to render memorable by some tragic act of revenge upon his confiding enemies. In the fall of the year, Martin and three Indians set off to make a fall hunt. They pitched their camp near the head of Sandusky river. When the hunt commenced, he was very careful to return first in the evening to the camp, prepare wood for the night, and do all the other little offices of camp duty to render them comfortable. By this means he lulled any lurking suspicion which they might entertain towards him. While hunting one evening, some distance from the camp, he came across one of his Indian camp mates. The Indian not being apprised that revenge was corroding in Whetzel's heart, was not the least alarmed at the approach of his friend the white man. Martin watched for a favorable moment, and as the Indian's attention was called in a different direction, he shot him down, scalped him, and threw his body into a deep hole, which had been made by a large tree torn up by the roots, and covered his body with logs and brush, over which he strewed leaves to conceal the body. He then hurried to camp to prepare, as usual, wood for the night. When night came, one of the Indians was missing, and Martin expressed great concern on account of the absence of their comrade. The other Indians did not appear to be the least concerned at the absence of their companion; they alleged that he might have taken a large circle, looking for new hunting ground, or that he might have pursued some wounded game till it was too late to return to camp. In this mood the subject was dismissed for the night; they eat their supper, and lay down to sleep. Martin's mind was so full of the thoughts of home, and of taking signal vengeance of his enemies, that he could not sleep; he had gone too far to retreat, and whatever he done, must be done quickly. Being now determined to effect his escape at all hazards, the question he had to decide was whether he should make an attack on the two sleeping Indians, or watch for a favorable opportunity of despatching them one at a time. The latter plan appeared to him to be less subject to risk or failure. The next morning he prepared to put

his determination into execution. When the two Indians set out on their hunt the next morning, he determined to follow one of them (like a true hunting dog on a slow trail,) till a fair opportunity should present itself of despatching him without alarming his fellow. He cautiously pursued him till near evening, when he openly walked to him, and commenced a conversation about their day's hunt. The Indian being completely off his guard, suspecting no danger, Martin watched for a favorable moment when the Indian's attention was drawn to a different direction, and with one sweep of his vengeful tomahawk laid him lifeless on the ground, scalped him, tumbled his body into a sink-hole, and covered it with brush and logs; and then made his way for the camp, with a firm determination of closing the bloody tragedy by killing the third Indian. He went out, and composedly waited at the camp for the return of the Indian. About sunset he saw him coming, with a load of game he had killed swung on his back. Martin went forward under the pretence of aiding to disencumber him of his load. When the Indian stooped down to be detached of his load, Martin, with one fell swoop of his tomahawk, laid him in death's eternal sleep. Being now in no danger of pursuit, he leisurely packed up what plunder he could conveniently carry with him, and made his way for the white settlements, where he safely arrived with the three Indian scalps, after an absence of nearly a year.

The frontier men of that day could not anticipate any end to the Indian war, till one of the parties were exterminated. Martin Whetzel's conduct upon this, as well as on every similar occasion, met with the decided approbation of his countrymen. Successful military achievements, which displayed unusual boldness and intrepidity in the execution, not only met the approbation of the men, but also, what was more grateful and soul-cheering to the soldier's feelings after returning from a successful Indian tour, he was sure of receiving the animating smiles of the fair sex. The soldier's arm was considered the life-guard of the country, and such were the Whetzels in an eminent degree.

JOHN WHETZEL.

In the year 1791 or '92, the Indians having made frequent incursions into the settlements, along the river Ohio, between Wheeling and the Mingo Bottom, sometimes killing or capturing whole families; at other times stealing all the horses belonging to a station or fort, a company consisting of seven men, rendezvoused at a place called the Beech Bottom, on the Ohio river, a few miles below where Wellsburg has been erected. This company were John Whetzel, William M'Cullough, John Hough, Thomas Biggs, Joseph Hedges, Kinzie Dickerson, and a Mr. Linn. Their avowed object was to go to the Indian towns to steal horses. This was then considered a legal, honorable business, as we were then at open war with the Indians. It would only be retaliating upon them in their own way.

These seven men were all trained to Indian warfare, and a life in the woods from their youth. Perhaps the western frontier, at no time, could furnish seven men whose souls were better fitted, and whose nerves and sinews were better strung to perform any enterprise which required resolution and firmness. They crossed the Ohio, and proceeded with cautious steps, and vigilant glances on their way through the cheerless, dark, and almost impervious forest, in the Indian country, till they came to an Indian town, near where the head waters of the Sandusky and Muskingum rivers interlock. Here they made a fine haul, and set off homeward with about fifteen horses. They travelled rapidly, only making short halts, to let their horses graze, and breathe a short time to recruit their strength and activity. In the evening of the second day of their rapid retreat, they arrived at Wells Creek, not far from where the town of Cambridge has been since erected. Here Mr. Linn was taken violently sick, and they must stop their march, or leave him alone, to perish in the dark and lonely woods. Our frontier men, notwithstanding their rough and unpolished manners, had too much of my Uncle Toby's "sympathy for suffering humanity," to forsake a comrade in distress. They halted, and placed sentinels on their back trail, who remained there till late in the night, without seeing any signs of being pursued. The sentinels on the back trail returned to the camp, Mr. Linn still lying in excruciating pain. All the simple remedies in their power were administered to the sick man, without producing any effect. Being late in the night, they all lay down to rest, except one who was placed as guard. Their camp was on the bank of a small branch. Just before day-break the guard took a small bucket, and dipped some water out of the stream; on carrying it to the fire he discovered the water to be muddy. The muddy water waked his suspicion that the enemy might be approaching them, and were walking down in the stream, as their footsteps would be noiseless in the water. He waked his companions, and communicated his suspicion. They arose, examined the branch a little distance, and listened attentively for some time; but neither saw nor heard any thing, and then concluded it must have been raccoons, or some other animals, puddling in the stream. After this conclusion the company all lay down to rest, except the sentinel, who was stationed just outside of the light. Happily for them the fire had burned down, and only a few coals afforded a dim light to point out where they lay. The enemy had come silently down the creek, as the sentinel suspected, to within ten or twelve feet of the place where they lay, and fired several guns over the bank. Mr. Linn, the sick man, was lying with his side towards the bank, and received nearly all the balls which were at first fired. The Indians then, with tremendous yells, mounted the bank with loaded rifles, war-clubs, and tomahawks, rushed upon our men, who fled barefooted, and without arms. Mr. Linn, Thomas Biggs, and Joseph Hedges were killed in and near the camp. William M'Cullough had run but a short distance when he was fired at by the enemy. At the instant

the fire was given, he jumped into a quagmire and fell; the Indians supposing that they had killed him, ran past in pursuit of others. He soon extricated himself out of the mire, and so made his escape. He fell in with John Hough, and came into Wheeling. John Whetzel and Kinzie Dickerson met in their retreat, and returned together. Those who made their escepe were without arms, without clothing or provision. Their sufferings were great; but this they bore with stoical indifference, as it was the fortune of war. Whether the Indians who defeated our heroes followed in pursuit from their towns, or were a party of warriors, who accidentally happened to fall in with them, has never been ascertained. From the place they had stolen the horses, they had travelled two nights and almost two entire days, without halting, except just a few minutes at a time, to let the horses graze. From the circumstance of their rapid retreat with the horses, it was supposed that no pursuit could possibly have overtaken them, but that fate had decreed that this party of Indians should meet and defeat them. As soon as the stragglers arrived at Wheeling, Captain John M'Collough collected a party of men, and went to Wells Creek, and buried the unfortunate men who fell in and near the camp. The Indians had mangled the dead bodies at a most barbarous rate. Thus was closed the horse-stealing tragedy.

Of the four who survived this tragedy, none are now living to tell the story of their suffering. They continued to hunt and to fight as long as the war lasted. John Whetzel and Dickerson died in the country near Wheeling. John Hough died a few years since, near Columbia, Hamilton county, Ohio. The brave Captain William M'Cullough, fell in 1812, in the battle of Brownstown, on the campaign with Gen. Hull.

JOHN WHETZEL AND VEACH DICKERSON.

John Whetzel and Veach Dickerson associated to go on an Indian scout. They crossed the Ohio at the Mingo Bottom, three miles below where the town of Steubenville has since been constructed. They set off with the avowed intention of bringing an Indian prisoner. They painted and dressed in complete Indian style, and could talk some in their language. What induced them to undertake this hazardous enterprize is now unknown; perhaps the novelty and danger of the undertaking prompted them to action. No reward was given for either prisoners or scalps; nor were they employed or paid by government. Every man fought on his own hook, furnished his own arms and ammunition, and carried his own baggage. This was, to all intents, a democratic war, as every one fought as often and as long as he pleased; either by himself, or with such company as he could confide in. As the white men on the frontier took but few prisoners, Whetzel and Dickerson concluded to change the practice, and bring in an Indian to make a pet. Whatever whim may have induced them, they set off with the avowed inten-

tion of bringing in a prisoner, or losing their own scalps in the attempt. They pushed through the Indian country with silent treads and a keen look out, till they went near the head of the Sandusky river, where they came near to a small Indian village. They concealed themselves near to a patch which appeared to be considerably travelled. In the course of the first day of their ambush, they saw several small companies of Indians pass them. As it was not their wish to raise an alarm among the enemy, they permitted them to pass undisturbed. In the evening of the next day, they saw two Indians coming sauntering along the road in quite a merry mood. They immediately stepped into the road, and with a confident air, as if they were meeting friends, went forward until they came within reach of the enemy. Whetzel drew his tomahawk, and with one sweep knocked an Indian down; at the same instant Dickerson grasped the other in his arms, and threw him on the ground. By this time Whetzel had killed the other, and turned his hand to aid in fastening the prisoner. This completed, they scalped the dead Indian, and set off with the prisoner for home. They travelled all that night on the war-path leading towards Wheeling. In the morning they struck off from the path, and making diverse courses, and keeping on the hardest ground, where their feet would make the least impression, as this would render their trail more difficult to follow in case they should be pursued. They pushed along till they had crossed the Muskingum some distance, when their prisoner began to show a restive, stubborn disposition; he finally threw himself on the ground and refused to rise. He held down his head, and told them they might tomahawk him as soon as they pleased, for he was determined to go no farther. "They used every argument they could think of to induce him to proceed, but without any effect. He said 'he would prefer dying in his native woods, than to preserve his life a little longer, and at last be tortured by fire, and his body mangled for sport, when they took him to their towns.' They assured him his life would be spared, and that he would be well used and treated with plenty." But all their efforts would not induce him to rise to his feet. The idea that he would be put to death for sport, or in revenge, in presence of a large number of spectators, who would enjoy with raptures the scenes of his torture and death, had taken such a strong hold of his mind, that he determined to disappoint the possibility of their being gratified at his expense. As it was not their wish to kill him, from coaxing, they concluded to try if a hickory well applied would not bend his stubborn soul. This, too, failed to have any effect. He appeared to be as callous and indifferent to the lash, as if he had been a cooper's horse. What invincible resolution and fortitude was evinced by this son of the forest! Finding all their efforts to urge him forward ineffectual, they determined to put him to death. They then tomahawked and scalped him, and left his body a prey to the wild beasts of the forest, and to the birds of the air. Our heroes then returned home with their two scalps; but vexed and disappointed that they could not bring with them the prisoner.

JACOB WHETZEL AND SIMON KENTON.

Of Jacob Whetzel's history I can give but a meagre account, although I have heard of many of his exploits in the old Indian war. But my recollection of them is so indistinct and confused, that I will not attempt to relate but one of the numerous fights in which he was engaged. In that battle he had a comrade who was his equal in intrepidity, and his superior in that cautious prudence which constitutes the efficient warrior. That headstrong fury, with which many of our old frontier men rushed into danger, was the cause of many distressing disasters. They frequently by their headlong course performed such successful actions, that if any military exploits deserve the character of sublime, theirs were eminently such. When the voice of mankind assigns eminence to any pursuit, men of high-toned ambition will soon engage in it with ardor. Whether it be a reform in government, or a reform in morals; whether it be high tariff, or a bank reform, or to take the greatest number of the scalps of enemies, men of lively, ardent temperaments, will rush into the contest for distinction; they will go as far as the foremost, or die in the struggle.

But to return to my subject: The following relation I had from Gen. Kenton:—Kenton and Whetzel made arrangements to make a fall hunt together; and for that purpose they went into the hilly country, near the mouth of the Kentucky river. When they arrived in that part of the country in which they intended to make their hunt, they discovered some signs of Indians having pre-occupied the ground. It would have been out of character in a Kenton and a Whetzel to retreat, without first ascertaining the description and number of the enemy. They determined to find the Indian camp, which they believed was at no great distance from them, as they had heard reports of guns late in the evening, and early the next morning, in the same direction. This convinced them that the camp was at no great distance from the firing. Our heroes moved cautiously about, making as little sign as possible, that they might not be discovered by the enemy. Towards evening of the second day after they arrived on the ground, they discovered the Indian camp. They kept themselves concealed, determined as soon as night approached to reconnoitre the situation and number of the enemy; and then govern their future operations as prudence might dictate. They found five Indians in the camp. Having confidence in themselves, and in their usual good fortune, they concluded to attack them boldly. Contrary to military rules, they agreed to defer the attack till light. In military affairs it is a general rule to avoid night fights, except where small numbers intend to assault a larger force. The night is then chosen, as in the darkness, the numbers of the assailants being uncertain, may produce panics and confusion, which may give the victory to far inferior numbers. Our heroes chose daylight and an open field for the fight. There was a large fallen tree lying near the camp; this would serve as a rampart for defence,

and would also serve to conceal them from observation till the battle commenced. They took their station behind the log, and there lay till broad day light, when they were able to draw a clear bead. Jacob Whetzel had a double-barrelled rifle. Their guns were cocked —they took aim, and gave the preconcerted signal—fired, and two Indians fell. As quick as thought, Whetzel fired his second load, and down fell the third Indian. Their number was equal, and they bounded over the log, screaming and yelling at the highest pitch of their voices, to strike terror into their remaining enemies; and were among them before they recovered from the sudden surprise. The two remaining Indians, without arms, took to their heels, and ran in different directions. Kenton pursued one, whom he soon overhauled, tomahawked, and scalped, and then returned with the bloody trophy to the camp. Shortly after, Whetzel returned with the scalp of the fifth Indian. This was a wholesale slaughter, that but few except such men as a Kenton and a Whetzel, would have attempted.

LEWIS WHETZEL.

The first I recollect of seeing this distinguished warrior, was when he attached himself to a scouting party, about the year 1787 or '88. My father then lived on the bank of the Ohio, in Virginia, at a place known as the Mingo Bottom, three miles below Steubenville. A party of Indians had crossed the Ohio, not far from where we lived, and killed a family, and then made their escape with impunity. As the Indians had not crossed the Ohio in that neighborhood for a year or two previous, the settlers began to think they could live with safety in their cabins. This unexpected murder spread great alarm through the sparse settlements, and revenge was determined upon. Some of the settlers who were in easy circumstances, in order to stimulate the young and active to take vengeance on the enemy, proposed to draw up a subscription, and give a handsome reward to the man who would bring the first Indian scalp. Upwards of one hundred dollars were subscribed. Major M'Mahan, who frequently led the hardy frontier men in those perilous times, soon raised a company of about twenty men, among whom was Lewis Whetzel. They crossed the Ohio, and pursued the Indians' trail with unerring tact, till they came to the Muskingum river. There the advance, or spies, discovered a party of Indians far superior to their own in number, camped on the bank of the river. As the Indians had not yet discovered the white men, Major M'Mahan retreated with his party to the top of the hill, where they might consult about their future operations. The conclusion of the conference was, "that discretion was the better part of valour," and a hasty retreat was prudently resolved on. While the party were consulting on the propriety of attacking the Indians, Lewis Whetzel sat on a log, with his gun laid across his lap, and his tomahawk in his hand; he took no part in the council. As soon as the resolution was adopted to retreat, it was without delay put in execution; and the party set off,

leaving Lewis sitting on the log. Major M'Mahan called to him, and inquired if he was going with them. Lewis answered, "that he was not; that he came out to hunt Indians; they were now found, and he was not going home like a fool with his finger in his mouth. He would take an Indian scalp, or lose his own before he went home." All their arguments were without avail. His stubborn, unyielding disposition was such, that he never submitted himself to the control or advice of others; they were compelled to leave him, a solitary being in the midst of the thick forest, surrounded by vigilant enemies. Notwithstanding that this solitary individual appeared to rush into danger with the fury of a madman, in his disposition was displayed the cunning of a fox, as well as the boldness of the lion.

As soon as his friends had left him, he picked up his blanket, shouldered his rifle, and struck off into a different part of the country, in hope that fortune would place in his way some lone Indian. He kept aloof from the large streams, where large parties of the enemy generally camped. He prowled through the woods with a noiseless tread and the keen glance of the eagle, that day, and the next till evening, when he discovered a smoke curling up among the bushes. He crept softly to the fire, and found two blankets and a small copper kettle in the camp. He instantly concluded that this was the camp of only two Indians, and that he could kill them both. He concealed himself in the thick brush, but in such a position that he could see the number and motions of the enemy. About sunset, one of the Indians came in and made up the fire, and went to cooking his supper. Shortly after, the other came in; they ate their supper; after which they began to sing, and amuse themselves by telling comic stories, at which they would burst into a roar of laughter. Singing, and telling amusing stories, was the common practice of the white and red men when lying in their hunting camps. These poor fellows, when enjoying themselves in the utmost glee, little dreamed that the grim monster, Death, in the shape of Lewis Whetzel, was about stealing a march upon them. Lewis kept a keen watch on their manœuvres. About nine or ten o'clock at night, one of the Indians wrapped his blanket around him, shouldered his rifle, took a chunk of fire in his hand, and left the camp doubtless with the intention of going to watch a deer-lick. The fire and smoke would serve to keep off the gnats and musketoes. It is a remarkable fact, that deer are not alarmed at seeing fire, from the circumstance of seeing it so frequently in the fall and winter seasons, when the leaves and grass are dry, and the woods on fire. The absence of the Indian was the cause of vexation and disappointment to our hero, whose trap was so happily set, that he considered his game secure. He still indulged the hope, that the Indian might return to camp before day. In this he was disappointed. There were birds in the woods who chirped and chattered just before break of day; and like the cock, gave notice to the woodsman that day would soon appear. Lewis heard the wooded songster begin to chatter, and determined to delay no longer

the work of death for the return of the Indian. He walked to the camp with a noiseless step, and found his victim buried in profound sleep, laying upon his side. He drew his butcher-knife, and with all his force, impelled by revenge, he sent the blade through his heart. He said the Indian gave a short quiver, and a convulsive motion, and laid still in death's eternal sleep. He then scalped him, and set off for home. He arrived at the Mingo Bottom only one day after his unsuccessful companions. He claimed, and as he should, received his reward.

Some time after General Harmer had erected a fort at the mouth of the Muskingum river, he prevailed on some white men to go with a flag among the nearest Indian tribes, and endeavor to prevail with them to come to the fort, and there to conclude a treaty of peace. A large number of Indians came on the general invitation, and camped on the Muskingum river, a few miles above its mouth. General Harmer issued a proclamation, giving notice that a cessation of arms was mutually agreed upon between the white and red men, till an effort for a treaty of peace should be concluded. As treaties of peace with the Indians had been so frequently violated, but little faith was placed in the stability of such treaties by the frontier men; notwithstanding that they were as frequently the aggressors as were the Indians. Half the frontier men of that day had been born in a fort, and grew to manhood, as it were, in a siege. The Indian war had continued so long, and was so bloody, that they believed war with them was to continue as long as one lived to make fight. With these impressions, as they considered the Indians faithless, it was difficult to inspire confidence in the stability of treaties. While General Harmer was diligently engaged with the Indians, endeavoring to make peace, Lewis Whetzel concluded to go to Fort Harmer, and as the Indians would be passing and repassing between their camp and the fort, would offer a fair opportunity of killing one. He associated with himself in this enterprise a man by the name of Veach Dickerson, who was only a small grade below himself in restless daring. As soon as the enterprise was resolved on, they were impatient to put it in execution. The more danger, the more excited and impatient they were to execute their plan. They set off without delay, and arrived at the desired point, and sat themselves down in ambush, near the path leading from the fort to the Indian camp. Shortly after they had concealed themselves by the way-side, they saw an Indian approaching on horseback, running his horse at full speed. They called to him, but owing to the clatter of the horse's feet, he did not hear, or heed their call, but kept on at a sweeping gallop. When the Indian had nearly passed, they concluded to give him a fire as he rode. They fired; but as the Indian did not fall, they thought they had missed him. As the alarm would soon be spread that an Indian had been shot at; and as large numbers of them were near at hand, they commenced an immediate retreat to their home. As their neighbors knew the object of their expedition, as soon as they returned, they were asked

what luck? Whetzel answered, "that they had bad luck—they had seen but one Indian, and he on horseback—that they fired at him as he rode, but he did not fall, but went off at full speed, scratching his back as if he had been stung by a yellow jacket." The truth was they had shot him through the hips and lower part of the belly. He rode to the fort and that night expired of his wound.

It was soon rumored to General Harmer, that Lewis Whetzel was the murderer. General Harmer sent a Captain Kingsbury with a company of men to the Mingo Bottom, with orders to take Whetzel, alive or dead—a useless and impotent order. A company of men could as easily have drawn old Horny out of the bottomless pit, as take Lewis Whetzel by force from the neighborhood of the Mingo Bottom. On the day that Captain Kingsbury arrived, there was a shooting match at my father's, and Lewis was there. As soon as the object of Captain Kingsbury was ascertained, it was resolved to ambush the Captain's barge, and kill him and his company. Happily, Major M'Mahan was present, to prevent this catastrophe, and prevailed on Whetzel and his friends to suspend the attack till he would pay Captain Kingsbury a visit, and perhaps he would prevail with him to return without making an attempt to take Whetzel.—With a great deal of reluctance they agreed to suspend the attack till Major M'Mahan should return. The resentment and fury of Whetzel and his friends were boiling and blowing, like the steam from a scape-pipe of a steamboat. "A pretty affair this," said they, "to hang a man for killing an Indian, when they are killing some of our people almost every day." Major McMahan informed Captain Kingsbury of the force and fury of the people, and assured him that if he persisted in the attempt to seize Whetzel, he would have all the settlers in the country upon him; that nothing could save him and his company from massacre, but a speedy return. The Captain took his advice, and forthwith returned to Fort Harmer. Whetzel considered the affair now as finally adjusted.

As Lewis was never long stationary, but ranged at will along the river from Fort Pitt to the falls of the Ohio, and was a welcome guest and perfectly at home wherever he went, shortly after the attempt to seize him by Captain Kingsbury, he got into a canoe, with the intention of proceeding down the Ohio to Kentucky. He had a friend by the name of Hamilton Carr, who had lately settled on the island near Fort Harmer. Here he stopped, with a view of lodging for the night. By some means which never were explained, General Harmer was advised of his being on the island. A guard was sent, who crossed to the island, surrounded Mr. Carr's house, went in, and as Whetzel lay asleep, he was seized by numbers; his hands and feet were securely bound, and he hurried into a boat, and from thence placed in a guard-room, where he was loaded with irons. The ignominy of wearing iron hand-cuffs and hobbles, and being chained down, to a man of his independent and resolute spirit, was more painful than death. Shortly after he was confined, he sent for General Harmer, and requested a visit. The General went.

Whetzel admitted, without hesitation, "that he had shot the Indian." As he did not wish to be hung like a dog, he requested the General to give him up to the Indians, as there were a large number of them present. "He might place them all in a circle, with their scalping knives and tomahawks—and give him a tomahawk, and place him in the midst of the circle, and then let him and the Indians fight it out in the best way they could." The General told him, "That he was an officer appointed by the law, by which he must be governed. As the law did not authorize him to make such a compromise, he could not grant his request." After a few days longer confinement, he again sent for the General to come and see him; and he did so. Whetzel said "he had never been confined, and could not live much longer if he was not permitted some room to walk about." The General ordered the officer on guard to knock off his iron fetters, but to leave on his handcuffs, and permit him to walk about on the point at the mouth of the Muskingum; but to be sure to keep a close watch upon him. As soon as they were outside of the fort gate, Lewis began to caper about like a wild colt broke loose from the stall. He would start and run a few yards as if he was about making an escape, then turn round and join the guard. The next start he would run farther, and then stop. In this way he amused the guard for some time, at every start running a little farther. At length he called forth all his strength, resolution, and activity, and determined on freedom or an early grave. He gave a sudden spring forward, and bounded off at the top of his speed for the shelter of his beloved woods. His movement was so quick, and so unexpected, that the guard were taken by surprise, and he got nearly a hundred yards before they recovered from their astonishment. They fired, but all missed; they followed in pursuit, but he soon left them out of sight. As he was well acquainted with the country, he made for a dense thicket, about two or three miles from the fort. In the midst of this thicket, he found a tree which had fallen across a log, where the brush were very close. Under this tree he squeezed his body. The brush were so thick that he could not be discovered unless his pursuers examined very closely. As soon as his escape was announced, General Harmer started the soldiers and Indians in pursuit. After he had laid about two hours in his place of concealment, two Indians came into the thicket, and stood on the same log under which he lay concealed; his heart beat so violently he was afraid they would hear it thumping. He could hear them hallooing in every direction, as they hunted through the brush. At length, as the evening wore away the day, he found himself alone in the friendly thicket. But what should he do? His hands were fastened with iron cuffs and bolts, and he knew of no friend on the same side of the Ohio to whom he could apply for assistance. He had a friend who had recently put up a cabin on the Virginia side of the Ohio, who, he had no doubt, would lend him any assistance in his power. With the most gloomy foreboding of the future, a little after night-fall, he left the thicket and made his way to the Ohio. He came to the

river about three or four miles below the fort. He took this circuit, as he expected guards would be set at every point where he could find a canoe. How to get across the river was the all-important question. He could not make a raft with his hands bound. He was an excellent swimmer, but was fearful he could not swim the Ohio with his heavy iron handcuffs. After pausing some time, he determined to make the attempt. Nothing worse than death could happen; and he would prefer drowning to again falling into the hands of Harmer and his Indians. Like the illustrious Cæsar in the storm, he would trust the event to fortune; and he plunged into the river. He swam the greatest part of the distance on his back, and reached the Virginia shore in safety; but so much exhausted, that he had to lay on the beach some time before he was able to rise. He went to the cabin of his friend, where he was received with rapture. A file and hammer soon released him from his iron handcuffs. His friend (I have forgotten his name) furnished him a gun, ammunition and blanket, and he was again free, and prepared to engage in any new enterprise that would strike his fancy. He got into a canoe, and went to Kentucky, where he considered himself safe from the grasp of General Harmer.

Perhaps my readers may think me too minute in relating this affair. My apology is, that this transaction caused Whetzel more uneasiness, vexation and suffering, than all the other acts of his life. And besides, it shows in a conspicuous manner his indomitable spirit, in overcoming difficulties before which the bravest might quail.

Some time after Whetzel's escape, General Harmer moved his head quarters to Fort Washington. From there he issued a proclamation, offering a considerable reward for his capture and delivery at Fort Washington. But no Kentuckian could be induced, for any reward which could be given, to apprehend this prince of valiant soldiers.

Whetzel was engaged the most of his time on hunting parties, or on scouts after Indians. When he was not engaged in these perilous pursuits, he would amuse himself at Maysville and Washington, at shooting matches, foot racing, or wrestling with other hunters.

While engaged in one of his usual frolicks, at Maysville, a Lieutenant Loller, of the regular army, who was going down the Ohio to Fort Washington, in what was called a Kentucky boat, full of soldiers, landed at Maysville, and found Whetzel sitting in a tavern. Loller returned to his boat and got a file of soldiers, seized Whetzel, and dragged him aboard of the boat, and without a moment's delay pushed off, and that night delivered him to General Harmer at Fort Washington, where he again had to undergo the ignominy of having his hands and feet bound with irons. The noise of Whetzel's capture—and captured, too, for only killing an Indian—spread through the country like wild-fire. The passions of the frontier men were roused up to the highest pitch of fury. Petitions for the release of Whetzel were sent from the most influential men to the General,

from every quarter where the story had been heard. The General at first paid but little attention to these petitions. At length all the settlements along the Ohio, and some of the back counties, were preparing to embody in military array, to release him by force of arms. General Harmer, seeing the storm that was approaching, had Whetzel's irons knocked off, and set him at liberty.

Whetzel was once more a free man. He returned to his friends, and was caressed by young and old, with undiminished respect. The vast number of scalps which he had taken, proved his invincible courage, as well as his prowess in war: the sufferings and persecutions by which he had been pursued by General Harmer, secured for him the sympathy of the frontier men. The higher he was esteemed, the lower sank the character of General Harmer with the fiery spirits on the frontier.

LEWIS WHETZEL KILLING THREE INDIANS.

Many of the frontier men devoted their whole lives to war. Should they happen to stay long at a station, or fort, without being excited by some frightful alarm, or animated by an Indian skirmish, they would appear listless—their time would appear irksome on their hands; and as the poet said—

"A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed;"

in passing off their time in the dull sameness of stationary lives. Their happiness consisted in perpetual change of scenes. A life in the woods, with an occasional Indian fight, furnished them with subjects of discourse, till their stories grew stale by repetition; then away to the woods, risk their lives by "flood and field"—then return with a new cargo, which was related to as fond hearers as ever listened to a dramatic performance. Although a life in the woods, to those unaccustomed to such scenes, would be irksome and solitary in the highest degree; yet the hunter, when alone in the deepest and darkest forest, never feels solitary. His excitement is kept continually on the stretch, to take advantage of his game, or to circumvent his enemies. He has not, in his continual bustle, leisure to feel himself alone. In the long Indian war, many tragedies were acted by both red and white men, which for address and boldness, and even horrors in execution, throw the fabulous actions of romantic heroes completely into the shade. One more of Lewis Whetzel's tragedies, and I am done. He set off alone (as was frequently his custom) on an Indian hunt. It was late in the fall of the year, when the Indians were generally scattered in small parties on their hunting grounds. He proceeded somewhere on the waters of the Muskingum river, and found a camp where four Indians had fixed their quarters for a winter hunt. The Indians, unsuspicious of any enemies prowling about them so late in the season, were completely off their guard, keeping neither watch nor sentinels. Whetzel at first hesitated about the propriety of attacking such overwhelming numbers. After some reflection, he concluded to trust to his usual good

fortune, and began to meditate upon his plan of attack. He concluded their first sleep would be the fittest time for him to commence the work of death. About midnight, he thought their senses would be the most profoundly wrapped in sleep. He determined to walk to the camp, with his rifle in one hand, and his tomahawk in the other. If any of them should happen to be awake, he could shoot one, and then run off in the darkness of the night, and make his escape; should they be all asleep, he would make the onset with his trusty scalping-knife and tomahawk. Now, reader, imagine that you see him gliding through the darkness, with the silent, noiseless motion of an unearthly demon, seeking mischief, and the keen glance of the fabled Argus, and then you can imagine to your mind Whetzel's silent and stealthy approach upon his sleeping enemies. On he went to the camp, the fire burning dimly, but affording sufficient light to distinguish the forms of his sleeping victims. With calm intrepidity he stood a moment, reflecting on the best plan to make the desperate assault. He set his rifle against a tree, determined to use only his knife and tomahawk; as these would not miss their aim, if properly handled with a well strung arm. What a thrilling, horrible sight! See him leaning forward, with cool self-possession, and eager vengeance, as if he had been the minister of death; he stands a moment, then wielding his tomahawk, with the first blow leaves one of them in death's eternal sleep. As quick as lightning, and with tremendous yells, he applies the tomahawk to the second Indian's head, and sent his soul to the land of spirits. As the third was rising, confounded and confused with the unexpected attack, at two blows he fell lifeless to the ground. The fourth darted off, naked as he was, to the woods. Whetzel pursued him some distance, but finally he made his escape. This successful enterprise places our hero, for "deeds of noble daring," without a rival. From the pursuit he returned to the camp, scalped the three Indians, and then returned home. What Ossian said of some of his heroes, might with equal propriety be said of Whetzel—the western "clouds were hung round with ghosts." When he came home, he was asked what luck he had on his expedition? He replied, "Not very good; that he had treed four Indians, and one got away from him; that he had taken but three scalps, after all his pains and fatigue."

The number of scalps taken by the Whetzels in the course of the long Indian war, exceed belief. There is no doubt they were very little short of one hundred. War was the business of their lives. They would prowl through the Indian country singly, suffer all the fatigues of hasty marches in bad weather, or starvation, laying in close concealment, watching for a favorable opportunity to inflict death on the devoted victims who would be so unfortunate as to come within their vindictive grasp.

Of Martin and John Whetzel, I have but a faint recollection of their personal appearance. Jacob Whetzel was a large man, of full habit, but not corpulent. He was about six feet high, and weighed about two hundred pounds. He was a cheerful, pleasant companion;

and in every respect as much of a gentleman in his manners as most of the frontier men. They were all dark skinned, and wore their hair cued, which was very long and thick, as no part of it was suffered to be cut off. Lewis Whetzel was about five feet nine inches high. He had a full breast, was very broad across the shoulders; his arms were large—his limbs were not heavy—his skin was darker than was his brother's—his face was considerably pitted by the small pox—his hair, of which he was very careful, reached, when combed out, to the calves of his legs—his eyes were remarkably black, and when excited (which was easily done,) they would sparkle with such a vindictive glance, as almost to curdle the blood to look at him. In his appearance and gait there was something different from other men. Like one of Homer's heroes—

"Thus stalked he dreadful, death was in his look."

Where he professed friendship, he was as true as the needle to the pole; his enmity was always dangerous. In mixed company he was a man of few words; but with his particular friends he was a social, and even a cheerful companion. Notwithstanding their numberless exploits in war, they were no braggadocios. When they had killed their enemies, they thought no more about it than a butcher would after killing a bullock. It was their trade.

It is not claimed that all the old frontier men were such dare-devils as were the Whetzels. If they had been, the country could never have been settled. The men who went forward with families, and erected block houses, and forts, and remained stationary to defend them, and to cultivate the earth, were the most efficient settlers. The Whetzels, and others of the same grit, served as kind of outguards, who were continually ranging from station to station in search of adventure; so that it was almost impossible for large bodies of the enemy to approach the settlements, without being discovered by these vigilant, restless rangers, who would give the alarm to the forts. In this way all were useful; even the timid (for there were some such) would fight in defence of their fort.

Having now closed these narratives, I take my leave of the subject. Having concluded the reading public would be gratified with being presented with sketches of the doings of the old prioneer race, however coarsely they may be written; the sufferings, privations, and heroism of the old frontier men, who so nobly cleared the way for settling our western world, deserve, as they were the first actors, the first place in the history of our country. Many of these heroes bled and died in the cause; whilst others, by exposure and privations, contracted diseases which sent them into premature graves. They knew nothing about the artificial technicalities of politics, or theology. But however destitute they were, in the polish of science, they proved by their acts in a military point of view, that they had no superiors. If to perform successful and important enteprises, with small means, constitutes the essence of military greatness, then the splendid success of the men of whom I have written, should honor their names in all future time.

BRIEF SKETCHES

OF THE ADVENTURES OF SEVERAL INDIVIDUALS.

THE FRONTIER MEN.—GEN. WAYNE—CAPT. WELLS.*

THERE are certain epochs in the history of every country, which the nation continues proud to perpetuate. The war for independence, and the first settlement of the western country being simultaneous, the brilliant acts performed by our forefathers to effect those memorable objects, appear to form the critical era on which long hung in doubtful suspense the destiny of these United States. It will be admitted by all, that the old Indian war was a continuation of the war of the revolution. As Thomas Paine eloquently said at that time, "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier, and sunshine patriot, will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it out now, deserves the love and thanks of mankind." In many scenes of the grand drama were tragedies performed, which for sublimity and boldness of execution, throw fiction and romance into the shade. The names and characters of numbers of the actors have found a place in the history of the country; but of many, very many, who have performed brilliant exploits, the names and memory are lost, whilst the names of others are only remembered in traditionary legends.

The humble writer of this narrative grew to manhood in the midst of those scenes of peril, and having a personal knowledge of the subjects on which he writes, with truth for his guide, he has attempted to add his mite to the history of his country. It is possible that he claims more merit for the achievements of the old frontier men than the men of the present day are willing to admit. However that may be, he here presents to the reading public a few acts, which took place on the campaign with Gen. Wayne, in 1794.

Gen. Wayne had a bold, vigilant, and dexterous enemy to contend with. It became indispensable for him to use the utmost caution in his movements, to guard against surprise. To secure his army against a possibility of being ambuscaded, he employed a number of the best woodmen the frontier afforded, to act as spies or rangers. Captain Ephraim Kibby, one of the first settlers at Columbia, eight miles above Cincinnati, who had distinguised himself as a bold and intrepid soldier, in defending that infant settlement, commanded the principal part of the spies. The writer of this

* By the author of the preceding.

article, and his brother Thomas, were attached to Captain Kibby's company of rangers. This will account for the author's intimate knowledge of the subject of which he is giving a relation. A very effective division of the spies was commanded by Captain William Wells. Captain Wells had been taken prisoner by the Indians when quite a youth; he grew to manhood with them, and consequently was well acquainted with all their wiles and stratagems. From causes not now remembered, about eighteen months previous to the time of which I am writing, he left the Indians, and returned to his relatives and friends in civilized life. Being raised by the Indians, well acquainted with the country which was about to be the theatre of action, talking several of their languages fluently, and withal, desperately brave, such a soldier was a real, effective acquisition to the army. Captian Wells was the same gentleman named by the Rev. O. M. Spencer, in the narrative of his capture by the Indians, and release from captivity. It was to Captain Wells that Mr. Spencer was primarily indebted for his liberty. (See Spencer's Narrative, page 105.) I am particular in describing this corps of the army, as they performed more real service than any other.—Attached to Captain Wells' command were the following men: Robert M'Lelland (whose name has been since immortalized by the graphic pen of Washington Irving, in his "Astoria,") was one of the most athletic and active men on foot, that has appeared on this globe. On the grand parade at Fort Greenville, where the ground was very little inclined, to show his activity, he leaped over a road-wagon with the cover stretched over; the wagon and bows were eight feet high. Next was Henry Miller. He and a younger brother, named Christopher, had been made captives by the Indians when young, and adopted into an Indian family. Henry Miller lived with them till he was about twenty-four years of age; and although he had adopted all their manners and customs, he at that age began to think of returning to his relatives among the whites. The longer he reflected on the subject, the stronger his resolution grew to make an attempt to leave the Indians. He communicated his intention to his brother Christopher, and used every reason he was capable of, to induce his brother to accompany him in his flight. All his arguments were ineffectual. Christopher was young when made captive—he was now a good hunter, an expert woodsman, and in the full sense of the word, a free and independent Indian. Henry Miller set off alone through the woods, and arrived safe among his friends in Kentucky. Captain Wells was well acquainted with Miller during his captivity, and knew he possessed that firm intrepidity which would render him a valuable companion in time of need. To these were added a Mr. Hickman, and Mr. Thorp, who were men of tried worth in Indian warfare.

Captain Wells and his four companions were confidential and privileged gentlemen in camp, who were only called upon to do duty upon very particular and interesting occasions. They were permitted a *carte blanche* among the horses of the dragoons, and

when upon duty went well mounted; whilst the spies commanded by Captain Kibby went on foot, and were kept constantly on the alert, scouring the country in every direction.

The head-quarters of the army being at Fort Greenville, in the month of June, Gen. Wayne dispatched Captain Wells and his company, with orders to bring into camp an Indian as a prisoner, in order that he could interrogate him as to the future intentions of the enemy. Captain Wells proceeded with cautious steps through the Indian country. He crossed the river St. Mary, and thence to the river Auglaize, without meeting any straggling party of Indians. In passing up the Auglaize they discovered a smoke; they then dismounted, tied their horses, and proceeded cautiously to reconnoitre the enemy. They found three Indians camped on a high, open piece of ground, clear of brush, or any under-wood. As it was open woods, they found it would be difficult to approach the camp without being discovered. Whilst they were reconnoitreing, they saw, not very distant from the camp, a tree which had lately fallen. They returned and went round the camp, so as to get the top of the fallen tree between them and the Indians. The tree-top being full of leaves, would serve as a shelter to screen them from observation. They went forward upon their hands and knees, with the noiseless movements of the cat, till they reached the tree-top. They were now within seventy or eighty yards of the camp. The Indians were sitting or standing about the fire, roasting their venison, laughing and making other merry antics, little dreaming that death was about stealing a march upon them. Arrived at the fallen tree, their purpose of attack was soon settled; they determined to kill two of the enemy, and make the third prisoner. M'Lelland, it will be remembered, was almost as swift on foot as a deer of the forest; he was to catch the Indian, whilst to Wells and Miller was confided the duty of shooting the other two. One of them was to shoot the one on the right, and the other the one on the left. Their rifles were in prime order, the muzzles of their guns were placed on the log of the fallen tree, the sights were aimed for the Indians' hearts—whiz went the balls, and both Indians fell. Before the smoke of the burnt powder had raised six feet, M'Lelland was running at full stretch, with tomahawk in hand, for the Indian. The Indian bounded off at the top of his speed, and made down the river; but by continuing in that direction he discovered that M'Lelland would head him. He turned his course, and made for the river. The river here had a bluff bank, about twenty feet high. When he came to the bank he sprang down into the river, the bottom of which was a soft mud, into which he sunk to the middle. While he was endeavoring to extricate himself out of the mud, M'Lelland came to the top of the high bank, and without hestation sprang upon upon him, as he was wallowing in the mire. The Indian drew his knife—M'Lelland raised his tomahawk—told him to throw down his knife, or he would kill him instantly. He threw down his knife, and surrendered without any further effort at resistance. By the time the scuffle had

ceased in the mire, Wells and his companions came to the bank, and discovered M'Lelland and the Indian quietly sticking in the mire. As their prisoner was now secure, they did not think it prudent to take the frightful leap the other had done. They went to a place where the bank was less precipitous, went down and dragged the captive out of the mud, and tied him. He was very sulky, and refused to speak either Indian on English. Some of the party went back for their horses, whilst others washed the mud and paint from the prisoner. When washed, he turned out to be a white man, but still refused to speak, or give any account of himself. The party scalped the two Indians whom they had shot, and then set off with their prisoner for head-quarters. Whilst on their return to Fort Greenville, Henry Miller began to admit the idea that it was possible their prisoner was his brother Christopher, whom he had left with the Indians some years previous. Under this impression he rode along side of him, and called him by his Indian name. At the sound of his name he started, and stared round, and eagerly inquired how he came to know his name. The mystery was soon explained—their prisoner was indeed Christopher Miller! A mysterious providence appeared to have placed Christopher Miller in a situation in the camp, by which his life was preserved. Had he been standing on the right or left he would inevitably have been killed. But that fate which appears to have doomed the Indian race to extinction, permitted the white man to live, whilst the Indians were permitted to meet that "fate they cannot shun."

Captain Wells arrived safely with their prisoner at Fort Greenville. He was placed in the guard-house, where Gen. Wayne frequently interrogated him as to what he knew of the future intentions of the Indians. Captain Wells and Henry Miller were almost constantly with Christopher in the guard-house, urging him to leave off the thought of living longer with the Indians, and to join his relatives among the whites. Christopher for sometime was reserved and sulky, but at length became more cheerful, and agreed, if they would release him from confinement, that he would remain with the whites. Captain Wells and Henry Miller solicited Gen. Wayne for Christopher's liberty. Gen. Wayne could scarcely deny such pleaders any request they could make, and without hesitation ordered Christopher Miller to be set at liberty; remarking, that should he deceive them and return to the enemy, they would be but one the stronger. Christopher was set at liberty, and appeared pleased with his change of situation. He was mounted on a fine horse, and otherwise well equipped for war. He joined the company with Captain Wells and his brother, and fought bravely against the Indians during the continuance of the war. He was true to his word, and upon every occasion proved himself an intrepid and daring soldier.

As soon as Captain Wells and company had rested themselves and recruited their horses, they were anxious for another *bout* with the red men. Time, without action, was irksome to such stirring spirits. Early in July they left Greenville; their company was

then strengthened by the addition of Christopher Miller; their orders were to bring in prisoners. They pushed through the country, always dressed and painted in Indian style; they passed on, crossing the river St. Mary, and then through the country near to the river Auglaize, where they met a single Indian, and called to him to surrender. This man, notwithstanding that the whites were six against one, refused to surrender. He levelled his rifle, and as the whites were approaching him on horseback, he fired, but missed his mark, and then took to his heels to effect his escape. The undergrowth of brush was so very thick that he gained upon his pursuers. M'Lelland and Christopher Miller dismounted, and M'Lelland soon overhauled him. The Indian finding himself overtaken by his pursuers, turned round and made a blow at M'Lelland with his rifle, which was parried. As M'Lelland's intention was not to kill, he kept him at bay till Christopher Miller came up, when they closed in upon him, and made him prisoner without receiving any injury. They turned about for head-quarters, and arrived safely at Fort Greenville. Their prisoner was reputed to be a Potawotamie chief, whose courage and prowess was scarcely equalled. As Christopher Miller had performed his part on this occasion to the entire satisfaction of the brave spirits with whom he acted, he had, as he merited, their entire confidence.

It is not my intention to give a detailed account of the various actions performed by the spies attached to Gen. Wayne's army; although it would be a narrative most interesting to western readers. I have only selected a few of the acts performed by Captain Wells, and his enterprising followers, to show what kind of men they were. History, in no age of the world, furnishes so many instances of repeated acts of bravery as were performed by the frontier men of western Pennsylvania, western Virginia, and Kentucky; yet these acts of apparent desperation were so frequently repeated by numbers, that they were scarcely noticed at the time as being any other than the common occurrences of the day.

I have no doubt that during General Wayne's campaign, Captain Wells, and the few men he commanded, brought in not less than twenty prisoners, and killed more than an equal number. To show that desperate as they were in combat, that bravery was only a part of their merit, is demonstrated by the following circumstance: On one of Captain Wells' peregrinations through the Indian country, as he came to the bank of the river St. Mary, he discovered a family of Indians coming up the river in a canoe. He dismounted and concealed his men near the bank of the river, whilst he went himself to the bank, in open view, and called to the Indians to come over. As he was dressed in Indian style, and spoke to them in their own language, the Indians, not expecting an enemy in that part of the country, without any suspecion of danger went across the river. The moment the canoe struck the shore, Wells heard the cocks of his comrades' rifles cry "nick, nick," as they prepared to shoot the Indians; but who should be in the canoe but his Indian father and

another, with their children! As his comrades were coming forward with their rifles cocked, ready to pour in the deadly storm upon the devoted Indians, Wells called upon them to hold their hands and desist. He then informed them who those Indians were, and solemnly declared, that the man who would attempt to injure one of them, would receive a ball in his head. He said to his men, "That that family had fed him when he was hungry, clothed him when he was naked, and kindly nursed him when sick; and in every respect were as kind and affectionate to him as they were to their own children." This short, pathetic speech, found its way to the sympathetic hearts of his leather hunting-shirt comrades. Although they would have made but a shabby appearance on being introduced to a fashionable tea-party, or into a splendid ball-room, amongst polished grandees, or into a ceremonious levee, to pass through unmeaning becks, bows, and curtesies—the present was a scene of nature, and gratitude the motive; they all, at once, entered into their leader's feelings. I never knew a truly brave man who could hold back a tear of sympathy at the joy, grief, or sorrow of his fellow man; it is the timid coward who is cruel when he has the advantage. Those hardy soldiers approved of the motives of Captain Wells' lenity to the enemy. They threw down their rifles and tomahawks, went to the canoe, and shook hands with the trembling Indians in the most friendly manner. Captain Wells assured them they had nothing to fear from him; and after talking with them to dispel their fears, he said, "That Gen. Wayne was approaching with an overwhelming force; that the best thing the Indians could do, was to make peace; that the white men did not wish to continue the war. He urged his Indian father for the future to keep out of the reach of danger." He then bid them farewell; they appeared very grateful for his clemency. They then pushed off their canoe, and went down the river as fast as they could propel her. Captain Wells and his comrades, though perfect desperadoes in fight, upon this occasion proved they largely possessed that real gratitude and benevolence of heart which does honor to the human kind.

Early in the month of August, when the main army had arrived at the place subsequently designated as Fort Defiance, Gen. Wayne wished to be informed of the intentions of the enemy. For the purpose, Captain Wells was again dispatched to bring in another prisoner. The distance from Fort Defiance to the British fort, at the mouth of the Maumee river, was only forty-five miles, and he would not have to travel far before he would find Indians. As his object was to bring in a prisoner, it became necessary for him to keep out of the way of large parties, and endeavor to fall in with stragglers, who might be easily subdued and captured. They went cautiously down the river Maumee, till they came opposite the site on which Fort Meigs was erected by General Harrison, in 1813. This was two miles above the British fort, then called Fort Campbell. On the west bank of the Maumee was an Indian village. Wells and his party rode into the village as if they had just come

from the British fort. Being dressed and painted in complete Indian style, they rode through the village, occasionally stopping and talking to the Indians in their own language. No suspicion of who they were was excited, the enemy believing them to be Indians from a distance, coming to take a part in the battle which they all knew was shortly to be fought. After they had passed the village some distance, they fell in with an Indian man and woman on horseback, who were returning to the town from hunting. This man and woman were made captives without resistance. They set off for Fort Defiance. As they were rapidly proceeding up the Maumee river, a little after dark, they came near a large encampment of Indians, who were merrily amusing themselves around their campfires. Their prisoners were ordered to be silent, under pain of instant death. They went round the camp with their prisoners till they got about half a mile above it, where they halted to consult on their future operations. After consultation, they concluded to gag and tie their prisoners, and ride back to the Indian camp and give them a rally, in which each should kill his Indian. They deliberately got down, gagged, and fastened their prisoners to trees, rode boldly into the Indian encampment, and halted, with their rifles lying across the pummels of their saddles. They inquired when they had last heard of Gen. Wayne, and the movements of his army; how soon, and where it was expected the battle would be fought? The Indians, who were standing around Wells and his desperadoes, were very communicative, answering all their interrogatories without suspecting any deceit in their visitors. At length an Indian, who was sitting some distance from them, said in an under tone, in another tongue, to some who were near him, that he suspected these strangers had some mischief in their heads. Wells overheard what he said, and immediately gave the pre-concerted signal, and each fired his rifle into the body of an Indian, at not more than six feet distance. The Indian who had suspected them, the moment he made the remark, and a number of others, raised up with their rifles in their hands, but not before Wells and his party had each shot an Indian. As soon as Wells and his party fired, they put spurs to their horses, laying with their breasts to their horses' necks, so as to lessen the mark of the enemy to fire at. They had not got out of the light of the camp-fire before the Indians shot at them. As M'Lelland lay close on his horse's neck, he was shot, the ball passing under his shoulder-blade, and coming out at the top of his shoulder. Captain Wells was shot through the arm on which he carried his rifle; the arm was broken, and his trusty rifle fell. The rest of the party and their horses received no injury.

What confidence, what self-possession was displayed by these men, in this terrific encounter! They beat Gen. Marion and his sergeants hollow! They had come off unscathed in so many desperate conflicts, that their souls were callous to danger. As they had no rivals in the army, they aimed to outdo their former exploits. To ride into the enemy's camp, and enter into conversation with

them, without betraying the least appearance of trepidation, or confusion, proves how well their souls were steeled. This action of real life even rivals the fictitious though sublime muse of the Grecian poet. Homer sends forth his invincible hero, protected by the invulnerable panoply of Jupiter, to make a night attack upon the enemy. Diomede makes the successful assault upon sleeping foes. Not so our western heroes; they boldly went into the midst of the enemy, while their camp-fires were burning bright, and openly commenced the work of death. Af er having performed this military act of supererogation, they rode at full speed to where their captives were confined, mounted them on horses, and set off for Fort Defiance. Captain Wells and M'Lelland were severely wounded; and to Fort Defiance, a distance of about thirty miles, they had to travel, before they could rest or receive the aid of a surgeon. As their march would be slow and painful, one of the party was dispatched at full speed to Fort Defiance, for a guard and a surgeon. As soon as Captain Well's messenger arrived at Fort Defiance, with the tidings of the wounds and perilous situation of these heroic and faithful spies, very great sympathy was manifested in the minds of all. Gen.. Wayne's feeling for the suffering soldier was at all times quick and sensitive; we can then imagine how intense was his solicitude when informed of the sufferings and perils of his confidential and chosen band. Without a moment's delay he dispatched a surgeon, and a company of the swiftest dragoons, to meet, assist, and guard these brave fellows to head-quarters. Suffice to say, they arrived safely in camp, and the wounded recovered in due course of time.

As the battle was fought, and a brilliant victory won a few days after this affair took place, Captain Wells, and his daring comrades, were not engaged in any further acts of hostility till the war with the Indians was auspiciously concluded by a lasting treaty of peace.

A new and happy era was about dawning on the west. A cruel and exterminating war, of nearly fifty years' continuance, was closed by a general peace with the red men of the forest. The names and memories of these brave men, whose march was in the front of danger, should be held in veneration, by the millions who now repose in peace and quiet on the territory they acquired at the risk of their lives, in a thousand battles.

It is very natural for the reader to inquire, what became of these men after the war terminated? What became of Thorp, Hickman, and the two Millers, I have never learned; but if alive, they probably reside in some smoky cabin in the far and distant west, unknown and unhonored. The last I heard of the brave, hardy, and active M'Lelland, he had just returned to St. Louis, in 1812, from an expedition across the rocky mountains. He had been to the Pacific ocean, at the month of the Columbia river. Such a tour, through uncultivated, unpeopled oceans of the prairie, and then to labor through the tempestuous bursts of snow and sleet, which whirl in almost continual storms around the heights of the frightful world of

rocks which compose the dreary Rocky Mountains, where winter eternally reigns—this enterprise was equal to the daring genius of the man.

The fate of the brave and lamented Captain Wells was sealed during the late war, on the 15th of August, 1817, near Fort Dearbone, at the mouth of the Chicago river, on the bank of Lake Michigan, where he was slain in an unequal combat; where sixty-four whites were attacked by upwards of four hundred Indian warriors. Then fell as bold a spirit as ever shouldered a rifle, or wielded a tomahawk.

In attempting to describe the awful catastrophies, and frightful combats which took place on the western frontier, we sometimes meet with scenes to which language is not equal. "The conception is too bulky to be born alive, and in the struggle for expression, every finger tries to be a tongue," when we reflect upon the bold assaults, or the ingenious, masterly retreats of the old frontier men, the patient fortitude with which they endured fatigue and hunger. It is evident that man little knows, till he is tried, what calamities and hardships he can endure. The dangers from their enemies, though great, were only an item in the catalogue of their sufferings. They had to travel through thick woods, without road or path, scratched with briars, stung by nettles, or torn by thorns. When night approached, no shelter to protect them against "the pittiless pelting of the storm," or comfortable couch on which to repose their weary bodies; the moist earth was their bed, the firmament of heaven their covering. Tormented with gnats and musquetoes, their nights were sleepless. When morning light returned, their cares and watchfulness were resumed, to guard against the danger of being surprised by their vigilant, bold, and dexterous enemy.

ROBERT BENHAM.

In the autumn of 1779, a number of keel boats were ascending the Ohio under the command of Maj. Rodgers, and had advanced as far as the mouth of Licking without accident. Here, however, they observed a few Indians, standing upon the southern extremity of a sandbar, while a canoe, rowed by three others, was in the act of putting off from the Kentucky shore, as if for the purpose of taking them aboard. Rodgers immediately ordered the boats to be made fast on the Kentucky shore, while the crew, to the number of seventy men, well armed, cautiously advanced in such a manner as to encircle the spot where the enemy had been seen to land. Only five or six Indians had been seen, and no one dreamed of encountering more than fifteen or twenty enemies. When Rodgers, however, had, as he supposed, completely surrounded the enemy, and was preparing to rush upon them, from several quarters at once, he was thunderstruck at beholding several hundred savages suddenly spring up in front, rear, and upon both flanks! They instantly poured in

a close discharge of rifles, and then throwing down their guns, fell upon the survivors with the tomahawk! The panic was complete, and the slaughter prodigious. Major Rodgers, together with forty five others of his men, were quickly destroyed. The survivors made an effort to regain their boats, but the five men who had been left in charge of them, had immediately put off from shore in the hindmost boat, and the enemy had already gained possession of the others. Disappointed in the attempt, they turned furiously upon the enemy, and aided by the approach of darkness, forced their way through their lines, and with the loss of several severely wounded, at length effected their escape to Harrodsburgh.

Among the wounded was Captain Robert Benham. Shortly after breaking through the enemy's line, he was shot through both hips, and the bones being shattered, he fell to the ground. Fortunately, a large tree had lately fallen near the spot where he lay, and with great pain, he dragged himself into the top, and lay concealed among the branches. The Indians, eager in pursuit of the others, passed him without notice, and by midnight all was quiet. On the following day, the Indians returned to the battle ground, in order to strip the dead and take care of the boats. Benham, although in danger of famishing, permitted them to pass without making known his condition, very correctly supposing that his crippled legs, would only induce them to tomahawk him upon the spot in order to avoid the trouble of carrying him to their town. He lay close, therefore, until the evening of the second day, when perceiving a raccoon descending a tree, near him, he shot it, hoping to devise some means of reaching it, when he could kindle a fire and make a meal.—Scarcely had his gun cracked, however, when he heard a human cry, apparently not more than fifty yards off. Supposing it to be an Indian, he hastily reloaded his gun, and remained silent, expecting the approach of an enemy. Presently the same voice was heard again, but much nearer. Still Benham made no reply, but cocked his gun and sat ready to fire as soon as on object appeared. A third halloo was quickly heard, followed by and exclamation of impatience and distress, which convinced Benham that the unknown must be a Kentuckian. As soon, therefore, as he heard the expression "whoever you are—for God's sake answer me!"—he replied with readiness, and the parties were soon together. Benham, as we have already observed, was shot through both legs!—the man who now appeared, had escaped from the same battle, *with both arms broken!* Thus each was enabled to supply what the other wanted. Benham having the perfect use of his arms, could load his gun and kill game, with great readiness, while his friend having the use of his legs, could kick the game to the spot where Benham sat, who was thus enabled to cook it. When no wood was near them, his companion would rake up brush with his feet, and gradually roll it within reach of Benham's hands, who constantly fed his companion, and dressed *his* wounds, as well as his own—tearing up both of their shirts for that purpose. They found some difficulty in procuring water, at

first—but Benham at length took his own hat, and placing the rim between the teeth of his companion, directed him to wade into the Licking, up to his neck, and dip the hat into the water (by sinking his own head.) The man who could walk, was thus enabled to bring water, by means of his teeth, which Benham could afterwards dispose of as was necessary.

In a few days, they had killed all the squirrels and birds within reach, and the man with the broken arms was sent out to drive game within gunshot of the spot to which Benham was confined. Fortunately, wild turkeys were abundant in those woods, and his companion would walk around and drive them towards Benham, who seldom failed to kill two or three of each flock. In this manner, they supported themselves for several weeks, until their wounds had healed, so as to enable them to travel. They then shifted their quarters, and put up a small shed at the mouth of Licking, where they encamped until late in November, anxiously expecting the arrival of some boat, which should convey them to the falls of Ohio.

On the 27th of November, they observed a flat boat moving leisurely down the river. Benham hoisted his hat upon a stick and hallooed loudly for help. The crew, however, supposing them to be Indians —at least suspecting them of an intention to decoy them ashore, paid no attention to their signals of distress, but instantly put over to the opposite side of the river, and manning every oar, endeavored to pass them as rapidly as possible. Benham beheld them pass him with a sensation bordering on despair, for the place was much frequented by Indians, and the approach of winter threatened them with destruction, unless speedily relieved. At length, after the boat had passed him nearly half a mile, he saw a canoe put off from its stern, and cautiously approached the Kentucky shore, evidently reconnoitreing them with great suspicion. He called loudly upon them for assistance, mentioned his name and made known his condition. After a long parley, and many evidences of reluctance on the part of the crew, the canoe at length touched the shore, and Benham and his friend were taken on board. Their appearance excited much suspicion. They were almost entirely naked, and their faces were garnished with six weeks growth of beard. The one was barely able to hobble upon crutches, and the other could manage to feed himself with one of his hands. They were taken to Louisville, where their clothes (which had been carried off in the boat which deserted them) were restored to them, and after a few weeks confinement, both were perfectly restored.

Benham afterwards served in the northwest throughout the whole of the Indian war—accompanied the expeditions of Harmer and Wilkinson, shared in the disaster of St. Clair, and afterwards in the triumph of Wayne. Upon the return of peace, he bought the land, upon which Rodgers had been defeated, and ended his days in tranquility, amid the scenes which had witnessed his sufferings.

ALEXANDER M'CONNEL.

Early in the spring of 1780, Mr. Alexander M'Connel, of Lexington, Ky. went into the woods on foot, to hunt deer. He soon killed a large buck, and returned home for a horse, in order to bring it in. During his absence, a party of five Indians, on one of their skulking expeditions, accidentally stumbled on the body of the deer, and perceiving that it had been recently killed, they naturally supposed that the hunter would speedily return to secure the flesh. Three of them, therefore, took their stations within close rifle shot of the deer, while the other two followed the trail of the hunter, and waylaid the path by which he was expected to return. M'Connel, expecting no danger, rode carelessly along the path, which the two scouts were watching, until he had come within view of the deer, when he was fired upon by the whole party, and his horse killed. While laboring to extricate himself from the dying animal, he was seized by his enemies, overpowered, and borne off as a prisoner. His captors, however, seemed to be a merry, good natured set of fellows, and permitted him to accompany them unbound—and what was rather extroadinary, allowed him to retain his gun and hunting accoutrements. He accompanied them with great apparent cheerfulness through the day, and displayed his dexterity in shooting deer for the use of the company, until they began to regard him with great partiality. Having travelled with them in this manner for several days, they at length reached the banks of the Ohio river. Heretofore, the Indians had taken the precaution to bind him at night, although not very securely; but on that evening, he remonstrated with them on the subject, and complained so strongly of the pain which the cords gave him, that they merely wrapped the buffalo tug losely around his wrists, and having tied it in a easy knot, and attached the extremities of the rope to their own bodies, in order to prevent his moving without awakening them, they very composedly went to sleep, leaving the prisoner to follow their example or not, as he pleased.

M'Connel determined to effect his escape that night, if possible, as on the following morning they would cross the river, which would render it more difficult. He, therefore, lay quietly until near midnight, anxiously ruminating upon the best means of effecting his object. Accidentally casting his eyes in the direction of his feet, they fell upon the glittering blade of a knife, which had escaped its sheath, and was now lying near the feet of one of the Indians. To reach it with his hands, without disturbing the two Indians, to whom he was fastened, was impossible, and it was very hazardous to attempt to draw it up with his feet. This, however, he attempted. With much difficulty he grasped the blade between his toes, and after repeated and long continued efforts, succeeded at length in bringing it within reach of his hands. To cut his cords, was then but the work of a moment, and gradually and silently extricating his person from the Indians, he walkad to the fire and sat down. He saw that his

work was but half done. That if he should attempt to return home, without destroying his enemies, he would assuredly be pursued and probably overtaken, when his fate would be certain. On the other hand, it seemed almost impossible for a single man to succeed in a conflict with five Indians, even though unarmed and asleep. He could not hope to deal a blow with his knife so silently and fatally, as to destroy each one of his enemies in turn, without awakening the rest:—Their slumbers were proverbially light and restless—and if he failed with a single one, he must inevitably be overpowered by the survivors. The knife, therefore, was out of the question. After anxious reflection for a few minutes, he formed his plan. The guns of the Indians were stacked near the fire—their knives and tomahawks were in sheaths by their sides. The latter he dared not touch for fear of awakening their owners—but the former he carefully removed, with the exception of two, and hid them in the woods, where he knew the Indians would not readily find them. He then returned to the spot where the Indians were still sleeping, perfectly ignorant of the fate being prepared for them, and taking a gun in each hand, he rested the muzzels upon a log within six feet of his victims, and having taken deliberate aim at the head of one, and the heart of another, he pulled both triggers at the same moment. Both shots were fatal. At the report of their guns, the others sprung to their feet, and stared wildly around them. M'Connel, who had run to the spot where the other rifles were hid, hastily seized one of them and fired at two of his enemies, who happened to stand in a line with each other. The nearest fell dead, being shot through the centre of the body; the second fell also, bellowing loudly, but quickly recovering, limped off into the woods as fast as possible. The fifth, and only one who remained unhurt, darted off like a deer, with a yell which announced equal terror and astonishment.—M'Connel, not wishing to fight any more such battles, selected his own rifle from the stack, and made the best of his way to Lexington, where he arrived safely within two days.

Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Dunlap, of Fayette, who had been several months a prisoner amongst the Indians on Mad river, made her escape, and returned to Lexington. She reported, that the survivor returned to his tribe with a lamentable tale. He related that they had taken a fine young hunter near Lexington, and had brought him safely as far as the Ohio;—that while encamped upon the bank of the river, a large party of white men had fallen upon them in the night, and killed all his companions, together with the poor defenceless prisoner, who lay bound hand and foot, unable either to escape or resist!!

ROBERT AND SAMUEL M'AFEE.

Early in May, 1781, M'Afee's station, in the neighborhood of Harrodsburgh, was alarmed. On the morning of the 9th Samuel

M'Afee, accompanied by another man, left the fort in order to visit a small plantation in the neighborhood, and at the distance of three hundred yards from the gate, they were fired upon by a party of Indians in ambush. The man who accompanied him instantly fell, and M'Afee attempted to regain the fort. While running rapidly for that purpose, he found himself suddenly intercepted by an Indian, who, springing out of the canebrake, planted himself directly in his path. There was no time for compliments. Each glared upon the other for an instant in silence, and both raising their guns at the same moment, pulled the triggers together. The Indian's rifle snapped, while M'Afee's ball passed directly through his brain. Having no time to reload his gun, he sprung over the body of his antagonist, and continued his flight to the fort. When within one hundred yards of the gate, he was met by his two brothers, Robert and James, who at the report of the guns, had hurried out to the assistance of their brother. Samuel hastily informed them of their danger, and exhorted them to return. James readily complied, but Robert, deaf to all remonstrances, declared that he must have a view of the dead Indian. He ran on, for that purpose, and having regaled himself with that spectacle, was hastily returning by the same path, when he saw five or six Indians between him and the fort, evidently bent upon taking him alive. All his activity and presence of mind was now put in request. He ran rapidly from tree to tree, endeavoring to turn their flank, and reach one of the gates, and after a variety of turns and doublings in the thick wood, he found himself pressed by only one Indian. M'Afee, hastily throwing himself behind a fence, turned upon his pursuer, and compelled him to take shelter behind a tree. Both stood still for a moment—M'Afee having his gun cocked, and the sight fixed upon the tree, at the spot where he supposed the Indian would thrust out his head in order to have a view of his antagonist. After waiting a few seconds he was gratified. The Indian slowly and cautiously exposed a part of his head, and began to elevate his rifle. As soon as a sufficient mark presented itself M'Afee fired, and the Indian fell. While turning, in order to continue his flight, he was fired on by a party of six, which compelled him again to tree. But scarcely had he done so, when, from the opposite quarter, he received the fire of three more enemies, which made the bark fly around him, and knocked up the dust about his feet. Thinking his post rather too hot for safety, he neglected all shelter and ran directly for the fort, which, in defiance of all opposition, he reached in safety, to the inexpressible joy of his brothers, who had despaired of his return.

The Indians now opened a heavy fire upon the fort, in their usual manner; but finding every effort useless, they hastily decamped, without any loss beyond the two who had fallen by the hands of the brothers, and without having inflicted any upon the garrison. Within half an hour, Major M'Gary brought up a party from Harrodsburgh at full gallop, and uniting with the garrison, pursued the enemy with all possible activity. They soon overtook them, and a

sharp action ensued. The Indians were routed in a few minutes, with the loss of six warriors left dead upon the ground, and many others wounded, who as usual were borne off. The pursuit was continued for several miles, but from the thickness of the woods, and the extreme activity and address of the enemy, was not very effectual. M'Gary lost one man dead upon the spot, and another mortally wounded.

BRYANT AND HOGAN.

About the same time, Bryant's station was much harrassed by small parties of the enemy. This was a frontier post, and generally received the brunt of Indian hostility. It had been settled in 1779, by four brothers from North Carolina, one of whom, William, had married a sister of Col. Daniel Boone. The Indians were constantly lurking in the neighborhood, waylaying the paths, stealing their horses and butchering their cattle. It at length became necessary to hunt in parties of twenty or thirty men, so as to be able to meet and repel those attacks, which were every day becoming more bold and frequent. One afternoon, about the 20th of May, William Bryant, accompanied by twenty men, left the fort on a hunting expedition down the Elkhorn creek. They moved with caution, until they had passed all the points where ambuscades had generally been formed, when, seeing no enemy, they became more bold, and determined, in order to sweep a large extent of country, to divide their company into two parties. One of them, conducted by Bryant in person, was to descend the Elkhorn on its southern bank, flanking out largely, and occupying as much ground as possible. The other, under the orders of James Hogan, a young farmer in good circumstances, was to move down in a parallel line upon the north bank. The two parties were to meet at night, and encamp together at the mouth of Cane run. Each punctually performed the first part of their plans. Hogan, however, had travelled but a few hundred yards, when he heard a loud voice behind him exclaim in very good English, "stop, boys!" Hastily looking back, they saw several Indians on foot pursuing them as rapidly as possible. Without halting to count numbers, the party put spurs to their horses, and dashed through the woods at full speed, the Indians keeping close behind them, and at times gaining upon them. There was a led horse in company, which had been brought with them for the purpose of packing game. This was abandoned and fell into the hands of the Indians. Several of them lost their hats in the eagerness of flight; but quickly getting into the open woods, they left their pursuers so far behind, that they had leisure to breathe and enquire of each other, whether it was worth while to kill their horses before they had ascertained the number of the enemy. They quickly determined to cross the creek, and await the approach of the Indians. If they found them superior to their own and Bryant's party united,

they would immediately return to the fort—as, by continuing their march to the mouth of Cane run, they would bring a superior enemy upon their friends and endanger the lives of the whole party.—They accordingly crossed the creek, dismounted, and awaited the approach of the enemy. By this time it had become dark, the Indians were distinctly heard approaching the creek upon the opposite side, and after a short halt, a solitary warrior descended the bank and began to wade through the stream. Hogan waited until they had emerged from the gloom of the trees which grew upon the bank, and as soon as he had reached the middle of the stream, where the light was more distinct, he took deliberate aim and fired. A great splashing in the water was heard, but presently all became quiet. The pursuit was discontinued, and the party, remounting their horses, returned home. Anxious, however, to apprize Bryant's party of their danger, they left the fort before daylight on the ensuing morning, and rode rapidly down the creek, in the direction of the mouth of Cane. When within a few hundred yards of the spot where they supposed the encampment to be, they heard the report of many guns in quick succession. Supposing that Bryant had fallen in with a herd of buffalo, they quickened their march in order to take part in the sport. The morning was foggy, and the smoke of the guns lay so heavily upon the ground that they could see nothing until they had approached within twenty yards of the creek, when they suddenly found themselves within pistol shot of a party of Indians, very composedly seated upon their packs, and preparing their pipes. Both parties were much startled, but quickly recovering, they sheltered themselves as usual, and the action opened with great vivacity. The Indians maintained their ground for half an hour, with some firmness, but being pressed in front, and turned in flank, they at length gave way, and being closely pursued, were ultimately routed, with considerable loss, which, however, could not be distinctly ascertained. Of Hogan's party, one man was killed on the spot, and three others wounded, none mortally.

It happened that Bryant's company had encamped at the mouth of Cane, as had been agreed upon, and were unable to account for Hogan's absence. That, about day-light, they heard a bell at a distance, which they immediately recognized as the one belonging to the led horse which had accompanied Hogan's party, and which, as we have seen, had been abandoned to the enemy the evening before. Supposing their friends to be bewildered in the fog, and unable to find their camp, Byrant, accompanied by Grant, one of his men, mounted a horse, and rode to the spot where the bell was still ringing. They soon fell into an ambuscade, and were fired upon. Bryant was mortally, and Grant severely wounded, the first being shot through the hip and both knees, the latter through the back. Both being able to keep the saddle, however, they set spurs to their horses, and arrived at the station shortly after breakfast. The Indians, in the meantime, had fallen upon the encampment, and dis-

persed it, and while preparing to regale themselves after their victory, were suddenly attacked, as we have seen, by Hogan. The timidity of Hogan's party, at the first appearance of the Indians, was the cause of the death of Bryant. The same men who fled so hastily in the evening, were able the next morning, by a little firmness, to vanquish the same party of Indians. Had they stood at first, an equal success would probably have attended them, and the life of their leader would have been preserved.

ADAM POE.

About the middle of July, 1782, seven Wyandotts crossed the Ohio a few miles above Wheeling, and committed great depredations upon the southern shore, killing an old man whom they found alone in his cabin, and spreading terror throughout the neighborhood. Within a few hours after their retreat, eight men assembled from different parts of the small settlement, and pursued the enemy with great expedition. Among the most active and efficient of the party, were two brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe. Adam was particularly popular. In strength, action, and hardihood, he had no equal —being finely formed and inured to all the perils of the woods. They had not followed the trail far, before they became satisfied that the depredators were conducted by Big Foot, a renowned chief of the Wyandott tribe, who derived his name from the immense size of his feet. His height considerably exceeded six feet, and his strength was represented as Herculean. He had also five brothers, but little inferior to himself in size and courage, and as they generally went in company, they were the terror of the whole country. Adam Poe was overjoyed at the idea of measuring his strength with that of so celebrated a chief, and urged the pursuit with a keenness which quickly brought him into the vicinity of the enemy. For the last few miles, the trail had led them up the southern bank of the Ohio, where the footprints in the sand were deep and obvious, but when within a few hundred yards of the point at which the whites as well as the Indians were in the habit of crossing, it suddenly diverged from the stream, and stretched along a rocky ridge, forming an obtuse angle with its former direction. Here Adam halted for a moment, and directed his brother and the other young men to follow the trail with proper caution, while he himself still adhered to the river path, which led through clusters of willows directly to the point where he supposed the enemy to lie. Having examined the priming of his gun, he crept cautiously through the bushes, until he had a view of the point of embarkation. Here lay two canoes, empty and apparently deserted. Being satisfied, however, that the Indians were close at hand, he relaxed nothing of his vigilance, and quickly gained a jutting cliff, which hung immediately over the canoes. Hearing a low murmur below, he peered cautiously over, and beheld the object of his search. The gigantic Big Foot, lay

below him in the shade of a willow, and was talking in a low deep tone to another warrior, who seemed a mere pigmy by his side. Adam cautiously drew back and cocked his gun. The mark was fair—the distance did not exceed twenty feet, and his aim was unerring. Raising his rifle slowly and cautiously, he took a steady aim at Big Foot's breast, and drew the trigger. His gun flashed. Both Indians sprung to their feet with a deep interjection of surprise, and for a single second they all three stared upon each other. This inactivity, however, was soon over. Adam was too much hampered by the bushes to retreat, and setting his life upon a cast of the die, he sprung over the bush which had sheltered him, and summoning all his powers, leaped boldly down the precipice and alighted upon the breast of Big Foot with a shock that bore him to the earth. At the moment of contact, Adam had also thrown his right arm around the neck of the smaller Indian, so that all three came to the earth together. At that moment a sharp firing was heard among the bushes above, announcing that the other parties were engaged, but the trio below were too busy to attend to any thing but themselves. Big Foot was for an instant stunned by the violence of the shock, and Adam was enabled to keep them both down. But the exertion necessary for that purpose was so great, that he had no leisure to use his knife. Big Foot quickly recovered, and without attempting to rise, wrapped his long arms round Adam's body, and pressed him to his breast with the crushing force of a Boa Constrictor! Adam, as we have already remarked, was a powerful man, and had seldom encountered his equal, but never had he yet felt an embrace like that of Big Foot. He instantly relaxed his hold of the small Indian, who sprung to his feet. Big Foot then ordered him to run for his tomahawk, which lay within ten steps, and kill the white man while he held him in his arms. Adam, seeing his danger, struggled manfully to extricate himself from the folds of the giant, but in vain. The lesser Indian approached with his uplifted tomahawk, but Adam watched him closely, and as he was about to strike, gave him a kick so sudden and violent, as to knock the tomahawk from his hand, and send him staggering back into the water. Big Foot uttered an exclamation in a tone of deep contempt at the failure of his companion, and raising his voice to the highest pitch, thundered out several words in the Indian tongue, which Adam could not understand, but supposed to be a direction for a second attack. The lesser Indian now again approached, carefully shunning Adam's heels, and making many motions with his tomahawk, in order to deceive him as to the point where the blow would fall. This lasted for several seconds, until a thundering exclamation from Big Foot, compelled his companion to strike. Such was Adam's dexterity and vigilance, however, that he managed to receive the tomahawk in a glancing direction upon his left wrist, wounding him deeply, but not disabling him. He now made a sudden and desperate effort to free himself from the arms of the giant, and succeeded. Instantly snatching up a rifle, (for the Indian could not venture to shoot for

fear of hurting his companion,) he shot the lesser Indian through the body. But scarcely had he done so, when Big Foot arose, and placing one hand upon his collar, and the other upon his hip, pitched him into the air, as he himself would have pitched a child. Adam fell upon his back at the edge of the water, but before his antaganist could spring upon him, he was again upon his feet, and stung with rage at the idea of being handled so easily, he attacked his gigantic antagonist with a fury which for a time compensated for inferiority of strength. It was now a fair fist fight between them, for in the hurry of the struggle neither had leisure to draw their knives. Adam's superior activity and experience as a pugilist, gave him great advantage. The Indian struck awkwardly, and finding himself rapidly dropping to the leeward, he closed with his antagonist, and again hurled him to the ground. They quickly rolled into the river, and the struggle continued with unabated fury, each attempting to drown the other. The Indian being unused to such violent exertion, and having been much injured by the first shock in his stomach. was unable to exert the same powers which had given him such a decided superiority at first; and Adam, seizing him by the scalp lock, put his head under water and held it there, until the faint struggles of the Indian induced him to believe that he was drowned, when he relaxed his hold and attempted to draw his knife. The Indian, however, to use Adam's own expression, "had only been POSSUMING!" He instantly regained his feet, and in his turn put his adversary under. In the struggle, both were carried out into the current beyond their depth, and each was compelled to relax his hold and swim for his life. There was still one loaded rifle upon the shore, and each swam hard in order to reach it, but the Indian proved the most expert swimmer, and Adam seeing that he should be too late, turned and swam out into the stream, intending to dive, and thus frustrate his enemy's intention. At this instant Andrew, having heard that his brother was alone in a struggle with two Indians, and in great danger, ran up hastily to the edge of the bank above, in order to assist him. Another white man followed him closely, and seeing Adam in the river, covered with blood. and swimming rapidly from shore, mistook him for an Indian and fired upon him, wounding him dangerously in the shoulder. Adam turned, and seeing his brother, called loudly upon him to "shoot the big Indian upon shore." Andrew's gun, however, was empty, having just been discharged. Fortunately, Big Foot had also seized the gun with which Adam had shot the Indian, so that both were upon equality. The contest now was who should load first. Big Foot poured in his powder first, and drawing his ramrod out of its sheath in too great a hurry, threw it into the river, and while he ran to recover it, Andrew gained an advantage. Still the Indian was but a second too late, for his gun was at his shoulder, when Andrew's ball entered his breast. The gun dropped from his hands and he fell forward upon his face upon the very margin of the river. Andrew, now alarmed for his brother, who was scarcely able to

swim, threw down his gun and rushed into the river in order to bring him ashore—but Adam, more intent upon securing the scalp of Big Foot as a trophy, than upon his own safety, called loudly upon his brother to leave him alone and scalp the big Indian, who was now endeavoring to roll himself into the water, from a romantic desire, peculiar to the Indian warrior, of securing his scalp from the enemy. Andrew, however, refused to obey, and insisted on saving the living, before attending to the dead. Big Foot, in the mean time, had succeeded in reaching the deep water before he expired, and his body was borne off by the waves, without being stripped of the pride and ornament of an Indian warrior.

Not a man of the Indians had escaped. Five of Big Foot's brothers, the flower of the Wyandott nation, had accompanied him in the expedition, and all perished. It is said that the news threw the whole tribe into mourning. Their remarkable size, their courage, and their superior intelligence, gave them immense influence, which, greatly to their credit, was generally exerted on the side of humanity. Their powerful interposition, had saved many prisoners from the stake, and given a milder character to the warfare of the Indians in that part of the country. Adam Poe recovered of his wounds, and lived many years after his memorable conflict; but never forgot the tremendous "hug" which he sustained in the arms of Big Foot.

MRS. WOODS.

About the middle of the summer of 1792, a gentleman named Woods, imprudently removed from the neighborhood of a station, and for the benefit of his stock, settled on a lonely heath, near Beargrass. One morning, he left his family, consisting of a wife, a daughter not yet grown, and a lame negro man, and rode off to the nearest station, not expecting to return until night. Mrs. Woods, while engaged in her dairy, was alarmed at seeing several Indians rapidly approaching the house. She screamed loudly, in order to give the alarm, and ran with her utmost speed, in order to reach the house before them. In this she succeeded, but had not time to close the door until the foremost Indian had forced his way into the house. As soon as he entered, the lame negro grappled him and attempted to throw him upon the floor, but was himself hurled to the ground with violence, the Indian falling upon him. Mrs. Woods was too busily engaged in keeping the door closed against the party without, to attend to the combatants, but the lame negro, holding the Indian in his arms, called to the young girl to cut his head off with a very sharp axe which lay under the bed. She attempted to obey, but struck with so trembling a hand, that the blow was ineffectual. Repeating her efforts under the direction of the negro, however, she at length wounded the Indian so badly, that the negro was enabled to arise and complete the execution. Elated with success, he then

called to his mistress, and told her to suffer another Indian to enter, and they would kill them all one by one. While deliberating upon this proposal, however, a sharp firing was heard without, and the Indians quickly disappeared. A party of white men had seen them at a distance, and having followed them cautiously, had now interposed, at a very critical moment, and rescued a helpless family from almost certain destruction.

DAVIS, CAFFREE AND M'CLURE.

In the spring of 1784, three young Kentuckians, Davis, Caffree, and M'Clure, pursued a party of southern Indians, who had stolen horses from Lincoln county, and finding it impossible to overtake them, they determined to go on to the nearest Indian settlement, and make reprisals—horse stealing being at that time a very fashionable amusement, and much practised on both sides. After travelling several days, they came within a few miles of an Indian town near the Tennessee river, called Chicacaugo. Here they fell in with three Indians. Finding themselves equal in point of numbers, the two parties made signs of peace, shook hands and agreed to travel together. Each, however, was evidently suspicious of the other. The Indians walked upon one side of the road and the whites upon the other, watching each other attentively. At length, the Indians spoke together in tones so low and earnest, that the whites became satisfied of their treacherous intentions, and determined to anticipate them. Caffree being a very powerful man, proposed that he himself should seize one Indian, while Davis and M'Clure should shoot the other two. The plan was a bad one, but was unfortunately adopted. Caffree sprung boldly upon the nearest Indian, grasped his throat firmly, hurled him to the ground, and drawing a cord from his pocket attempted to tie him. At the same instant Davis and M'Clure attempted to perform their respective parts. M'Clure killed his man, but Davis' gun missed fire. All three, i. e. the two white men, and the Indian at whom Davis had flashed, immediately took trees, and prepared for a skirmish, while Caffree remained upon the ground with the captured Indian—both exposed to the fire of the others. In a few seconds, the savage at whom Davis had flashed, shot Caffree as he lay upon the ground and gave him a mortal wound—and was instantly shot in turn by M'Clure who had reloaded his gun. Caffree becoming very weak, called upon Davis to come and assist him in tying the Indian, and directly afterwards expired. As Davis was running up to the assistance of his friend—the Indian now released by the death of his captor, sprung to his feet, and seizing Caffree's rifle, presented it menacingly at Davis, whose gun was not in order for service, and who ran off into the forest, closely pursued by the Indian. M'Clure hastily reloaded his gun and taking the rifle which Davis had dropped, followed them for some distance into the forest, making all signals which had been

concerted between them, in case of separation. All, however, was vain—he saw nothing more of Davis, nor could he ever afterwards learn his fate. As he never returned to Kentucky, however, he probably perished.

M'Clure, finding himself alone in the enemy's country, and surrounded by dead bodies, thought it prudent to abandon the object of the expedition and return to Kentucky. He accordingly retraced his steps, still bearing Davis' rifle in addition to his own. He had scarcely marched a mile, before he saw advancing from the opposite direction, an Indian warrior, riding a horse with a bell around its neck, and accompanied by a boy on foot. Dropping one of the rifles, which might have created suspecion, M'Clure advanced with an air of confidence, extending his hand and making other signs of peace. The opposite party appeared frankly to receive his overtures, and dismounting, seated himself upon a log, and drawing out his pipe, gave a few puffs himself, and then handed it to M'Clure. In a few minutes another bell was heard, at the distance of half a mile, and a second party of Indians appeared upon horseback. The Indian with M'Clure now coolly informed him by signs that when the horsemen arrived, he (M'Clure) was to be bound and carried off as a prisoner with his feet tied under the horse's belly. In order to explain it more fully, the Indian got astride of the log, and locked his legs together underneath it. M'Clure, internally thanking the fellow for his excess of candour, determined to disappoint him, and while his enemy was busily engaged in riding the log, and mimicking the actions of a prisoner, he very quietly blew his brains out, and ran off into the woods. The Indian boy instantly mounted the belled horse, and rode off in an opposite direction. M'Clure was fiercely pursued by several small Indian dogs, that frequently ran between his legs and threw him down. After falling five or six times, his eyes became full of dust and he was totally blind. Despairing of escape, he doggedly lay upon his face, expecting every instant to feel the edge of the tomahawk. To his astonishment, however, no enemy appeared, and even the Indian dogs after tugging at him for a few minutes, and completely stripping him of his breeches, left him to continue his journey unmolested. Finding every thing quiet, in a few moments he arose, and taking up his gun continued his march to Kentucky. He reached home in safety, and in 1820 was still alive. This communication is from his own lips, and may be relied upon as correct.

COL. THOMAS MARSHALL.

In the course of the next year many families came down the Ohio in boats, landed at Maysville, and continued their route by land into such parts of the country as pleased them. Out of a number of incidents, which attended the passage of boats down the river, I shall select two, as worthy of being mentioned. Col. Thomas

Marshall, formerly commander of the third Virginia regiment on the continental establishment, and subsequently holding the same rank in the Virginia artillery, embarked with a numerous family on board of a flat bottomed boat, and descended the Ohio without any incident worthy of notice, until he had passed the mouth of Kenawha. Here, about ten o'clock at night, he was hailed from the nothern shore, by a man who spoke good English, and announced himself as James Girty, the brother of Simon. The boat dropped slowly down within one hundred and fifty yards of the shore, and Girty making a corresponding movement on the beach, the conference was kept up for several minutes. He began by mentioning his name, and enquiring that of the master of the boat. Having been satisfied upon this head, he assured him that he knew him well, and respected him highly, &c. &c., and concluded with some rather extraordinary remarks. "He had been posted there, he said, by the order of his brother Simon, to warn all boats of the danger of permitting themselves to be decoyed ashore. The Indians had become jealous of him, and he had lost that influence which he formerly had amongst them. He deeply regretted the injury which he had inflicted upon his countrymen, and wished to be restored to their society. In order to convince them of the sincerity of his regard, he had directed him to warn all boats of the snares spread for them. Every effort would be made to draw passengers ashore. White men would appear on the bank—and children would be heard to supplicate for mercy.—But, continued he, do you keep the middle of the river, and steel your heart against every mournful application which you may receive." The Colonel thanked him for his intelligence, and continued his course.

Nothing more was ever heard of Girty's wish to be restored to his station in society; but his warning, by whatever motive dictated, was of service to many families.

CAPTAIN JAMES WARD.

About the same time, Captain James Ward, recently a highly respectable citizen of Mason county, Ky., was descending the Ohio, under circumstances which rendered a rencontre with the Indians peculiarly to be dreaded. He, together with half a dozen others, one of them his nephew, embarked in a crazy boat, about forty five feet long, and eight feet wide, with no other bulwark than a single pine plank, above each gunnel. The boat was much encumbered with baggage, and seven horses were on board. Having seen no enemy for several days, they had become secure and careless, and permitted the boat to drift within fifty yards of the Ohio shore.—Suddenly, several hundred Indians showed themselves on the bank, and running down boldly to the water's edge, opened a heavy fire upon the boat. The astonishment of the crew may be conceived. Captain Ward and his nephew were at the oars when the enemy ap-

peared, and the captain knowing that their safety depended upon their ability to regain the middle of the river, kept his seat firmly, and exerted his utmost powers at the oar, but his nephew started up at the sight of the enemy, seized his rifle and was in the act of levelling it, when he received a ball in the breast, and fell dead in the bottom of the boat. Unfortunately, his oar fell into the river, and the Captain, having no one to pull against him, rather urged the boat nearer to the hostile shore than otherwise. He quickly seized a plank, however, and giving his own oar to another of the crew, he took the station which his nephew had held, and unhurt by the shower of bullets which flew around him, continued to exert himself, until the boat had reached a more respectable distance. He then, for the first time, looked around him in order to observe the condition of the crew. His nephew lay in his blood, perfectly lifeless—the horses had been all killed or mortally wounded. Some had fallen overboard—others were struggling violently, and causing their frail bark to dip water so abundantly, as to excite the most serious apprehensions. But the crew presented the most singular spectacle. A captain, who had served with reputation in the continental army, seemed now totally bereft of his faculties. He lay upon his back in the bottom of the boat, with hands uplifted and a countenance in which terror was personified, exclaiming in a tone of despair, "Oh Lord! Oh! Lord!" A Dutchman, whose weight might amount to about three hundred pounds, was anxiously engaged in endeavoring to find shelter for his bulky person, which, from the lowness of the gunnels, was a very difficult undertaking. In spite of his utmost efforts, a portion of his posterial luxuriance, appeared above the gunnel, and afforded a mark to the enemy, which brought a constant shower of balls around it. In vain he shifted his position. The hump still appeared, and the balls still flew around it, until the Dutchman, loosing all patience, raised his head above the gunnel, and in a tone of querulous remonstrance, called out, "Oh now! quit tat tam nonsense, tere—will you!" Not a shot was fired from the boat. At one time, after they had partly regained the current, Capt. Ward attempted to bring his rifle to bear upon them, but so violent was the agitation of the boat, from the furious struggles of the horses, that he could not steady his piece within twenty yards of the enemy, and quickly laying it aside, returned to the oar. The Indians followed them down the river for more than an hour, but having no canoes, they did not attempt to board; and as the boat was at length transferred to the opposite side of the river, they at length abandoned the pursuit and disappeared. None of the crew, save the young man already mentioned, were hurt, although the Dutchman's seat of honor served as a target for the space of an hour, and the continental captain was deeply mortified at the sudden, and, se he said, "unaccountable" panic which had seized him. Captain Ward himself was protected by a post, which had been fastened to the gunnel, and behind which he sat while rowing.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

In August, 1786, Mr. Francis Downing, then a lad, was living in a fort, where subsequently some iron works were erected by Mr. Jacob Myers, which are now known by the name of Slate Creek works. About the 16th, a young man belonging to the fort, called upon Downing, and requested his assistance in hunting for a horse which had strayed away on the preceding evening. Downing readily complied, and the two friends traversed the woods in every direction, until at length, towards evening, they found themselves in a wild valley, at a distance of six or seven miles from the fort. Here Downing became alarmed, and repeatedly assured his elder companion, (whose name was Yates,) that he heard sticks cracking behind them, and was confident that Indians were dogging them. Yates, being an experienced hunter, and from habit grown indifferent to the dangers of the woods, diverted himself freely at the expense of his young companion, often inquiring, at what price he rated his scalp, and offering to ensure it for sixpence. Downing, however, was not so easily satisfied. He observed, that in whatever direction they turned, the same ominous sounds continued to haunt them, and as Yates still treated his fears with the most perfect indifference, he determined to take his measures upon his own responsibility. Gradually slackening his pace, he permitted Yates to advance twenty or thirty steps in front of him, and immediately after descending a gentle hill, he suddenly sprung aside and hid himself in a thick cluster of whortleberry bushes. Yates, who at that time was performing some woodland ditty to the full extent of his lungs, was too much pleased with his own voice, to attend either to Downing or the Indians, and was quickly out of sight. Scarcely had he disappeared, when Downing, to his unspeakable terror, beheld two savages put aside the stalks of a canebrake, and looked out cautiously in the direction which Yates had taken. Fearful that they had seen him step aside, he determined to fire upon them, and trust to his heels for safety, but so unsteady was his hand, that in raising his gun to his shoulder, she went off before he had taken aim. He lost no time in following her example, and after having run fifty yards, he met Yates, who, alarmed at the report, was hastily retracing his steps. It was not necessary to inquire what was the matter. The enemy were in full view, pressing forward with great rapidity, and "devil take the hindmost," was the order of the day. Yates would not outstrip Downing, but ran by his side, although in so doing, he risked both of their lives. The Indians were well acquainted with the country, and soon took a path that diverged from the one which the whites followed, at one point and rejoined it at another, bearing the same relation to it that the string does to the bow. The two paths were at no point distant from each other more than one hundred yards, so that Yates and Downing could easily see the enemy gaining rapidly upon them. They reached the point of re-union first, however, and quickly came to a deep gulley which it was

necessary to cross, or retrace their steps. Yates cleared it without difficulty, but Downing, being much exhausted, fell short, falling with his breast against the opposite brink, rebounded with violence, and fell at full length on the bottom. The Indians crossed the ditch a few yards below him and, eager for the capture of Yates, continued the pursuit, without appearing to notice Downing. The latter, who at first had given himself up for lost, quickly recovered his strength, and began to walk slowly along the ditch, fearing to leave it lest the enemy should see him. As he advanced, however, the ditch became more shallow, until at length it ceased to protect him at all. Looking around cautiously, he saw one of the Indians returning apparently in quest of him. Unfortunately, he had neglected to reload his gun, while in the ditch, and as the Indian instantly advanced upon him, he had no resource but flight. Throwing away his gun, which was now useless, he plied his legs manfully, in ascending a long ridge which stretched before him, but the Indian gained upon him so rapidly, that he lost all hope of escape. Coming at length to a large poplar which had been blown up by the roots, he ran along the body of the tree upon one side, while the Indian followed it upon the other, doubtless expecting to intercept him at the root. But here the supreme dominion of fortune was manifested. It happened that a large she bear was sucking her cubs in a bed she had made at the root of the tree, and as the Indian reached that point first, she instantly sprung upon him, and a prodigious uproar took place. The Indian yelled, and stabbed with his knife, the bear growled and saluted him with one of her most endearing "hugs;"—while Downing, fervently wishing her success, ran off through the woods, without waiting to see the event of the struggle. Downing reached the fort in safety, and found Yates reposing after a hot chase, having eluded his pursuers, and gained the fort two hours before him. On the next morning, they collected a party and returned to the poplar tree, but no traces either of the Indian or bear were to be found. They both probably escaped with their lives, although not without injury.

THE WIDOW SCRAGGS.

On the night of the 11th of April, 1787, the house of a widow, in Bourbon county, became the scene of an adventure, which deserves to be related. She occupied what is generally called a double cabin, in a lonely part of the county, one room of which was tenanted by the old lady herself, together with two grown sons, and a widowed daughter, at that time suckling an infant, while the other was occupied by two unmarried daughters from sixteen to twenty years of age, together with a little girl not more than half grown. The hour was 11 o'clock at night. One of the unmarried daughters was still busily engaged at the loom, but the other members of the family, with the exception of one of the sons, had retired to rest. Some

symptoms of an alarming nature had engaged the attention of the young man for an hour before any thing of a decided character took place. The cry of owls was heard in the adjoining wood, answering each other in rather an unusual manner. The horses, which were enclosed as usual in a pound near the house, were more than commonly excited, and by repeated snorting and galloping, announced the presence of some object of terror. The young man was often upon the point of awakening his brother, but was as often restrained by the fear of incurring ridicule and there proach of timidity, at that time an unpardonable blemish in the character of a Kentuckian. At length, hasty steps were heard in the yard, and quickly afterwards several knocks at the door, accompanied by the usual exclamation, "who keeps house?" in very good English. The young man, supposing from the language, that some benighted settlers were at the door, hastily arose and advancing to withdraw the bar which secured it, when his mother, who had long lived upon the frontiers and had probably detected the Indian tone in the demand for admission, sprung out of bed, and ordered her son not to admit them, declaring that they were Indians. She instantly awakened her other son, and the two young men seizing their guns, which were always charged, prepared to repel the enemy. The Indians finding it impossible to enter under their assumed characters, began to thunder at the door with great violence, but a single shot from a loophole, compelled them to shift the attack to some less exposed point; and, unfortunately, they discovered the door of the other cabin, which contained the three daughters. The rifles of the brothers could not be brought to bear upon this point, and by means of several rails taken from the yard fence, the door was forced from its hinges and the three girls were at the mercy of the savages. One was immediately secured, but the eldest defended herself desperately with a knife which she had been using at the loom, and stabbed one of the Indians to the heart, before she was tomahawked. In the mean time the little girl, who had been overlooked by the enemy in their eagerness to secure the others, ran out into the yard, and might have effected her escape had she taken advantage of the darkness and fled, but instead of that the terrified little creature ran around the house wringing her hands, and crying out that her sisters were killed. The brothers, unwilling to hear her cries without risking every thing for her rescue, rushed to the door and were preparing to sally out to her assistance, when their mother threw herself before them and calmly declared that the child must be abandoned to its fate—that the sally would sacrifice the lives of all the rest without the slightest benefit to the little girl. Just then the child uttered a loud scream, followed by a faint moan, and all was again silent. Presently the crackling of flames was heard, accompanied by a triumphant yell from the Indians, announcing that they had set fire to that division of the house which had been occupied by the daughters, and of which they held undisputed possession.

The fire was quickly communicated to the rest of the building, and

it became necessary to abandon it or perish in the flames. In the one case, there was a possibility that some might escape; in the other, their fate would be equally certain and terrible. The rapid approach of the flames cut short their momentary suspense. The door was thrown open, and the old lady, supported by her eldest son, attempted to cross the fence at one point, while her daughter carrying her child in her arms, and attended by the younger of the brothers, ran in a different direction. The blazing roof shed a light over the yard but little inferior to that of day, and the savages were distinctly seen awaiting the appreach of their victims. The old lady was permitted to reach the stile unmolested, but in the act of crossing, received several balls in her breast and fell dead. Her son, providentially, remained unhurt, and by extrordinary agility, effected his escape. The other party succeeded also in reaching the fence unhurt, but in the act of crossing, were vigorously assailed by several Indians, who throwing down their guns, rushed upon them with their tomahawks. The young man defended his sister gallantly, firing upon the enemy as they approached, and then wielding the butt of his rifle with a fury that drew their whole attention upon himself, and gave his sister an opportunity of effecting her escape. He quickly fell, however, under the tomahawk of his enemies, and was found at daylight, scalped and mangled in a shocking manner. Of the whole family, consisting of eight persons, when the attack commenced, only three escaped. Four were killed upon the spot, and one (the second daughter) carried off as a prisoner.

The neighborhood was quickly alarmed, and by daylight about thirty men were assembled under the command of Col. Edwards. A light snow had fallen during the latter part of the night, and the Indian trail could be pursued at a gallop. It led directly into the mountainous country bordering on Licking, and afforded evidences of great hurry and precipitation on the part of the fugitives. Unfortunately, a hound had been permitted to accompany the whites, and as the trail became fresh and the scent warm, she followed it with eagerness, baying loudly and giving the alarm to the Indians. The consequences of this imprudence were soon displayed. The enemy finding the pursuit keen, and perceiving that the strength of the prisoner began to fail, sunk their tomahawks in her head and left her, still warm and bleeding upon the snow. As the whites came up, she retained strength enough to wave her hand in token of recognition, and appeared desirous of giving them some information, with regard to the enemy, but her strength was too far gone. Her brother sprung from his horse and knelt by her side, endeavoring to stop the effusion of blood, but in vain. She gave him her hand, muttered some inarticulate words, and expired within two minutes after the arrival of the party. The pursuit was renewed with additional ardor, and in twenty minutes the enemy was within view. They had taken possession of a steep narrow ridge and seemed desirous of magnifying their numbers in the eyes of the whites, as they ran rapidly from tree to tree, and maintained a steady yell in their most appalling

tores. The pursuers, however, were too experienced to be deceived by so common an artifice, and being satisfied that the number of the enemy must be inferior to their own, they dismounted, tied their horses, and flanking out in such a manner as to enclose the enemy, ascended the ridge as rapidly as was consistent with a due regard to the shelter of their persons. The firing quickly commenced, and now for the first time they discovered that only two Indians were opposed to them. They had voluntarily sacrificed themselves for the safety of the main body, and had succeeded in delaying pursuit until their friends could reach the mountains. One of them was shot dead, and the other was badly wounded, as was evident from the blood upon his blanket, as well as that which filled his tracks in the snow for a considerable distance. The pursuit was recommenced, and urged keenly until night, when the trail entered a running stream and was lost. On the following morning the snow had melted, and every trace of the enemy was obliterated. This affair must be regarded as highly honorable to the skill, address, and activity of the Indians, and the self devotion of the rear guard, is a lively instance of that magnanimity of which they are at times capable, and which is more remarkable in them, from the extreme caution and tender regard for their own lives, which usually distinguishes their warriors.

INCIDENTS ATTENDING THE DESERTION OF A YOUNG WHITE MAN FROM A PARTY OF INDIANS.

A few weeks after this melancholy affair, a very remarkable incident occurred in the same neighborhood. One morning, about sun rise, a young man of wild and savage appearance, suddenly arose from a cluster of bushes in front of a cabin, and hailed the house, in a barbarous dialect, which seemed neither exactly Indian nor English, but a collection of shreds and patches from which the graces of both were carefully excluded. His skin had evidently once been white—although now grievously tanned by constant exposure to the weather. His dress in every respect was that of an Indian, as were his gestures, tones and equipments, and his age could not be supposed to exceed twenty years. He talked volubly, but uncouthly, placed his hand upon his breast, gestured vehemently, and seemed very earnestly bent upon communicating something. He was invited to enter the cabin, and the neighbors quickly collected around him. He appeared involuntarily to shrink from contact with them —his eyes rolled rapidly around with a distrustful expression from one to the other, and his whole manner was that of a wild animal, just caught, and shrinking from the touch of its captors.— As several present understood the Indian tongue, they at length gathered the following circumstances, as accurately as they could be translated, out of a language which seemed to be an "omnium gatherum" of all that was mongrel, uncouth and barbarous. He said

that he had been taken by the Indians, when a child, but could neither recollect his name, nor the country of his birth.—That he had been adopted by an Indian warrior, who brought him up with his other sons, without making the slightest difference between them, and that under his father's roof, he had lived happily until within the last month. A few weeks before that time, his father, accompanied by himself and a younger brother, had hunted for some time upon the waters of the Miami, about forty miles from the spot where Cincinnati now stands, and after all their meat, skins, &c., had been properly secured, the old man determined to gratify his children by taking them upon a war expedition to Kentucky. They accordingly built a bark canoe, in which they crossed the Ohio near the mouth of Licking, and having buried it, so as to secure it from the action of the sun, they advanced into the country and encamped at the distance of fifteen miles from the river. Here their father was alarmed by hearing an owl cry in a peculiar tone, which he declared boded death or captivity to themselves, if they continued their expedition—and announced his intention of returning without delay to the river. Both of his sons vehemently opposed this resolution and at length prevailed upon the old man to disregard the owl's warning, and conduct them, as he had promised, against the frontiers of Kentucky. The party then composed themselves to sleep, but were quickly awakened by the father, who had again been warned in a dream that death awaited them in Kentucky, and again besought his children to release him from his promise and loose no time in returning home. Again they prevailed upon him to disregard the warning, and persevere in the march. He consented to gratify them, but declared he would not remain a moment longer in the camp which they now occupied, and accordingly they left it immediately, and marched on through the night, directing their course towards Bourbon county. In the evening they approached a house, that which he hailed and in which he was now speaking. Suddenly the desire of rejoining his people occupied his mind so strongly as to exclude every other idea, and seizing the first favorable opportunity, he had concealed himself in the bushes, and neglected to reply to all the signals which had been concerted for the purpose of collecting their party when scattered. This account appeared so extraordinary, and the young man's appearance was so wild and suspicious, that many of the neighbors suspected him of treachery, and thought that he should be arrested as a spy. Others opposed this resolution and gave full credit to his narrative. In order to satisfy themselves, however, they insisted upon his instantly conducting them to the spot where the canoe had been buried. To this the young man objected most vehemently, declaring that although he had deserted his father and brother, yet he would not betray them. These feelings were too delicate to meet with much sympathy from the rude borderers who surrounded him, and he was given to understand that nothing short of conducting them to the point of embarcation, would be accepted as an evidence of his sincerity.—

With obvious reluctance he at length complied. From twenty to thirty men were quickly assembled, mounted upon good horses, and under the guidance of the deserter, they moved rapidly towards the mouth of Licking. On the road the young man informed them that he would first conduct them to the spot, where they had encamped when the scream of the owl alarmed his father, and where an iron kettle had been left concealed in a hollow tree. He was probably induced to do this from the hope of delaying the pursuit so long as to afford his friends an opportunity of crossing the river in safety. But if such was his intention, no measure could have been more unfortunate. The whites approached the encampment in deep silence, and quickly perceived two Indians, an old man and a boy, seated by the fire and busily employed in cooking some venison.—The deserter became much agitated at the sight of them, and so earnestly implored his countrymen not to kill them, that it was agreed to surround the encampment, and endeavor to secure them as prisoners. This was accordingly attempted, but so desperate was the resistance of the Indians, and so determined were their efforts to escape, that the whites were compelled to fire upon them, and the old man fell mortally wounded, while the boy, by an incredible display of address and activity, was enabled to escape. The deserter beheld his father fall, and throwing himself from his horse, he ran up to the spot where the old man lay bleeding but still sensible, and falling upon his body, besought his forgiveness for being the unwilling cause of his death, and wept bitterly. His father evidently recognized him, and gave him his hand, but almost instantly afterwards expired. The white men now called upon him to conduct them at a gallop to the spot where the canoe was buried, expecting to reach it before the Indian boy and intercept him. The deserter in vain implored them to compassionate his feelings. He urged that he had already sufficiently demonstrated the truth of his former assertions, at the expense of his father's life, and earnestly entreated them to permit his younger brother to escape. His companions, however, were inexorable. Nothing but the blood of the young Indian would satisfy them, and the deserter was again compelled to act as a guide. Within two hours they reached the designated spot. The canoe was still there, and no track could be seen upon the sand, so that it was evident that their victim had not yet arrived. Hastily dismounting, they tied their horses and concealed themshlves within close rifle shot of the canoe. Within ten minutes after their arrival the Indian appeared in sight, walking swiftly towards them. He went straight to the spot where the canoe had been buried, and was in the act of digging it up, when he received a dozen balls through his body, and leaping high into the air fell dead upon the sand. He was scalped and buried where he fell, without having seen his brother, and probably without having known the treachery by which he and his father had lost their lives. The deserter remained but a short time in Bourbon, and never regained his tranquility of mind,

He shortly afterwards disappeared, but whether to seek his relations in Virginia or Pennsylvania, or whether disgusted by the ferocity of the whites, he returned to the Indians, has never yet been known. He was never heard of afterwards.

ADVENTURES OF JOHN MERRIL.

During the summer, the house of Mr. John Merril, of Nelson county, Kentucky, was attacked by the Indians, and defended with singular address and good fortune. Merril was alarmed by the barking of a dog about midnight, and upon opening the door in order to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, he received the fire of six or seven Indians, by which his arm and thigh were both broken. He sank upon the floor and called upon his wife to shut the door. This had scarcely been done, when it was violently assailed by the tomahawks of the enemy, and a large breach soon effected. Mrs. Merril, however, being a perfect Amazon both in strength and courage, guarded it with an axe, and successively killed or badly wounded four of the enemy as they attempted to force their way into the cabin. The Indians then ascended the roof and attempted to enter by way of the chimney, but here, again, they were met by the same determined enemy. Mrs. Merril seized the only feather-bed which the cabin afforded, and hastily ripping it open, poured its contents upon the fire. A furious blaze and stifling smoke ascended the chimney, and quickly brought down two of the enemy, who lay for a few moments at the mercy of the lady. Seizing the axe, she despatched them, and was instantly afterwards summoned to the door, where the only remaining savage now appeared, endeavoring to effect an entrance, while Mrs. Merril was engaged at the chimney. He soon received a gash in the cheek, which compelled him with a loud yell to relinquish his purpose, and return hastily to Chillicothe, where, from the report of a prisoner, he gave an exaggerated account of the fierceness, strength and courage of the "long knife squaw!"

WARD, CALVIN AND KENTON.

In the month of April, 1792, a number of horses belonging to Capt. Luther Calvin, of Mason county, were stolen by the Indians; and, as usual, a strong party volunteered to go in pursuit of the enemy and recover the property. The party consisted of thirty-seven men, commanded by Captains Calvin and Kenton, and was composed chiefly of young farmers, most of whom had never yet met an enemy. They rendezvoused upon the Kentucky shore, immediately opposite Ripley, and crossing the river in a small ferry boat, pursued the trail for five or six miles with great energy.—Here, however, a specimen of the usual caprice and uncertainty

attending the motions of militia, was given. One of the party, whose voice had been loud and resolute while on the Kentucky shore, all at once managed to discover that the enterprise was rash, ill advised, and if prosecuted, would certainly prove disastrous. A keen debate ensued, in which young Spencer Calvin, then a lad of eighteen, openly accused the gentleman alluded to of cowardice, and even threatened to take the measure of his shoulders with a ramrod, on the spot. By the prompt interference of Kenton and the elder Calvin, the young man's wrath was appeased for the time, and all those who preferred safety to honor, were invited instantly to return. The permission was promptly accepted, and no less than fifteen men, headed by the recreant already mentioned, turned their horses' heads and recrossed the river. The remainder, consisting chiefly of experienced warriors, continued the pursuit.

The trail led them down on the Miami, and about noon, on the second day, they heard a bell in front, apparently from a horse grazing. Cautiously approaching it, they quickly beheld a solitary Indian, mounted on horseback, and leisurely advancing towards them. A few of their best marksmen fired upon him and brought him to the ground. After a short consultation, it was then determined to follow his back trail, and ascertain whether there were more in the neighborhood. A small, active, resolute woodsman, named McIntyre, accompanied by three others, was pushed on in advance, in order to give them early notice of the enemy's appearance, while the main body followed at a more leisurely pace.— Within an hour, McIntyre returned, and reported that they were then within a short distance of a large party of Indians, supposed to be greatly superior to their own. That they were encamped in a bottom upon the borders of a creek, and were amusing themselves, apparently awaiting the arrival of the Indian whom they had just killed, as they would occasionally halloo loudly, and then laugh immoderately, supposing, probably, that their comrade had lost his way. This intelligence fell like a shower-bath upon the spirits of the party, who, thinking it more prudent to put a greater interval between themselves and the enemy, set spurs to their horses and gallopped back in the direction from which they had come. Such was the panic, that one of the footmen, a huge hulking fellow, six feet high, in his zeal for his own safety, sprung up behind Captain Calvin, (who was then mounted upon Captain Ward's horse, the Captain having dismounted in order to accommodate him,) and nothing short of a threat to blow his brains out, could induce him to dismount. In this orderly manner they scampered through the woods for several miles, when, in obedience to the orders of Kenton and Calvin, they halted, and prepared for resistance in case (as was probable) the enemy had discovered them, and were engaged in the pursuit. Kenton and Calvin were engaged apart in earnest consultation. It was proposed that a number of saplings should be cut down and a temporary breast-work erected, and while the propriety

of these measures were under discussion, the men were left to themselves.

Captain Ward, as we have already observed, was then very young, and perfectly raw. He had been in the habit of looking up to *one man* as a perfect Hector, having always heard him represented in his own neighborhood as a man of redoubted courage, and a perfect Anthropophagus among the Indians. When they halted, therefore, he naturally looked around for his friend, hoping to read safety, courage, and assurance of success in that countenance, usually so ruddy and confident. But, alas! the gallant warrior was woefully chop-fallen. There had generally been a ruddy tinge upon the tip of his nose, which some ascribed to the effervescence of a fiery valour, while others, more maliciously inclined, attributed it to the fumes of brandy. Even this burning beacon had been quenched, and had assumed a livid, ashy hue, still deeper, if possible, than that of his lips. Captain Ward thinking that the danger must be appalling, which could damp the ardor of a man like ———, became grievously frightened himself, and the contagion seemed spreading rapidly, when Kenton and Calvin rejoined them, and speaking in a cheerful, confident tone, completely reanimated their spirits.

Finding themselves not pursued by the enemy, as they had expected, it was determined that they should remain in their present position until night, when a rapid attack was to be made in two divisions, upon the Indian camp, under the impression that the darkness of the night, and the surprize of the enemy, might give them an advantage, which they could scarcely hope for in daylight. Accordingly, every thing remaining quiet at dusk, they again mounted and advanced rapidly, but in profound silence, upon the Indian camp. It was ascertained that the horses which the enemy had stolen, were grazing in a rich bottom below their camp. As they were advancing to the attack, therefore, Calvin detached his son with several halters, which he had borrowed from the men, to regain their own horses, and be prepared to carry them off in case the enemy should overpower them. The attack was then made in two divisions. Calvin conducted the upper and Kenton the lower party. The wood was thick, but the moon shone out clearly, and enabled them to distinguish objects with sufficient precision. Calvin's party came first in contact with the enemy. They had advanced within thirty yards of a large fire in front of a number of tents, without having seen a single Indian, when a dog which had been watching them for several minutes, sprung forward to meet them, baying loudly, Presently an Indian appeared, approaching cautiously towards them, and occasionally speaking to the dog in the Indian tongue. This sight was too tempting to be borne, and Calvin heard the tick of a dozen rifles in rapid succession, as his party cocked them in order to fire. The Indian was too close to permit him to speak, but turning to his men he earnestly waved his hand as a warning to be quiet. Then cautiously raising his own rifle, he fired with a steady aim just as the Indian had reached the fire, and stood

fairly exposed to its light. The report of the rifle broke the stillness of the night, and their ears were soon deafened by the yells of the enemy. The Indian at whom Calvin had fired, fell forward into the burning pile of faggots, and by his struggling to extricate himself, scattered the brands so much, as almost to extinguish the light. Several dusky forms, glanced rapidly before them for a moment, which drew a volley from his men, but with what effect could not be ascertained. Calvin, having discharged his piece, turned so rapidly as to strike the end of his ramrod against a tree behind him, and drive it into its sheath with such violence, that he was unable to extricate it for several minutes, and finally fractured two of his teeth in the effort.

A heavy fire now commenced from the Indian camp, which was returned with equal spirit by the whites, but without much effect on either side. Trees were barked very plentifully, dogs bayed, the Indians yelled, the whites shouted, the squaws screamed, and a prodigious uproar was maintained for about fifteen minutes, when it was reported to Calvin that Kenton's party had been overpowered, and was in full retreat. It was not necessary to give orders for a similar movement. No sooner had the intelligence been received, than the Kentuckians of the upper division broke their ranks and every man attempted to save himself as he best could. They soon overtook the lower division, and a hot scramble took place for horses. One called upon another to wait for him until he could catch his horse, which had brokn his bridle, but no attention was paid to the request. Some fled upon their own horses, others mounted those of their friends. "First come, first served," seemed to be the order of the night, and a sad confusion of property took place, in consequence of which, to their great terror, a few were compelled to return on foot. The flight was originially caused by the panic of an individual. As the lower division moved up to the attack, most of the men appeared to advance with alacrity.

Captain Ward, however, happened to be stationed next to M'Intyre, who was a practised woodsman and peculiarly expert marksman. Heretofore, he had always been foremost in every danger, and had become celebrated for the address, activity, and boldness with which he had acquitted himself. As they were ascending the gentle acclivity upon which the Indian camp stood, however, he appeared much dejected, and spoke despondingly of their enterprize. He declared that it had been revealed to him in a dream, on the preceding night, that their efforts would be vain, and that he himself was destined to perish. That he was determined to fight, as long as any man of the party stood his ground, but if the whites were wise, they would instantly abandon the attempt upon the enemy, and recross the Ohio, as rapidly as possible. These observations made but little impression upon Ward, but seemed to take deep root in the mind of the gentleman whose pale face had alarmed the company at the breastwork. The action quickly commenced, and at the first fire from the Indians, Barre, a young Kentuckian, was shot by ——'s side.

This circumstance completed the overthrow of his courage, which had declined visibly since the first encounter in the morning, and elevating his voice to its shrillest notes, he shouted aloud, "Boys! it wont do for us to be here—Barre is killed, and the Indians are crossing the creek!" Bonaparte has said, that there is a critical period in every battle, when the bravest men will eagerly seize an excuse to run away. The remark is doubly true with regard to militia. No sooner had this speech been uttered by one who had never yet been charged with cowardice, than the rout instantly took place and all order was disregarded. Fortunately, the enemy were equally frightened, and probably would have fled themselves, had the whites given them time. No pursuit took place for several hours, nor did they then pursue the trail of the main body of fugitives. But it unfortunately happened that M'Intyre, instead of accompanying the rest, turned off from the main route, and returned to the breastwork where some flour and venison had been left. The Indians quicly became aware of the circumstance, and following with rapidity, overtook, tomahawked, and scalped him, while engaged in preparing breakfast on the following morning. Thus was his dream verified. The prediction in this case as in many others, probably produced its own accomplishment by confounding his mind, and depriving him of his ordinary alertness and intelligence. He certainly provoked his fate, by his own extraordinary rashness.

Note.—It is somewhat remarkable, that a brother of Captain Ward's was in the Indian camp at the moment when it was attacked. He had been taken by the Indians in 1758, being at that time only three years old, had been adopted as a member of the Shawanee tribe and had married an Indian woman by whom he had several children, all of whom, together with their mother, were then in camp. Captain Ward has informed the writer of this narrative, that, a few seconds before the firing began, while he stood within rifle shot of the encampment, an Indian girl apparently fifteen years of age attracted his attention. She stood for an instant in an attitude of alarm, in front of one of the tents, and gazed intently upon the spot where he stood. Not immediately perceiving that it was a female, he raised his gun, and was upon the point of firing, when her open bosom announced her sex, and her peculiarly light complexion caused him to doubt for a moment whether she could be an Indian by birth. He afterwards ascertained that she was his brother's child.

WARD, BAKER AND KENTON.

It appears still more remarkable, that exactly one year afterwards, John Ward, the adopted Indian, should have been opposed to another one of his brothers, Capt. James Ward, of Mason, in a night skirmish somewhat resembling that which we have just detailed. Capt. James Ward, together with Kenton, Baker and about thirty

others, while engaged in pursuit of some stolen horses, fell upon a fresh trail of Indians, that crossed the road which they were then pursuing. Instantly abandoning their former object, they followed the fresh trail with great eagerness, and a short time after dark arrived at an encampment. Having carefully reconnoitered it, they determined to remain quiet until daylight, and then fall upon the enemy as before, in two divisions, one to be commanded by Kenton and the other by Baker.. Every thing remained quiet until four o'clock in the morning, when Baker moved at the head of his party, in order to take the appointed position, (which was very advantageous, and in conjunction with Kenton's, completely surrounded the enemy,) while Kenton remained stationary, awaiting the signal of attack. By some mistake, Baker moved in a false direction, and, to the surprize of both parties, instead of enclosing the Indian camp, he fell directly upon it. A heavy firing, and the usual yelling, quickly announced the fact to Kenton, who moved hastily up to the assistance of his friends. It was still perfectly dark and the firing was of course at random. Baker, in whose fiery character, courage predominated over every thing else, lost all patience at the restraint under which they lay, and urged strenuously, that they should rush upon the enemy, and decide the affair at once with the tomahawk; but Kenton, whom repeated misfortunes had rendered extremely cautious, opposed it so vehemently, that it was not done. One of their men had fallen, and they could hear one of the enemy, apparently not more than thirty yards from them, groan deeply, and occasionally converse with his companions in the Indian tongue. The wounded man was the unfortunate John Ward, whose hard fate it was, to fight against the whites in a battle in which his own father was killed, to encounter two of his brothers in the field, and finally to fall mortally wounded in a night skirmish, when his brother was opposed to him, and was within hearing of his groans. His father perished in the long battle at the "Point," as it was called, near the mouth of the Kenawha. The whole force of the Shawanees was assembled at that point, and John Ward was then nineteen years of age, so that there can be but little doubt of his having been present.

MAY, JOHNSTON, FLINN AND SKYLES.

Mr. John May, a gentleman of Virginia, had, at an early period, been appointed surveyor of the Kentucky lands, and had become so extensively involved in business, as to require the aid of a clerk. In 1789, he employed Mr. Charles Johnston, a young man scarcely twenty years of age, in that capacity. Johnston accompanied his employer to Kentucky in the summer of '89, and returned to Virginia in the autumn of the same year, without any adventure worthy of notice; and in the month of Februry, 1790, it became necessary for them to return to Kentucky, in order to complete the business which had been left unfinished on the former trip. Heretofore, they

had travelled by land, but on the present occasion, May determined to descend the Great Kenawha and Ohio by water. They, accordingly, travelled by the usual route to Green Briar court house, where the town of Lewisburgh has since been built, and from thence crossed the wildernes which lay between that point and the Great Kenawha. After suffering much from the weather, which was intensely cold, they at length reached Kelly's station upon the Kenawha, from which point May proposed to embark. Having purchsed a boat, such as was then used for the navigation of the western waters, they embarked in company with Mr. Jacob Skyles, a gentleman of Virginia, who had at that time a stock of dry goods intended for Lexington, and without any accident, in the course of a few days, they arrived at Point Pleasant. Here there was an accession to their number of three persons, a man named Flinn and two sisters of the name of Fleming. Flinn was a hardy borderer, accustomed from his youth to all the dangers of the frontiers, and the two Miss Flemings were women of low station. They were all natives of Pittsburg and were on their way to Kentucky.

During their short stay at Point Pleasant, they learned that roving bands of Indians were constantly hovering upon either bank of the Ohio, and were in the habit of decoying boats ashore under various pretences, and murdering or taking captives, all who were on board; so that, upon leaving Point Pleasant, they determined that no considerations should induce them to approach either shore, but steeling their hearts against every entreaty, that they would resolutely keep the middle of the current, and leave distressed individuals to shift for themselves. How firmly this resolution was maintained the sequel will show. The spring freshet was in its height at the time of their embarcation, and their boat was wafted rapidly down the stream. There was no occasion to use the side oars, and it was only necessary for one individual at a time to watch throughout the night, at the steering oar, in order to keep the boat in the current. So long as this could be done, they entertained no dread of any number of Indians on either shore, as boarding had hitherto formed no part of their plans, and was supposed to be impracticable, so long as arms were on board of the boat.

On the morning of the 20th of March, when near the junction of the Scioto, they were awakened at daylight by Flinn, whose turn it was to watch, and informed that danger was at hand. All sprung to their feet, and hastened upon deck without removing their night-caps or completing their dress. The cause of Flinn's alarm was quickly evident. Far down the river a smoke was seen, ascending in thick wreaths above the trees, and floating in thinner masses over the bed of the river. All at once perceived that it could only proceed from a large fire—and who was there to kindle a fire in the wilderness which surrounded them? No one doubted that Indians were in front, and the only question to be decided was, upon which shore they lay, for the winding of the river, and their distance from the smoke, rendered it impossible at first to ascertain this point. As the boat drifted on,

however, it became evident that the fire was upon the Ohio shore, and it was determined to put over to the opposite side of the river. Before this could be done, however, two white men ran down upon the beach, and clasping their hands in the most earnest manner, implored the crew to take them on board. They declared that they had been taken by a party of Indians in Kennedy's bottom, a few days before—had been conducted across the Ohio, and had just effected their escape. They added, that the enemy was in close pursuit of them, and that their death was certain, unless admitted on board. Resolute in their purpose, on no account to leave the middle of the stream, and strongly suspecting the suppliants of treachery, the party paid no attention to their entreaties, but steadily pursued their course down the river, and were soon considerably ahead of them. The two white men ran down the bank, in a line parallel with the course of the boat, and their entreaties were changed into the most piercing cries and lamentations upon perceiving the obstinacy with which their request was disregarded. The obduracy of the crew soon began to relax. Flinn and the two females, accustomed from their youth to undervalue danger from the Indians, earnestly insisted upon going ashore, and relieving the white men, and even the incredulity of May began to yield to the persevering importunity of the suppliants. A parley took place.—May called to them from the deck of the boat where he stood in his night-cap and drawers, and demanded the cause of the large fire the smoke of which had caused so much alarm. The white men positively denied that there was any fire near them. This falsehood was so palpable, that May's former suspicion returned with additional force, and he positively insisted upon continuing their course without paying the slightest attention to the request of the men. This resolution was firmly seconded by Johnston and Skyles, and as vehemently opposed by Flinn and the Miss Flemings, for, contrary to all established rules of policy, the females were allowed an equal vote with the males on board of the boat. Flinn urged that the men gave every evidence of real distress which could be required, and recounted too many particular circumstances attending their capture and escape, to give color to the suspicion that their story was invented for the occasion, and added, that it would be a burning shame to them and their's forever, if they should permit two countrymen to fall a sacrifice to the savages when so slight a risk on their part would suffice to relieve them. He aknowledged that they had lied in relation to the fire, but declared himself satisfied that it was only because they were fearful of acknowledging the truth, lest the crew should suspect that Indians were concealed in the vicinity. The controversy became warm, and during its progress, the boat drifted so far below the men, that they appeared to relinquish their pursuit in despair.

At this time, Flinn made a second proposal, which, according to his method of reasoning, could be carried into effect, without the slightest risk to any one but himself. They were now more than a mile below the pursuers. He proposed that May should only touch

the hostile shore long enough to permit him to jump out. That it was impossible for Indians, (even admitting that they were at hand,) to arrive in time to arrest the boat, and even should any appear, they could immediately put off from shore and abandon him to his fate. That he was confident of being able to outrun the red devils, if they saw him first, and was equally confident of being able to see them as soon as they could see him. May remonstrated upon so unnecessary an exposure—but Flinn was inflexible, and in an evil hour, the boat was directed to the shore. They quickly discovered, what ought to have been known before, that they could not float as swiftly after leaving the current as while borne along by it, and they were nearly double the time in making the shore, that they had calculated upon. When within reach Flinn leaped fearlessly upon the hostile bank, and the boat grated upon the sand. At that moment, five or six savages, ran up out of breath, from the adjoining wood, and seizing Flinn, began to fire upon the boat's crew. Johnston and Skyles sprung to their arms, in order to return the fire, while May, seizing an oar attempted to regain the curent. Fresh Indians arrived, however, in such rapid succession, that the beach was quickly crowded by them, and May called out to his companions to cease firing and come to the oars. This was done, but it was too late.

The river, as we have already observed, was very high, and their clumsy and unwieldy boat, had become entangled in the boughs of the trees which hung over the water, so that after the most desperate efforts to get her off, they were compelled to relinquish the attempt in despair. During the whole of this time the Indians were pouring a heavy fire into the boat, at a distance not exceeding ten paces. Their horses, of which they had a great number on board, had broken their halters, and mad with terror were plunging so furiously as to expose them to a danger scarcely less dreadful than that which menaced them from shore. In addition to this, none of them had ever beheld a hostile Indian before, (with the exception of May,) and the furious gestures and appalling yells of the enemy, struck a terror to their hearts which had almost deprived them of their faculties. Seeing it impossible to extricate themselves, they all lay down upon their faces, in such parts of the boat, as would best protect them from the horses, and awaited in passive helplessness, the approach of the conquerors. The enemy, however, still declined boarding, and contented themselves with pouring in an incessant fire, by which all the horses were killed, and which at length began to grow fatal to the crew. One of the females received a ball in her mouth which had passed immediately over Johnston's head, and almost instantly expired. Skyles, immediately aftewards, was severely wounded in both shoulders, the ball striking the right shoulder blade, and ranging transversely along his back. The fire seemed to grow hotter every moment, when, at length May arose and waved his night-cap above his head as a signal of surrender. He instantly received a ball in the middle of the forehead and fell perfectly dead by the side of Johnston, covering him with his blood.

Now, at last, the enemy ventured to board. Throwing themselves into the water, with their tomahawks in their hands, a dozen or twenty swam to the boat, and began to climb the sides. Johnston stood ready to do the honors of the boat, and presenting his hand to each Indian in succession, he helped them over the side to the number of twenty. Nothing could *appear* more cordial than the meeting. Each Indian shook him by the hand, with the usual salutation of "How de do," in passable English, while Johnston encountered every visiter with an affectionate squeeze, and a forced smile, in which terror struggled with civility. The Indians then passed on to Skyles and the surviving Miss Fleming, where the demonstations of mutual joy were not quite so lively. Skyles was writhing under a painful wound, and the girl was sitting by the dead body of her sister. Having shaken hands with all of their captives, the Indians proceeded to scalp the dead, which was done with great coolness, and the reeking scalps were stretched and prepared upon hoops for the usual process of drying, immediately before the eyes of the survivors. The boat was then drawn ashore, and its contents examined with great greediness. Poor Skyles, in addition to the pain of his wounds, was compelled to witness the total destruction of his property, by the hands of these greedy spoilers, who tossed his silks, cambric, and broadcloth into the dirt, with the most reckless indifference. At length they stumbled upon a keg of whiskey. The prize was eagerly seized, and every thing else abandoned. The Indian who had found it, carried it ashore and was followed by the rest with tumultous delight. A large fire nearly fifty feet long was kindled, and victors and vanquished indiscriminately huddled around it. As yet no attempt had been made to strip the prisoners, but unfortunately, Johnston was handsomely dressed in a broadcloth surtout, red vest, fine ruffled shirt and a new pair of boots. The Indians began to eye him attentively, and at length one of them, whose name he afterwards learned was Chick-a-tommo, a Shawanee chief, came up to him, and gave the skirt of his coat two or three hard pulls, accompanied by several gestures which were not to be mistaken. Johnston stripped off his coat, and very politely handed it to him. His red waistcoat was now exposed to full view and attracted great attention. Chick-a-tommo exclaimed, 'Hugh! you big Cappatain!' Johnston hastily assured him that he was mistaken, that he was no officer—nor had any connection with military affairs whatever. The Indian then drew himself up, pointed with his finger to his breast, and exclaimed, 'Me Cappatain! all dese,' pointing to his men, 'my sogers!' The red waistcoat accompanied the surtout, and Johnston quickly stood shivering in his shirt and pantaloons. An old Indian then came up to him, and placing one hand upon his own shirt (a greasy filthy garment, which had not, probably, been washed for six months,) and the other upon Johnston's ruffles, cried out in English, 'Swap! Swap!' at the same time, giving the ruffles a gentle pull with his dirty fingers. Johnston, conquering his disgust at the proposal, was about to comply, and had drawn his shirt over his head,

when it was violently pulled back by another Indian, whose name, he afterwards learned, was Tom Lewis. His new ally then reproached the other Indian severely for wishing to take the shirt from a prisoner's back in such cold weather, and directly afterwards threw his own blanket over Johnston's shoulders. The action was accompanied by a look so full of compassion and kindness, that Johnston, who had expected far different treament, was perfectly astonished. He now saw that native kindness of heart and generosity of feeling, was by no means rare even among savages.

The two white men who had decoyed them ashore, and whose names were Divine and Thomas, now appeared, and took their seats by the side of the captives. Sensible of the reproach to which they had exposed themselves, they hastened to offer an excuse for their conduct. They declared that they really *had* been taken in Kennedy's bottom a few days before, and that the Indians had compelled them, by threats of instant death in case of refusal, to act as they had done. They concluded by some common place expressions of regret for the calamity which they had occasioned, and declared that their own misery was aggravated at beholding that of their countrymen! In short, words were cheap with them, and they showered them out in profusion. But Johnston and Skyles' sufferings had been and still were too severe, to permit their resentment to be appeased by such light atonement. Their suspicions of the existence of wilful and malignant treachery on the part of the white men, (at least one of them,) were confirmed by the report of a negro, who quickly made his appearance, and who, as it appeared, had been taken in Kentucky a few days before. He declared that Thomas had been extremely averse to having any share in the treachery, but had been overruled by Divine, who alone had planned, and was most active in the execution of the project, having received a promise from the Indians, that, in case of success, his own liberty should be restored to him. This report has been amply confirmed by subsequent testimony.

In a few minutes, six squaws, most of them very old, together with two white children, a girl and a boy, came down to the fire, and seated themselves. The children had lately been taken from Kentucky. Skyles' wound now became excessively painful, and Flinn, who, in the course of his adventurous life, had picked up some knowledge of surgery, was permitted to examine it. He soon found it necessary to make an incision, which was done very neatly with a razor. An old squaw then washed the wound, and having caught the bloody water in a tin cup, presented it to Skyles, and requested him to drink it, assuring him that it would greatly accelerate the cure. He thought it most prudent to comply.

During the whole of this time, the Indians remained silently smoking or lounging around the fire. No sentinels were posted in order to prevent a surprize but each man's gun stood immediately behind him, with the breech resting upon the ground, and the barrel supported against a small pole, placed horizontally upon two forks.

Upon the slightest alarm, every man could have laid his hand upon his own gun. Their captors were composed of small detachments from several tribes. Much the greater portion belonged to the Shawanees, but there were several Delawares, Wyandotts, and a few wanderding Cherokees. After smoking, they proceeded to the division of their prisoners. Flinn was given to a Shawanee warrior—Skyles to an old crabbed, ferocious Indian of the same tribe, whose temper was sufficiently expressed in his countenance, while Johnston was assigned to a young Shawanee chief, whom he represents as possessed of a disposition which would have done him honor in any age or in any nation. His name was Messhawa, and he had just reached the age of manhood. His person was tall, and expressive rather of action than strength, his air was noble, and his countenance mild, open, and peculiarly prepossessing. He evidently possessed great influence among those of his own tribe, which, as the sequel will show, he exerted with great activity on the side of humanity. The surviving Miss Fleming was given to the Cherokees, while the Wyandotts and the Delawares were allowed no share in the distribution. No dissatisfaction, however, was expressed. The division had been proclaimed by an old chief in a loud voice, and a brief guttural monosyllable announced their concurrence. After the distribution of their captives, Flinn, Divine and Thomas, were ordered to prepare four additional oars, for the boat which they had taken, as they had determined to man it, and assail such other boats as should be encountered during their stay on the Ohio. These and several other preparations occupied the rest of the day.

On the next morning, the Indians arose early and prepared for an encounter, expecting, as usual, that boats would be passing. They dressed their scalp tufts, and painted their faces in the most approved manner, before a pocket glass which each carried with him, grimmacing, and frowning in order to drill their features to the expression of the most terrific passions. About ten o'clock, a canoe, containing six men, was seen, slowly and laboriously ascending the river upon the Kentucky shore. All the prisoners were immediately ordered to descend the bank to the water's edge and decoy the canoe within reach of the Indian guns. Johnston, with whatever reluctance, was compelled to accompany the rest. Divine on this, as on the former occasion, was peculiarly active and ingenious in stratagems. He invented a lamentable story of their canoe having been overset and of their starving condition, destitute as they were of either guns or axes. It was with agony that Johnston beheld the canoes put off from the Kentucky shore, and move rapidly towards them, struggling with the powerful current, which bore them so far below them that they could not distinguish the repeated signs which Johnston made, warning them to keep off. The Indians perceiving how far the canoe was driven below them, ran rapidly down the river, under cover of the woods, and concealed themselves among the willows, which grew in thick clusters upon the bank. The unsuspecting canoemen soon drew near, and when within sixty yards, received a

heavy fire which killed every man on board. Some fell into the river, and overset the canoe, which drifted rapidly down the current, as did the bodies of the slain. The Indians sprung into the water, and dragging them ashore, tomahawked two of them, who gave some sings of life, and scalped the whole.

Scarcely had this been done, when a more splendid booty appeared in view. It happened that Captain Thomas Marshall, of the Virginia artillery, with several other gentlemen, was descending the Ohio, having embarked only one day later than May. They had three boats weakly manned, but heavily laden with horses and dry goods, intended for Lexington. About twelve o'clock on the second day of Johnston's captivity, the little flotilla appeared about a mile above the point where the Indians stood. Instantly all was bustle and activity. The additional oars were fixed to the boat, the savages sprung on board, and the prisoners were compelled to station themselves at the oars, and were threatened with death unless they used their utmost exertions to bring them along side of the enemy. The three boats came down very rapidly and were soon immediately opposite their enemy. The Indians opened a heavy fire upon them, and stimulated their rowers to their utmost efforts. The boats became quickly aware of their danger, and a warm contest of skill and strength took place. There was an interval of one hundred yards between each of the three boats in view. The hindmost was for a time in great danger. Having but one pair of oars, and being weakly manned, she was unable to compete with the Indian boat, which greatly outnumbered her both in oars and men. The Indians quickly came within rifle shot, and swept the deck with an incessant fire, which rendered it extremely dangerous for any of the crew to show themselves. Captain Marshall was on board of the hindmost boat, and maintained his position at the steering oar, in defiance of the shower of balls which flew around him. He stood in his shirt sleeves with a red silk handkerchief bound around his head, which afforded a fair mark to the enemy, and steered the boat with equal steadiness and skill, while the crew below relieved each other at the oars. The enemy lost ground from two circumstances. In their eagerness to overtake the whites, they left the current, and attempted to cut across the river from point to point, in order to shorten the distance. In doing so, however, they lost the force of the current, and quickly found themselves dropping astern. In addition to this, the whites conducted themselves with equal coolness and dexterity. The second boat waited for the hindmost, and received her crew on board, abandoning the goods and horses, without scruple, to the enemy. Being now more strongly manned, she shot rapidly ahead, and quickly overtook the foremost boat, which, in like manner, received her crew on board, abandoning the cargo as before, and having six pair of oars, and being powerfully manned, she was soon beyond the reach of the enemy's shot. The chase lasted more than an hour. For the first half hour, the fate of the hindmost boat hung in mournful suspense, and Johnston, with agony, looked forward to the proba-

bility of its capture. The prisoners were compelled to labor hard at the oars, but they took care never to pull together, and by every means in their power, endeavored to favor the escape of their friends.

At length, the Indians abandoned the pursuit and turned their whole attention to the boats which had been deserted. The booty surpassed their most sanguine expectations. Several fine horses were on board, and flour, sugar, and chocolate in profusion. Another keg of whiskey was found and excited the same immoderate joy as at first. It was unanimously determined to regale themselves in a regular feast, and preparations were made to carry their resolution into effect. A large kettle of chocolate and sugar, of which the sugar formed the greater part, was set upon the fire, which an old squaw stirred with a dirty stick. Johnston was promoted on the spot to the rank of cook, and received orders to bake a number of flour cakes in the fire. A deer skin, which had served for a saddle blanket, and was most disgustingly stained by having been applied to a horse's sore back, was given him as a tray, and being repeatedly ordered to "make haste," he entered upon his new office with great zeal. By mixing a large portion of sugar with some dumplings, which he boiled in chocolate, he so delighted the palates of the Indians, that they were enthusiastic in their praises, and announced their intention of keeping him in his present capacity as long as he remained with them. The two kegs which had been carefully guarded were now produced, and the mirth began to border on the "fast and furious." A select band, as usual, remained sober, in order to maintain order and guard against surprize, but the prisoners were invited to get drunk with their red brothers. Johnston and Skyles declined the invitation, but Flinn, without waiting to be asked twice, joined the revellers, and soon became as drunk as any of them. In this situation he entered into a hot dispute with an Indian, which, after much abuse on both sides, terminated in blows, and his antagonist received a sad battering. Several of his tribe drew their knives, and rushed upon Flinn with fury but were restrained amid peals of laughter by the others, who declared that Flinn had proved himself a man, and should have fair play.

In the mean time, Johnston and Skyles had been bound and removed to a convenient distance from the drinking party, with the double design of saving their lives, and guarding against escape.—While laying in this manner, and totally unable to help themselves, they beheld with terror, one of the revellers staggering towards them, with a drawn knife in his hand, and muttering a profusion of drunken curses. He stopped within a few paces of them, and harangued them with great vehemence, for nearly a minute, until he had worked himself up to a state of insane fury, when suddenly uttering a startling yell, he sprung upon the prostrate body of Skyles and seizing him by the hair endeavored to scalp him. Fortunately he was too much intoxicated to exert his usual dexterity, and before he had succeeded in his design, the guard ran up at full speed, and seizing him by the shoulders, hurled him violently backwards to the dis-

tance of several yards. The drunken beast rolled upon the ground, and with difficulty recovering his feet, staggered off, muttering curses against the white man, the guard, himself, and the whole world. Skyles had only felt the point of the knife, but had given up his scalp for lost, and rubbed the crown of his head several times with feverish apprehensions, before he could be satisfied that his scalp was still safe.

No other incident occurred during the night, and on the following morning the Indians separated. Those to whom Flinn belonged, remained at the river in expectation of intercepting other boats, while Johnston's party struck through the wilderness, in a steady direction for their towns. During their first day's march, he afforded much amusement to his captors. In the boat abandoned by Captain Marshall, they had found a milch cow, haltered in the usual manner. Upon leaving the river, they committed her to the care of Johnston, requiring him to lead her by the halter. Being totally unaccustomed to this method of travelling, she proved very refractory and perplexed him exceedingly. When he took one side of a tree, she regularly chose the other. Whenever he attempted to lead her, she planted her feet firmly before her, and refused to move a step. When he strove to drive her, she ran off into the bushes, dragging him after her, to the no small injury of his person and dress. The Indians were in a roar of laughter throughout the whole day, and appeared highly to enjoy his perplexity. At night they arrived at a small encampment, where they had left their women and children. Here, to his great joy, Johnston was relieved of his charge, and saw her slaughtered with the utmost gratification. At night, he suffered severely by the absence of the benevolent Messhawa, to whose charge, as we have already said, he had been committed. The Indians were apprehensive of pursuit, and directed Messhawa, at the head of several warriors, to bring up the rear, and give them seasonable warning of any attempt on the part of the whites to regain their prisoners. In his absence, he had been committed to an Indian of very different character. While his new master was engaged in tying his hands, as usual, for the night, he ventured to complain that the cords were drawn too tight, and gave him unnecessary pain. The Indian flew into a passion, exclaiming, "Dam you soul!" and drew the cord with all the violence of which he was capable, until it was completely buried in the flesh. Johnston, in consequence, did not sleep for a moment, but passed the whole night in exquisite torture. In the morning Messhawa came up, and finding his prisoner in a high fever, and his hands excessively swollen, cut the cords, and exchanged some high words with the other Indian upon the subject.

The march was quickly recommenced, and Johnston could not avoid congratulating himself every moment, upon his good fortune in having Messhawa for his guide. Skyles' master seemed to take pleasure in tormenting him. In addition to an enormous quantity of baggage, he compelled him to carry his rifle, by which his raw

wound was perpetually irritated and prevented from healing.—Messhawa permitted Johnston to share his own mess upon all occasions, while the savage to whom Skyles belonged, would scarcely permit him to eat a dozen mouthfuls, a day, and never without embittering his meat with curses and blows. In a few days they arrived at the Scioto river, which, from the recent rains, was too high to admit of being forded. The Indians were immediately employed in constructing a raft, and it was necessary to carry one very large log, several hundred yards. Two Indians with a handspike supported the lighter end, while the butt was very charitably bestowed upon Johnston alone. Not daring to murmur, he exerted his utmost strength, and aided by several Indians, with some difficulty, succeeded in placing the enormous burden upon his shoulder. He quickly found, however, that the weight was beyond his strength, and wishing to give his two companions in front warning of his inability to support it, he called to them in English to "take care!" They did not understand him, however, and continued to support it, when finding himself in danger of being crushed to death, he dropped the log so suddenly that both Indians were knocked down, and lay for a time without sense or motion. They soon sprung up, however, and drawing their tomahawks, would instantly have relieved Johnston of all his troubles, had not the other Indians, amid peals of laughter, restrained them, and compelled them to vent their spleen in curses, which were showered upon "Ketepels," as he was called, for the space of an hour, with great fury.

After crossing the Scioto, the Indians displayed a disposition to loiter and throw away time, but little in unison with Johnston's feelings, who was anxious to reach their towns as speedily as possible, flattering himself with the hope that some benevolent trader would purchase him of the Indians and restore him to liberty.—They amused themselves at a game called "Nosey," with a pack of cards which had been found in one of the abandoned boats. The pack is equally divided between two of them, and by some process which Johnston did not understand, each endeavored to get all the cards into his own possession. The winner had a right to ten fillups at his adversary's nose, which the latter was required to sustain with inflexible gravity, as the winner was entitled to ten additional fillups for every smile which he succeeded in forcing from him. At this game they would be engaged for a whole day, with the keenest interest, the bystanders looking on with a delight scarcely inferior to that of the gamblers themselves, and laughing immoderately when the penalty was exacted.

When gaming, they were usually kind to their prisoners, but this ray of sunshine was frequently very suddenly overcast. Johnston ventured to ask an old Shawanee chief, how far they would be forced to travel, before reaching his village. The old man very good naturedly assured him, by drawing a diagram upon the sand with a stick, pointing out the situation of the Ohio river, of the Scioto, and of the various Indian villages, and pointing to the sun,

he waved his hand once for every day which they would employ in the journey. Johnston then ventured to ask "how many inhabitants his village contained?" The old man replied, that the Shawanees had once been a great nation, but (and here his eyes flashed fire, and he worked himself into a furious passion) the long knives had killed nearly the whole of his nation. "However," continued he, "so long as there is a Shawanee alive, we will *fight! fight! fight!* When no Shawanee—then no fight."

The prisoners were also in great danger whenever the Indians passed through a forest which had been surveyed, and where the marks of the axe upon the trees were evident. They would halt upon coming to such a tree, and after a few minutes' silence, would utter the most terrible yells, striking the trees with their hatchets, and cursing the prisoners with a fierceness which caused them often to abandon all hopes of life. On one occasion, they passed suddenly from the most ferocious state of excitement, to the opposite extreme of merriment at a slight disaster which befel Johnston. They were often compelled to ford creeks, but upon one occasion, they attempted to pass upon a log. The morning was bitterly cold and frosty, and the log having been barked, was consequently very slippery. In passing upon this bridge, Johnston's foot slipped, and he fell into the cold water, with an outcry so sudden and shrill that the whole party, which the instant before had been inflamed with rage, burst at once into loud laughter, which, at intervals, was maintained for several miles. Sometimes they amused themselves by compelling their prisoners to dance, causing them to pronounce in a tone bordering on music, the words "Mom-ne-kah! He-kah-kah! Was-sat-oo—Hos-ses-kah!" and this monotonous and fatiguing exercise was occasionally relieved by the more exciting one of springing over a large fire, when the blaze was at its highest, in which they could only escape injury by great activity.

The painful journey had now lasted nearly a month, and the Indian towns were yet at a great distance. Hitherto, Skyles and Johnston had remained together, but by the whimsical fancy of their captors, they were now separated. Skyles was borne off to the Miami towns, while Johnston was destined for Sandusky. A few days after this separation, Johnston's party fell in with a Wyandott and a negro man, who, having run away from Kentucky, had been taken up by the Wyandott, and retained as an assistant in a very lucrative trade, which he was at that time carrying on with the Indians of the interior. He was in the habit of purchasing whiskey, powder, blankets, &c., at Detroit, generally upon credit, packing them upon horses into the interior, and exchanging them at a profit of nearly one thousand per cent. for furs and hides. This casual rencontre in the wilderness, was followed by great demonstrations of joy on both sides. The trader produced his rum, the Shawanees their merchandize, and a very brisk exchange ensued. Johnston's boots, for which he had paid eight dollars in Virginia, were gladly given for a pint of rum, and other articles were sold at a pro-

portionate price. Johnston, as before, was removed from the immediate neighborhood of the travellers, and committed to the care of two sober Indians, with strict injunctions to prevent his escape.—They, accordingly, bound him securely, and passing the ends of the cord under their own bodies, lay down to sleep, one upon each side of their prisoner. At midnight Johnston was awakened by a heavy rain, although his guides slept on with most enviable composure.—Unable to extricate himself, and fearful of awakening them, he was endeavoring to submit with patience, when the negro appeared and very courteously invited him to take shelter in his tent, which stood within fifty yards of the spot where he lay. Johnston was beginning to explain to his black friend the impossibility of moving without the consent of his guards, when they suddenly sprung to their feet, and seizing the negro by the throat, and at the same time grasping Johnston's collar, they uttered the alarm halloo in the most piercing tones. The whole band of drunken Indians instantly repeated the cry, and ran up, tomahawk in hand, and with the most ferocious gestures. Johnston gave himself up for lost, and the negro looked white with terror, but their enemies conducted themselves with more discretion, than, from their drunken condition, could have been anticipated. They seized Johnston, bore him off a few paces into the woods, and questioned him closely as to the conference between himself and the negro. He replied by simply and clearly stating the truth. They then grappled the negro, and menacing him with their knives, threatened to take his scalp on the spot, if he did not tell the truth. His story agreed exactly with Johnston's, and the Indians became satisfed that no plot had been concerted. The incident, however, had completely sobered them, and for several hours the rum cask gave way to the dancing ring, which was formed in front of the negro's tent, where Johnston had been permitted, after the alarm subsided, to take shelter from the rain. He quickly fell asleep, but was grievously tormented by the nightmare. He dreamed that he was drowning in the middle of a creek which he had crossed on that morning, and his respiration became so painful and laborious, that he at length awoke. The song and the dance were still going on around him, and the cause of his unpleasant dream was quickly manifest. A huge Indian had very composedly seated himself upon his breast, and was smoking a long pipe, and contemplating the dancers, apparently very well satisfied with his seat. Johnston turned himself upon his side and threw the Indian off. He did not appear to relish the change of place much, but soon settled himself and continued to smoke with uninterrupted gravity.

At daylight, a new scene presented itself. The warriors painted themselves in the most frightful colors, and performed a war dance, with the usual accompaniments. A stake, painted in alternate stripes of black and vermillion, was fixed in the ground, and the dancers moved in rapid but measured evolutions around it. They recounted, with great energy, the wrongs they had received from the whites.—

Their lands had been taken from them—their corn cut up—their villages burnt—their friends slaughtered—every injury which they had received was dwelt upon, until their passions had become inflamed beyond all control. Suddenly, Chickatommo darted from the circle of dancers, and with eyes flashing fire, ran up to the spot where Johnston was sitting, calmly contemplating the spectacle before him. When within reach he struck him a furious blow with his fist, and was preparing to repeat it, when Johnston seized him by the arms, and hastily demanded the cause of such unprovoked violence. Chickatommo, grinding his teeth with rage, shouted, "Sit down! sit down!" Johnston obeyed, and the Indian, perceiving the two white children within ten steps of him, snatched up a tomahawk, and advanced upon them with a quick step, and a determined look. The terrified little creatures instantly arose from the log on which they were sitting, and fled into the woods, uttering the most piercing screams, while their pursuer rapidly gained upon them with his tomahawk uplifted. The girl, being the youngest, was soon overtaken, and would have been tomahawked, had not Messhawa bounded like a deer to her relief. He arrived barely in time to arrest the uplifted tomahawk of Chickatommo, after which, he seized him by the collar and hurled him violently backward to the distance of several paces. Snatching up the child in his arms, he then ran after the brother, intending to secure him likewise from the fury of his companion, but the boy, misconstruing his intention, continued his flight with such rapidity, and doubled several times with such address, that the chaise was prolonged to the distance of several hundred yards. At length Messhawa succeeded in taking him. The boy, thinking himself lost, uttered a wild cry, which was echoed by his sister, but both were instantly calmed. Messhawa took them in his arms, spoke to them kindly, and soon convinced them that they had nothing to fear from him. He quickly reappeared, leading them gently by the hand, and soothing them in the Indian language, until they both clung to him closely for protection. No other incident disturbed the progress of the ceremonies, nor did Chickatommo appear to resent the violent interferance of Messhawa.

Their rum was not yet exhausted, and after the conclusion of the war dance, they returned to it with renewed vigor. A lame Mingo, on a solitary hunting excursion, soon joined them, and with drunken hospitality, was pressed, and in some degree compelled to get drunk with them. They soon became very affectionate, and the Mingo, taking advantage of the momentary generosity produced by the rum, ventured to ask that Johnston might be given to him, for a particular purpose, which he explained to them. He said that he had lately killed a warrior of the Wyandott tribe, whose widow had clamorously demanded that he (the Mingo) should either procure her another husband, or lay down his own life as a penalty for the slain Wyandott. He added that he was too poor to procure her another husband, unless he should take that honorable office upon himself, for which he had but small inclination, the squaw in question being

well stricken in years, tolerable crooked, and withal a most terrible scold, and that he must submit to the other alternative, and lay down his life, unless the Shawanees would have compassion upon him, and give him Johnston, who (he said) being young and handsome, would doubtless be acceptable to the squaw aforesaid, and console her faithful heart for the loss of her former husband. He urged his suit with so much earnestness, that the Shawanees relented, and assured him that Johnston should be delivered into his hands. This was accordingly done, without the slightest regard to the prisoner's inclination, and within an hour, the whole party took leave of him, shaking him heartily by the hand, and congratulating him upon his approaching happiness, telling him that there was a fine squaw waiting for him in the Wyandott town. Johnston would have liked the adoption better without the appendage of the bride, but thinking that if she were one of the furies, her society would be preferable to the stake and hot irons, he determined to make the best of his condition, and wear his shackles as easily as possible, until an opportunity offered of effecting his escape. His new master, after lingering around the late encampment until late in the day, at length shouldered his wallet, and moved off by the same route which the Shawanees had taken. By noon, on the following day, they came up with them, when a curious scene ensued. As soon as the Shawanees had become sober, they repented their late liberality, and determined to reclaim their prisoner; the Mingo stoutly demurred, and a long argument took place, accompanied by animated gestures, and not a few oaths on both sides. At length Messhawa put an end to the wrangling by seizing a horse by the halter, and ordering Johnston instantly to mount. He then sprung upon another, and applying the lash smartly to both horses, he quickly bore the prisoner beyond the sound of the Mingo's voice. An hour's ride brought them to Upper Sandusky, where Messhawa dismounted, and awaited the arrival of Chickatommo. He quickly appeared, accompanied by his party and followed by the discontented Mingo. The latter regarded Johnston from time to time with so earnest a countenance, and appeared so desirous of approaching him, that the latter became alarmed, lest in the rage of disappointment, he should inflict upon the prisoner the vengeance which he dared not indulge against the Shawanees. But his fears were quickly relieved. The Mingo dogged him so faithfully, that he at length came upon him while alone, and approaching him with a good natured smile, presented a small pamphlet which Johnston had dropped on the preceding day. Having done this, he shook him by the hand, and immediately left the village.

At Sandusky, Johnston became acquainted with Mr. Duchouquet, a French trader, who had for several years resided among the Indians, and was extensively engaged in the fur trade. To him he recounted his adventures, and earnestly solicited his good offices in delivering him from the Indians. Duchouquet promptly assured him, that every exertion should be used for that purpose, and lost no time in

redeeming his pledge. That evening he spoke to Chickatommo, and offered a liberal ransom for the prisoner, but his efforts were fruitless. The Shawanee chief did not object to the price, but declared that no sum should induce them to give him up, until they had first taken him to their towns. This answer was quickly reported to Johnston, and filled him with despair. But as the Shawanee party were engaged in another drinking bout, he entreated Duchouquet, to seize the favorable moment, when their hearts were mellowed with rum, and repeat his offer. The Frenchman complied, and was again peremptorily refused. Johnston now desired him to enquire of Chickatommo the name of the town to which he was to be taken, and the fate which was in reserve for him, upon his arrival there. To the first question Chickatommo promptly replied, that the prisoner was to be carried to the Miami villages, but to the second he gave no satisfactory answer, being probably ignorant himself upon the subject. The mention of the Miami villages, completely extinguished every spark of hope, which still existed in Johnston's breast, as those towns had heretofore been the grave of every white prisoner who had visited them. He had also heard, that the Indians carefully concealed from their victims the fate which awaited them, either from some instinctive feelings of compassion, or more probably from policy, in order to prevent the desperate efforts to escape, which were usual with prisoners who were informed of their destiny. Under these circumstances, he gloomily abandoned himself to despair, and lay down in helpless expectation of his fate. But no sooner had he abandoned the case, than fortune, as usual, put in her oar, and displayed that capricious but omnipotent power, for which she has so long and so deservedly been celebrated. The same Wyandott trader, who had encountered them in the wilderness, now again appeared at Sandusky, with several horses laden with kegs of rum, and in the course of two days, completely stripped them of every skin, blanket, and article of merchandize which had escaped his rapacity before.

On the morning of the third day, Chickatommo and his party awoke as from a dream, and found themselves poor, destitute, ragged and hungry, without the means of supplying any of their wants. Ashamed to return to their village in this condition, after having sent before them so magnificent a description of their wealth, they determined to return to the Ohio, in hopes of again replenishing their purses at the expense of emigrants. They accordingly appeared of their own accord before Duchouquet, and declared, that as the scalp of their prisoner would be transported more easily than his person, they had determined to burn him on that evening—but, if he still wished to purchase him, they would forego the expected entertainment for his sake, and let him have the prisoner upon good terms. Duchouquet eagerly accepted the offer, and counted down six hundred silver broaches, the ordinary price of a prisoner. The Indians lost no time in delivering him into the trader's hands, and having taken an affectionate leave of him, they again sat out for the Ohio.

Johnston's gratification may easily be conceived, but on the following day his apprehensions returned with renewed vigor. To his great surprise, Chickatommo and his party again made their appearance at Sandusky, having abandoned their contemplated trip to Ohio, and loitered about the village for several days, without any visible cause for such capricious conduct. Johnston, recollecting their former whimsical bargain with the Mingo, was apprehensive that the same scene was to be repeated, and resolving not to be taken alive, he armed himself, and awaited calmly their determination.—His suspicions, however, were entirely groundless. They passed him several times without the slightest notice, and at length set off in earnest for Detroit, leaving him at full liberty with his friend Duchouquet.

On the evening of their departure, a Delaware arrived from the Miami villages, with the heartrending intelligence, that his unfortunate companion, Flinn, had been burned at the stake a few days before. The savage declared that he himself had been present at the spectacle, had assisted in torturing him, and had afterwards eaten a portion of his flesh, which he declared "was sweeter than bear's meat." The intelligence was fully confirmed on the following day by a Canadian trader, who had just left the Miami towns. He stated that Flinn had been taken to their villages, and at first had entertained strong hopes of being adopted, as his bold, frank, and fearless character had made considerable impression upon his enemies. But the arrival of some wild chiefs from the extreme northern tribes, most of whom were cannibals, had completely changed his prospects. A wild council was held, in which the most terrible sentiments with regard to the whites were uttered. The custom of adopting prisoners was indignantly reprobated, as frivolous and absurd, and the resolution proclaimed that henceforth no quarter should be given to any age, sex or condition. Flinn was accordingly seized and fastened to the stake. The trader was one of the spectators.—Flinn quickly observed him, and asked if he was not ashamed to witness the distress of a fellow creature in that manner, without making some effort to relieve him, upon which he immediately ran to the village and brought out several kegs of rum, which he offered as a ransom for the prisoner. The Indians, who, by this time, were in a terrible rage, rejected the offer with fierceness, and split the heads of the kegs with their tomahawks, suffering the liquor to flow unheeded upon the ground. The disappointed trader again returned to the village, and brought out six hundred silver broaches. They in turn were rejected, with additional fury, and not without a threat of treating him in the same manner, if he again interfered. The trader, finding every effort vain, communicated his ill success to Flinn, who heard him with composure, and barely replied, "Then all I have to say is, *God have mercy upon my soul!*" The scene of torture then commenced, amid whoops and yells, which struck terror to the heart of the trader, but which the prisoner bore with the most heroic fortitude. Not a groan escaped him. He walked

calmly around the stake for several hours, until his flesh was roasted and the fire had burned down. An old squaw then approached in order to rekindle it, but Flinn, watching his opportunity, gave her so furious a kick in the breast, that she fell back totally insensible, and for several minutes was unable to take any further share in the ceremony. The warriors then bored his ancles, and passing thongs through the sinews, confined them closely to the stake, so that he was unable afterwards to offer the same resistance. His sufferings continued for many hours, until they were at length terminated by the tomahawk.

Within a few days, he also heard of Skyles. After leaving Johnston, this gentleman had been conducted to one of the towns on the Miami of the Lake, near the scene of Flinn's execution, where, as usual, he was compelled to run the gauntlet. The Indian boys were his chief tormentors. One of the little urchins displayed particular address and dexterity in his infernal art. He provided himself with a stout switch taken from a thorn tree, upon which one of the largest thorns had been permitted to remain. As Skyles passed him, he drove the keen instrument up to the head in his naked back. The switch was wrested from his grasp, and was borne by Skyles, sticking in his back, to the end of his painful career. He continued in the hands of the same crabbed master, who had taken such pleasure in tormenting him upon the march through the wilderness, but had found means to make himself so acceptable to his squaw, that his time was rendered more agreeable than he could have anticipated. He carried water for her, gathered her wood, and soothed her sullen temper by a thousand little artifices, so that her husband, who stood in some awe of his helpmate, was compelled to abate somewhat of his churlishness. He at length reaped the fruit of his civility. The squaw returned one evening alone to the wigwam, and informed Skyles, in confidence, that his death had been determined on in council, and that the following day had been appointed for his execution. He at first doubted the truth of this startling intelligence, and retiring to rest as usual, feigned to be asleep, but listened attentively to the conversation of the old squaw with her daughter, a young girl of fifteen. His doubts were quickly dispelled. His approaching execution was the subject of conversation between them, and their language soon became warm. The old lady insisted upon it that he was a good man, and ought to be saved, while the girl exulted at the idea of witnessing his agonies, declaring repeatedly that the "white people were all devils," and ought to be put to death. At length they ceased wrangling, and composed themselves to rest. Skyles immediately arose, took down his master's rifle, shot bag, and corn pouch, and stepping lightly over the bodies of the family, quickly gained the wood, and bent his steps to the bank of the Miami river. Without an instant's delay, he plunged into the stream, and swam to the opposite side. In so doing, however, he completely ruined his rifle, and was compelled to throw it away. Retaining the wallet of parched corn, he directed

his steps to the southward, intending, if possible, to strike the settlements in Kentucky, but so poor a woodsman was he, that after a hard march of six hours, he again stumbled upon the Miami, within one hundred yards of the spot where he had crossed it before.—While anxiously meditating upon the best means of avoiding the dangers which surrounded him, he heard the tinkle of a bell within a few hundred yards of the spot where he stood, and hastily directing his steps towards it, he saw a horse grazing quietly upon the rank grass of the bottom. Instantly mounting him, he again attempted to move in a southern direction, but was compelled by the thickness of the wood, and the quantity of fallen timber to change his course so frequently that he again became bewildered, and abandoning his horse, determined to prosecute his journey on foot.—Daylight found him in a deep forest, without a path to direct him, without the means of procuring food, and without the slightest knowledge of any of those signs by which an experienced woodsman is enabled to direct his course through a trackless wilderness with such unerring certainty. Fearful of stumbling unawares upon some Indian town, he lay concealed all day, and at night re-commenced his journey. But fresh perplexities awaited him at every step. He was constantly encountering either a small village or a solitary wigwam, from which he was frequently chased by the Indian dogs, with such loud and furious barking, that he more than once considered detection inevitable. In this manner he wandered through the woods for several days, until, faint with hunger, he determined at all risks to enter an Indian village, and either procure food or perish in the attempt. Having adopted this resolution, he no longer loitered on the way, but throwing himself boldly upon the first path which presented itself, he followed it at a brisk and steady pace, careless to what it might lead. About four o'clock in the afternoon, he came so suddenly upon a village that it was impossible to retreat without exposing himself to detection, and as he considered it madness to enter it in daylight, he concealed himself among some old logs until nightfall, when he sallied out like an owl or a wolf in search of something to allay the piercing pangs of hunger. Nothing could be picked up upon the skirts of the village, as neither roasting ears nor garden fruit were in season, and it became necessary to enter the town or perish of hunger. Fortunately, the embers of a decayed fire lay near him, in which he found a sufficient quantity of coal with which to black his face and hands, and having completely disguised himself in this manner, he boldly marched into the hostile town, to take such fate as it should please heaven to send. He fortunately had with him the remnant of a blanket, which he disposed about his person in the usual Indian manner, and imitating at the same time their straggling gate, he kept the middle of the street and passed unquestioned by squaw or warrior. Fortunately for him, the streets were almost entirely deserted, and as he afterwards learned most of the warriors were absent. Security, however, was not his present object so much as food, which indeed had now become

indispensable. Yet how was he to obtain it. He would not have hesitated to steal, had he known where to look for the larders, nor to beg, had he not known that he would have been greeted with the tomahawk. While slowly marching through the village and ruminating upon some feasible plan of satisfying his wants, he saw light in a wigwam at some distance, which gave it the appearance of a trader's booth. Cautiously approaching, he satisfied himself of the truth of his conjecture. A white man was behind a counter, dealing out various articles to several squaws who stood around him. After some hesitation, Skyles entered the shop, and in bad English asked for rum. The trader regarded him carelessly, and without appearing surprised at either his dress or manner, replied that he had no rum in the house, but would go and bring him some, if he could wait a few moments. So saying, he leaped carelessly over the counter and left the shop. Skyles instantly followed him, and stopping him in the street briefly recounted his story, and throwing himself upon his mercy, earnestly implored his assistance. The trader appeared much astonished, and visibly hesitated. Quickly recovering himself, however, he assured Skyles that he would use every effort to save him, although in doing so he himself would incur great risk. He then informed him that a band of Shawanees had appeared at the village on that very morning in keen pursuit of a prisoner, who (they said) had escaped a few days before, and whom they supposed to be still in the neighborhood, from the zigzag manner in which he had travelled. Many of the warriors of the town were at that moment assisting the Shawanees in hunting for him.— He added that they might be expected to return in the morning, in which case, if discovered, his death would be certain. Skyles listened in great alarm to his account of the danger which surrounded him. If he left the village, he could scarcely expect to escape the numerous bands who were ranging the forests in search of him !— If he remained where he was, the danger was still more imminent. Under these circumstances he earnestly requested the advice of the trader as to the best means of avoiding his enemies. The man replied that he must instantly 'eave the village, as keen eyes would be upon him in the morning, and his design would be penetrated.— That he must conceal himself in a hazel thicket, which he pointed out to him, where in a short time he would join him with food, where they could arrange some feasible plan of escape. They then separated, the trader returning to his shop and Skyles repairing to the friendly thicket. Here within a few minutes he was joined by his friend, who informed him that he saw but one possible mode of escape. That it would be impossible for him either to remain where he was, or to attempt to reach the white settlements through the woods, but he declared that if he was diligent and active, he might overtake a boat which had left them that morning for Lake Erie, and offered him his own skiff for that purpose. He added that the boat was laden with furs and was commanded by an English captain, who would gladly receive him on board. Skyles eagerly embraced

the offer, and they proceeded without a moment's delay to the river shore, where a handsome skiff with two oars lay in readiness for the water. Having taken an affectionate leave of the trader, Skyles put off from shore, and quickly gaining the current, rowed until daylight with the zeal of a man who knew the value of life and liberty. His greatest apprehension was, that his flight would be discovered in time to prevent his reaching the boat, and at every rustling of the bushes on the bank of the river, or at every cry of the owl which arose from the deep forest around him, the blood would rush back to his heart, and he would fancy that his enemies were upon him. At length, between dawn and sunrise, he beheld the boat, which he had pursued so eagerly, only a few hundred yards in front, drifting slowly and calmly down the stream. He redoubled his exertions, and in half an hour was within hailing distance. He called aloud for them to halt, but no answer was returned. Upon coming along side, he was unable to see a single man on board. Supposing her crew asleep, he mounted the side of the vessel, and saw the man at the helm enjoying a very comfortable nap, with the most enviable disregard to the dangers which might await him in the waters of Lake Erie, which were then in sight.—The helmsman started up, rubbed his eys, looked around him, and after saluting his visiter, observed that "he had almost fallen asleep." Skyles agreed with him, and anxiously enquired for the captain.—The latter soon made his appearance in a woollen night cap, and the negociation commenced. The captain asked who he was, and what was the cause of so early a visit? Skyles was fearful of committing himself by a premature disclosure of his real character, and replied that he was an adventurer who had been looking out for land upon the Auglaize, but that he had been driven from the country by the apprehension of outrage from the Indians, who had lately become unusually incensed against the whites. The captain coolly replied, that he had heard of one white man having been burned a few days before, at one of the Miami villages, and had understood that another had avoided the same fate only by running away into the woods, where, unless retaken, it was supposed he would perish, as he had shown himself a miserable woodsman, and as numerous parties were in search of him. After a moment's hesitation Skyles frankly acknowledged himself to be that miserable fugitive, and threw himself at once upon their mercy. The English captain heard him apparently without surprise, and granted his request without hesitation. All was done with the utmost sang froid. In a short time they arrived at Detroit, where, to his no small astonishment, he beheld Chickatommo, Messhawa and their party, who had just arrived from Sandusky, after the sale of Johnston. Carefully avoiding them, he lay close in the house of a trader till the following day, when another large party arrived in pursuit of him, (having traced him down the river to Lake Erie,) and paraded the streets for several days, uttering loud complaints against those who had robbed them of their prisoner. Poor Skyles entertained the most painful apprehensions

for several days, but was at length relieved by their departure. As soon as possible he obtained a passage to Montreal, and returned in safety to the United States.

In noticing the fate of the companions of Johnston's captivity, we are naturally led to say something of the only female of the party. The reader cannot have forgotten that one of the Misses Fleming was killed upon the Ohio, and that the other became a prisoner, and was assigned to the Cherokees. Johnston had been much surprised at the levity of her conduct, when first taken. Instead of appearing dejected at the dreadful death of her sister, and the still more terrible fate of her friends, she never appeared more lively or better reconciled to her fate than while her captors lingered upon the banks of the Ohio. Upon the breaking up of the party, the Cherokees conducted their prisoner towards the Miami villages, and Johnston saw nothing more of her until after his own liberation. While he remained at the house of Mr. Duchouquet, the small party of Cherokees to whom she belonged suddenly made their appearance in the village in a condition so tattered and dilapidated, as to satisfy every one that all their booty had been wasted with their usual improvidence. Miss Fleming's appearance, particularly, had been entirely changed. All the levity which had astonished Johnston so much on the banks of the Ohio, was completely gone. Her dress was tattered, her cheeks sunken, her eyes discolored by weeping, and her whole manner expressive of the most heartfelt wretchedness. Johnston addressed her with kindness, and enquired the cause of so great a change, but she only replied by wringing her hands and bursting into tears. Her master quickly summoned her away, and on the morning of her arrival she was compelled to leave the village, and accompany them to Lower Sandusky. Within a few days Johnston, in company with his friend Duchouquet, followed them to that place, partly upon business, and partly with the hope of effecting her liberation. He found the town thronged with Indians of various tribes, and there, for the first time, he learned that his friend Skyles had effected his escape. Upon enquiring for the Cherokees, he learned that they were encamped with their prisoner within a quarter of a mile of the town, holding themselves aloof from the rest, and evincing the most jealous watchfulness over their prisoner.—Johnston applied to the traders of Sandusky for their good offices, and, as usual, the request was promptly complied with. They went out in a body to the Cherokee camp, accompanied by a white man named Whittaker, who had been taken from Virginia when a child, and had become completely naturalized among the Indians.—This Whittaker was personally known to Miss Fleming, having often visited Pittsburg where her father kept a small tavern, much frequented by Indians and traders. As soon as she beheld him, therefore, she ran up to the spot where he stood, and bursting into tears, implored him to save her from the cruel fate which she had no doubt awaited her. He engaged very zealously in her service, and finding that all the offers of the traders were rejected with de-

termined obstinacy, he returned to Detroit, and solicited the intercession of an old chief known among the whites by the name of "Old King Crane," assuring him (a lie which we can scarcely blame) that the woman was his sister. King Crane listened with gravity to the appeal of Whittaker, acknowledged the propriety of interfering in the case of so near a relative, and very calmly walked out to the Cherokee camp, in order to try the efficacy of his own eloquence in behalf of the white squaw. He found her master, however, perfectly inexorable. The argument gradually waxed warm, till at length the Cherokees became enraged, and told the old man that it was a disgrace to a chief like him, to put himself upon a level with "white people," and that they looked upon him as no better than "dirt."

At this insupportable insult, King Crane became exasperated in turn, and a very edifying scene ensued, in which each bespattered the other with a profusion of abuse for several minutes, until the Old King recollected himself sufficiently, to draw off for the present, and concert measures for obtaining redress. He returned to the village in a towering passion, and announced his determination to collect his young men and rescue the white squaw by force, and if the Cherokees dared to resist, he swore that he would take their scalps upon the spot. Whittaker applauded his doughty resolution, but warned him of the necessity of despatch, as the Cherokees, alarmed at the idea of losing their prisoner, might be tempted to put her to death without further delay. This advice was acknowledged to be of weight, and before daylight on the following morning, King Crane assembled his young men, and advanced cautiously upon the Cherokee encampment. He found all but the miserable prisoner buried in sleep. *She* had been stripped naked, her body painted black, and in this condition, had been bound to a stake, around which hickory poles had already been collected, and every other disposition made for burning her alive at day-light. She was moaning in a low tone as her deliverers approached, and was so much exhausted as not to be aware of their approach, until King Crane had actually cut the cords which bound her, with his knife. He then ordered his young men to assist her in putting on her clothes, which they obeyed with the most stoical indifference. As soon as her toilet had been completed, the King awakened her masters, and informed them that the squaw was *his!* that if they submitted quietly, it was well!—if not, his young men and himself were ready for them. The Cherokees, as may readily be imagined, protested loudly against such unrighteous proceedings, but what could words avail against tomahawks and superior numbers? They finally expressed their willingness to resign the squaw—but hoped that King Crane would not be such a "beast" as to refuse them the ransom which he had offered them on the preceding day! The King replied coolly, that he had the squaw now in his own hands—and would serve them right if he refused to pay a single broach—but that he disdained to receive any thing at their hands, without

paying an equivalent! and would give them six hundred broaches. He then returned to Lower Sandusky, accompanied by the liberated prisoner. She was then painted as a squaw by Whittaker, and sent off, under care of two trusty Indians to Pittsburg, where she arrived in safety in the course of the following week.

The Cherokees, in the evening, paraded the streets of Sandusky, armed and painted, as if upon a war party, and loudly complained of the violence which had been offered to them. They declared that they would not leave town until they had shed the blood of a white man, in revenge for the loss of their prisoner. Johnston and Duchouquet were compelled to remain closely at home for several days, until to their great joy, the Cherokees finally left the village, and were seen no more.

The remainder of Johnston's narrative is easily despatched. He quickly left Lower Sandusky, and embarked in a boat laden with fur to Detroit. After remaining here a few days, he took a passage to Montreal, and, for the first and last time, had an opportunity of beholding the tremendous falls of Niagara.* Having arrived at Montreal in safety, he remained a few days in order to arrange his affairs, and as soon as possible, continued his journey by way of Fort Stanwix to New York. There he had an interview with President Washington, who, having been informed of his escape, sent for him, in order to make a number of inquiries as to the strength of the tribes through which he had passed, the force and condition of the British garrisons, and the degree of countenance which they had afforded to the hostile Indians. Having given all the information of which he was possessed, he was dismissed with great kindness, and in the course of the following week, he found himself in the bosom of his family. As the reader may probably take some interest in the fate of the Indians whom we have mentioned, we are enabled to add something upon that subject. Chickatommo was killed at the decisive battle of the "Fallen timber," where the united force of the north-western tribes was defeated by Gen. Wayne. Messhawa fought at the same place, but escaped, and afterwards became a devoted follower of the celebrated Tecumseh. He fought at Tippecanoe, Raisin, and finally at the River Thames, where it is supposed he was killed. King Crane lived to a great age, was present at St. Clair's defeat, and at the "Fallen timber," but finally became reconciled to the Americans, and fought under Harrison at Thames. Whittaker, the white man, was in St. Clair's defeat, and afterwards with the Indians against Wayne. Tom Lewis fought against the Americans in all the north-western battles, until the final peace in 1796, and then was one of the deputation who came on to Washington city, where Johnston saw him in '97. He afterwards rose to the rank of chief among the Shawnees, but having an incurable propensity to rum and thieving, he was degraded from his rank, and removed, with a band of his countrymen, to the country west of the Mississippi.

* This was an Iroquois word, and in their language signifies "The Thunder of the waters!" It is pronounced O-ni-aa-gaa-ra.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HUBBELL.

In the year 1791, while the Indians were yet troublesome, especially on the banks of the Ohio, Captain William Hubbell, who had previously emigrated to Kentucky from the State of Vermont, and who, after having fixed his family in the neighborhood of Frankfort, then a frontier settlement, had been compelled to go to the eastward on business, was a second time on his way to this country. On one of the tributary streams of the Monongahela, he procured a flat bottomed boat, and embarked in company with Mr. Daniel Light, and Mr. William Plascut and his family, consisting of a wife and eight children, destined for Limestone, Kentucky. On their progress down the river Ohio, and soon after passing Pittsburg, they saw evident traces of Indians along the banks, and there is every reason to believe that a boat which they overtook, and which, through carelessness, was suffered to run aground on an island, became a prey to these merciless savages. Though Captain Hubbell and his party stopped some time for it in a lower part of the river, it did not arrive, and has never to their knowledge been heard of since. Before they reached the mouth of the Great Kenhawa, they had, by several successive additions, increased their number to twenty, consisting of nine men, three women, and eight children. The men, besides those mentioned above, were one John Stoner, an Irishman and a Dutchman, whose names are not recollected, Messrs. Ray and Tucker, and a Mr. Kilpatrick, whose two daughters also were of the party. Information received at Galliopolis, confirmed the expectation, which appearances previously raised, of a serious conflict with a large body of Indians; and as Captain Hubbell had been regularly appointed commander of the boat, every possible preparation was made for a formidable and successful resistance of the anticipated attack. The nine men were divided into three watches for the night, which were alternately to continue awake, and be on the look out for two hours at a time. The arms on board, which consisted principally of old muskets, much out of order, were collected, loaded, and put in the best possible condition for service. About sunset on that day, the 23d of March, 1791, our party overtook a fleet of six boats descending the river in company, and intended to have continued with them, but as their passengers seemed to be more disposed to dancing than fighting, and as soon after dark, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Captain Hubbell, they commenced fiddling and dancing instead of preparing their arms, and taking the necessary rest preparatory to battle, it was wisely considered more hazardous to be in such company, than to be alone. It was therefore determined to proceed rapidly forward by the aid of the oars, and to leave those thoughtless fellow-travellers behind. One of the boats, however, belonging to the fleet, commanded by a Captain Greathouse, adopted the same plan, and for a while kept up with Captain Hubbell, but all its crew at length falling asleep, that boat also ceased to be propelled by the oars, and

Captain Hubbell and his party proceeded steadily forward *alone*. Early in the night a canoe was dimly seen floating down the river, in which were probably Indians reconnoitering, and other evident indications were observed of the neighborhood and hostile intentions of a formidable party of savages.

It was now agreed, that should the attack, as was probable, be deferred till morning, every man should be up before the dawn, in order to make as great a show as possible of numbers and of strength; and that, whenever the action should take place, the women and children should lie down on the cabin floor, and be protected as well as they could by the trunks and other baggage, which might be placed around them. In this perilious situation they continued during the night, and the Captain, who had not slept more than one hour since he left Pittsburg, was too deeply impressed with the imminent danger which surrounded him to obtain any rest at that time.

Just as daylight began to appear in the east, and before the men were up and at their posts agreeably to arrangement, a voice at some distance below them in a plaintive tone repeatedly solicited them to come on shore, as there were some white persons who wished to obtain a passage in their boat. This the Captain very naturally and correctly concluded to be an Indian artifice, and its only effect was to rouse the men, and place every one on his guard. The voice of entreaty was soon changed into the language of indignation and insult, and the sound of distant paddles announced the approach of the savage foe. At length three Indian canoes were seen through the mist of the morning rapidly advancing. With the utmost coolness the captain and his companions prepared to receive them. The chairs, tables, and other incumbrances were thrown into the river, in order to clear the deck for action. Every man took his position, and was ordered not to fire till the savages had approached so near, that, (to use the words of Captain Hubbell,) "the flash from the guns might singe their eye-brows;" and a special caution was given, that the men should fire successively, so that there might be no interval. On the arrival of the canoes, they were found to contain about twenty-five or thirty Indians each. As soon as they had approached within the reach of musket shot, a general fire was given from one of them, which wounded Mr. Tucker through the hip so severely that his leg hung only by the flesh, and shot Mr. Light just below his ribs. The three canoes placed themselves at the bow, stern, and on the right side of the boat, so that they had an opportunity of raking in every direction. The fire now commenced from the boat, and had a powerful effect in checking the confidence and fury of the Indians. The Captain, after firing his own gun, took up that of one of the wounded men, raised it to his shoulder, and was about to discharge it, when a ball came and took away the lock; he coolly turned round, seized a brand of fire from the kettle which served for a caboose, and applying it to the pan, discharged the piece with effect. A very regular and constant fire was now kept up on both sides. The Captain was just in the act of raising

his gun a third time, when a ball passed through his right arm, and for a moment disabled him. Scarcely had he recovered from the shock, and re-acquired the use of his hand, which had been suddenly *drawn up* by the wound, when he observed the Indians in one of the canoes just about to board the boat in its bow, where the horses were placed belonging to the party. So near had they approached, that some of them had actually seized with their hands the side of the boat. Severely wounded as he was, he caught up a pair of horsemen's pistols and rushed forward to repel the attempt at boarding. On his approach the Indians fell back, and he discharged a pistol with effect at the foremost man. After firing the second pistol, he found himself without arms, and was compelled to retreat; but stepping back upon a pile of small wood which had been prepared for burning in the kettle, the thought struck him, that it might be made use of in repelling the foe, and he continued for some time to strike them with it so forcibly and actively, that they were unable to enter the boat, and at length he wounded one of them so severely that with a yell they suddenly gave way. All the canoes then discontinued the contest, and directed their course to Captain Greathouse's boat, which was in sight. Here a striking contrast was exhibited to the firmness and intrepidity which had been displayed. Instead of resisting the attack, the people on board of this boat retired to the cabin in dismay. The Indians entered it without opposition, and rowed it to the shore, where they killed the Captain and a lad of about fourteen years of age. The women they placed in the centre of their canoes, and manning them with fresh hands, again pursued Captain Hubbell and party. A melancholy alternative now presented itself to these brave but almost desponding men, either to fall a prey to the savages themselves, or to run the risk of shooting the women, who had been placed in the canoes in the hope of deriving protection from their presence. But " self preservation is the first law of nature," and the Captain very justly remarked, there would not be much humanity in preserving their lives at such a sacrifice, merely that they might become victims of savage cruelty at some subsequent period.

There were now but four men left on board of Captain Hubbell's boat, capable of defending it, and the Captain himself was severely wounded in two places. The second attack, however, was resisted with almost incredible firmness and vigor. Whenever the Indians would rise to fire, their opponents would commonly give them the first shot, which in almost every instance would prove fatal. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, and the exhausted condition of the defenders of the boat, the Indians at length appeared to despair of success, and the canoes successively retired to the shore. Just as the last one was departing, Captain Hubbell called to the Indian, who was standing in the stern, and on his turning round, discharged his piece at him. When the smoke, which for a moment obstructed the vision, was dissipated, he was seen lying on his back, and appeared to be severely, perhaps mortally wounded.

Unfortunately the boat now drifted near to the shore, where the Indians were collected, and a large concourse, probably between four and five hundred, were seen rushing down on the bank. Ray and Plascut, the only men remaining unhurt, were placed at the oars, and as the boat was not more than twenty yards from shore, it was deemed prudent for all to lie down in as safe a position as possible, and attempt to push forward with the utmost practicable rapidity. While they continued in this situation, nine balls were shot into one oar, and ten into the other, without wounding the rowers, who were hidden from view, and protected by the side of the boat and the blankets in its stern. During this dreadful exposure to the fire of the savages, which continued about twenty minutes, Mr. Kilpatrick observed a particular Indian, whom he thought a favorable mark for his rifle, and, notwithstanding the solemn warning of Captain Hubbell, rose to shoot him. He immediately received a ball in his mouth, which passed out at the back part of his head, and was almost at the same moment shot through the heart. He fell among the horses that about the same time were killed, and presented to his afflicted daughters and fellow-travellers, who were witness of the awful occurrence, a spectacle of horror which we need not further attempt to describe.

The boat was now providentially and suddenly carried out into the middle of the stream, and taken by the current beyond the reach of the enemy's balls. Our little band, reduced as they were in numbers, wounded, afflicted, and almost exhausted by fatigue, were still unsubdued in spirit, and being assembled in all their strength, men, women, and children, with an appearance of triumph gave three hearty cheers, calling to the Indians to come on again, if they were fond of the sport.

Thus ended this awful conflict, in which out of nine men, two only escaped unhurt. Tucker and Kilpatrick were killed on the spot, Stoner was mortally wounded, and died on his arrival at Limestone, and all the rest, excepting Ray and Plascut, were severely wounded. The women and children were all uninjured, excepting a little son of Mr. Plascut, who, after the battle was over, came to the Captain, and with great coolness requested him to take a ball out of his head. On examination, it appeared that a bullet which had passed through the side of the boat, had penetrated the forehead of this little hero, and remained under the skin. The Captain took it out, and the youth, observing, "*that is not all*," raised his arm, and exhibited a piece of bone at the point of his elbow, which had been shot off, and hung only by the skin. His mother exclaimed, "why did you not tell me of this?" "Because," he coolly replied, "the Captain directed us to be silent during the action, and I thought you would be likely to make a noise if I told you."

The boat made the best of its way down the river, and the object was to reach Limestone that night. The Captain's arm had bled profusely, and he was compelled to close the sleeve of his coat, in order to retain the blood and stop its effusion. In this situation,

tormented by excrutiating pain, and faint through loss of blood, he was under the necessity of steering the boat with the left arm, till about ten o'clock that night, when he was relieved by Mr. William Brooks, who resided on the bank of the river, and who was induced by the calls of the suffering party to come out to their assistance. By his aid and that of some other persons who were in the same manner brought to their relief, they were enabled to reach Limestone about twelve o'clock that night.

Immediately on the arrival of Mr. Brooks, Captain Hubbell, relieved from labor and responsibility, sunk under the weight of pain and fatigue, and became for a while totally insensible. When the boat reached Limestone, he found himself unable to walk, and was obliged to be carried up to the tavern. Here he had his wound dressed, and continued for several days, until he acquired sufficient strength to proceed homewards.

On the arrival of the party at Limestone, they found a considerable force of armed men, about to march against the same Indians, from whose attacks they had so severely suffered. They now learned, that the Sunday preceding, the same party of savages had cut off a detachment of men ascending the Ohio from fort Washington, at the mouth of Licking river, and had killed with their tomahawks, without firing a gun, twenty-one out of twenty-two men, of which the detachment consisted.

Crowds of people, as might be expected, came to witness the boat which had been the scene of so much heroism, and such horrid carnage, and to visit the resolute little band by whom it had been so gallantly and perseveringly defended. On examination, it was found that the sides of the boat were literally filled with bullets and with bullet holes. There was scarcely a space of two feet square in the part above water, which had not either a ball remaining in it, or a hole through which a ball had passed. Some persons who had the curiosity to count the number of holes in the blankets, which were hung up as curtains in the stern of the boat, affirmed that in the space of five feet square, there were one hundred and twenty-two. Four horses out of five were killed, and the escape of the fifth amidst such a shower of balls appears almost miraculous.

The day after the arrival of Captain Hubbell and his companions, the five remaining boats, which they had passed on the night preceding the battle, reached Limestone. Those on board remarked, that during the action they distinctly saw the flashes, but could not hear the reports of the guns. The Indians, it appears, had met with too formidable a resistance from a single boat, to attack a fleet, and suffered them to pass unmolested: and since that time, it is believed that no boat has been assailed by Indians on the Ohio.

The force which marched out to disperse this formidable body of savages, discovered several Indians dead on the shore near the scene of action. They also found the bodies of Captain Greathouse and several others, men, women, and children, who had been on board of his boat. Most of them appeared to have been *whipped to death*,

as they were found stripped, tied to trees, and marked with the appearance of lashes, and large rods, which seemed to have been worn with use, were observed lying near them.

THE JOHNSONS.

Early in the spring of '93, two boys by the name of Johnson, the one twelve, and the other nine years of age, were playing on the banks of Short Creek, near the mouth of the Muskingum, and occasionally skipping stones in the water. At a distance, they beheld two men, dressed like ordinary settlers, in hats and coats, who gradually approached them, and from time to time, threw stones into the water, in imitation of the children. At length, when within one hundred yards of the boys, they suddenly threw off the mask, and rushing rapidly upon them, made them prisoners. They proved to be Indians of the Delaware tribe. Taking the children in their arms, they ran hastily into the woods, and after a rapid march of about six miles, encamped for the night. Having kindled a fire and laid their rifles and tomahawks against an adjoining tree, they lay down to rest, each with a boy in his arms. The children, as may readily be supposed, were too much agitated to sleep. The eldest at length began to move his limbs cautiously, and finding that the Indian who held him remained fast asleep, he gradually disengaged himself from his arms, and walking to the fire which had burned low, remained several minutes in suspense, as to what was next to be done. Having stirred the fire, and ascertained by its light the exact position of the enemy's arms, he whispered softly to his brother to imitate his example, and if possible, extricate himself from his keeper. The little fellow did as his brother directed, and both stood irresolute for several minutes around the fire. At length the eldest, who was of a very resolute disposition, proposed that they should kill the sleeping Indians, and return home. The eldest pointed to one of the guns, and assured his brother that if he would only pull the trigger of that gun after he had placed it in rest, *he* would answer for the other Indian. The plan was soon agreed upon. The rifle was levelled with the muzzle resting upon a log which lay near, and having stationed his brother at the breach, with positive directions not to touch the trigger until he gave the word, he seized a tomahawk and advanced cautiously to the other sleeper. Such was the agitation of the younger, however, that he touched the trigger too soon, and the report of his gun awakened the other Indian before his brother was quite prepared. He struck the blow, however, with firmness, although, in the hurry of the act, it was done with the blunt part of the hatchet, and only stunned his antagonist. Quickly repeating the blow, however, with the edge, he inflicted a deep wound upon the Indian's head, and after repeated strokes, left him lifeless upon the spot. The younger, frightened at the explosion of his own gun, had already betaken himself to his

heels, and was with difficulty overtaken by his brother. Having regained the road by which they had advanced, the elder fixed his hat upon a bush, in order to mark the spot, and by day-light they regained their homes. They found their mother in an agony of grief for their loss, and ignorant, whether they had been drowned or taken by the Indians. Their tale was heard with astonishment, not unmingled with incredulity, and a few of the neighbors insisted upon accompanying them to the spot, where so extraordinary a rencontre had occurred. The place was soon found, and the truth of the boys' story placed beyond doubt. The tomahawked Indian lay in his blood, where he fell, but the one who had been shot, was not to be found. A broad trail of blood, however, enabled them to trace his footsteps, and he was at length overtaken. His appearance was most ghastly. His under jaw had been entirely shot away, and his hands and breast were covered with clotted blood. Although evidently much exhausted, he still kept his pursuers at bay, and faced them from time to time, with an air of determined resolution. Either his gory appearance, or the apprehension that more were in the neighborhood, had such an effect upon his pursuers, that notwithstanding their numbers, he was permitted to escape. Whether he survived or perished in the wilderness, could never be ascertained, but from the severity of the wound, the latter supposition is most probable.

THE LOST SISTER.

VALLEY OF WYOMING.*

After the battle and massacre, most of the settlers fled. But here and there a few stragglers returned from the mountains or wilderness, and in the course of three or four months, other cabins were going up over the ashes of their former homes, and quite a little neighborhood was collected. But the Indians kept prowling around on the mountains, now descending here and now there, killing this family, scalping that, or making it captive. At a little distance from the present Court House of Wilkesbarre, lived a family by the name of Slocum, upon whom the visitations of the Indians' cruelties were awfully severe. The men were one day away in the fields, and in an instant the house was surrounded by Indians. There were in it, the mother, the daughter about nine years of age, a son aged thirteen, another daughter, aged five, and a little boy aged

* At page 199 of this volume, will be found a brief account of the dreadful massacre of settlers upon the Wyoming flats, in 1778, since the printing of which, the following interesting sketch has come under our notice.—Like many other of the remarkable events herein recorded, it carries with it much of the appearance of fictitious romance, and yet may be relied on as substantially true. The letter to which the writer alludes, was published in the Lancaster Intelligencer, in 1837, and was the means of leading the Slocum family, now residing in Luzerne county, Penna., to the discovery of their sister, who had been lost for sixty years.

two and a half. A young man and a boy by the name of Kingsly, were present grinding a knife. The first thing the Indians did, was to shoot down the young man, and scalp him with the knife which he had in his hand. The nine year old sister took the little boy two years and a half old, and ran out of the door to get back to the fort. The Indians chased her just enough to see her fright; and to have a hearty laugh as she ran and clung to and lifted her chubby little brother.—They then took the Kingsley boy and young Slocum, aged thirteen, and little Frances, aged five, and prepared to depart. But finding young Slocum lame, at the entreaties of the mother, they sat him down and left him. Their captives were then young Kingsley and the little girl. The mother's heart swelled unutterably, and for years she could not describe the scene without tears. She saw an Indian throw her child over his shoulder, and as her hair fell over her face, with one hand she brushed it aside, while the tears fell from her distended eye, and stretching out her other hand towards her mother, she called for *her* aid. The Indian turned into the bushes, and this was the last seen of little Frances. This image probably was carried by the mother to her grave. About a month after this they came again, and with the most awful cruelties, murdered the aged grand-father, and shot a ball in the leg of the lame boy. This he carried with him in his leg nearly sixty years, to the grave. The last child was born a few months after these tragedies! What were the conversations, what were the conjectures, what were the hopes and the fears respecting the fate of the little Frances, I will not attempt describe. Probably the children saw that in all after life, the heart of the stricken mother was yearning for the little one whose fate was uncertain, and whose face she could never see again.

As the boys grew up and became men, they were very anxious to know the fate of their little fair-haired sister. They wrote letters, they sent inquiries, they made journeys through all the west and into the Canadas, if peradventure they might learn anything respecting her fate. Four of these long journeys were made in vain. A silence deep as that of the deepest forest through which they wandered hung over her fate and that for sixty years.

My reader will now pass over fifty-eight years from the time of this captivity, and suppose himself far in the wilderness, in the farthest part of Indiana. A very respectable agent of the United States is travelling there, and weary and belated, with a tired horse, he stops at an Indian wigwam for the night. He can speak the Indian language. The family are rich, for Indians have horses and skins in abundance. In the course of the evening he notices that the hair of the woman is light, and her skin, under her dress, is also white. She told him she was a white child, but had been carried away when a very small girl. She could only remember that her name was Slocum, that she lived in a little house on the banks of the Susquehanna, and how many there were in her father's family, and the order of their ages! But the name of the town she could not remember. On reaching his home, the agent mentioned this

story to his mother, she urged and pressed him to write and print the account. Accordingly he wrote and sent it to Lancaster, of this state, requesting that it might be published. By some, to me unaccountable blunder, it lay in the office *two years* before it was printed. But last summer it was published. In a few days it fell into the hands of Mr. Slocum, of Wilkesbarre, who was the little two and a half years old boy, when Frances was taken. In a few days he was off to seek his sister, taking with him his oldest sister, (the one who aided him to escape) writing to a brother who now lives in Ohio, and who I believe was born after the captivity, to meet him and go with him.

The two brothers and sister are now (1838) on their way to see little Frances, just *sixty years* after her captivity. After travelling more than three hundred miles through the wilderness, they reached the Indian country, the home of the Miami Indian. Nine miles from the nearest white, they find the little wigwam. "I shall know my sister," said the civilized sister, because she lost the nail of her first finger. You, brother, hammered it off in the black-smith shop when she was four years old."—They go into the cabin and find an Indian woman having the appearance of seventy-five. She is painted and jewelled off, and dressed like the Indians in all respects. Nothing but her hair and covered skin, would indicate her origin. They get an interpeter and begin to converse. She tells them where she was born, her name, &c., with the order of her father's family. "How came your nail gone?" said the oldest sister. "My older brother pounded it off when I was a little child, in the shop!" In a word, they were satisfied that this was Frances, their long lost sister! They asked her what her Christian name was. She could not remember. Was it *Frances?* She smiled and said "yes." It was the first time she had heard it pronounced for sixty years! Here, then, they were met—two brothers and two sisters! They were all satisfied they were brothers and sisters. But what a contrast! The brothers were walking the cabin unable to speak; the oldest sister was weeping, but the poor Indian sat motionless and passionless—as indifferent as a spectator. There was no throbbing, no fine chords in her bosom to be touched.

When Mr. Slocum was giving me this history, I said to him, "but could she not speak English!" "Not a word." "Did she know her age?" "No—had no idea of it." "But was she entirely ignorant?" "Sir, she didn't know when Sunday comes!" This was indeed the consummation of ignorance in a descendant of the Puritans!

But what a picture for a painter would the inside of that cabin have afforded! Here were the children of civilization, respectable, temperate, intelligent and wealthy, able to overcome mountains to recover their sister. There was the child of the forest, not able to tell the day of the week, whose views and feelings were all confined to their cabin. Her whole history might be told in a word. She lived with the Delawares who carried her off, till grown up, and

then married a Delaware. He either died or run away, and she then married a Miami Indian, a Chief as I believe. She had two daughters, both of whom are married and live in the glory of an Indian cabin, skin cloths, and cow skin head dresses. Not one of the family can speak a word of English. They have horses in abundance, and when the Indian sister wanted to accompany her new relatives, she whipped out, bridled her horse, and then *a la Turk*, mounted astride and was off. At night she could throw a blanket around her, down upon the floor, and at once be asleep.

The brothers, and sister tried to persuade their lost sister to return with them, and if she desired it, bring her children. They would transplant her again on the banks of the Susquehanna, and of their wealth make her home happy. But no. They had always been kind to her, and she had promised her late husband on his death-bed, that she would never leave the Indians. And there they left her and hers, wild and darkened heathens, though they sprung from a pious race. You can hardly imagine how much this brother is interested for her. He says he intends this autumn to go again that long journey to see his tawny sister—to carry her some presents, and perhaps will go and petition Congress that if ever these Miamis are driven off, there may be a tract of land reserved for his sister and her descendants. His heart yearns with an indescribable tenderness for the helpless one, who, sixty-one years ago, was torn from the arms of her mother. Mysterious Providence! How wonderful the tie which can thus bind a family together with a chain so strong that nothing can break its links!

I will only add, that nothing has ever been heard of the boy Kingsley. The probability certainly is, that he is not living. This account, hastily and imperfectly given, I had from the lips of Mr. Slocum, the brother, and the same who was two and a-half years old when little Frances was carried away. I believe I have altered nothing, though I have omitted enough to make the good part of an interesting volume.

WAR IN THE NORTH-WEST.

GEN. HARMAR.

Heretofore our narratives have chiefly been confined to the adventures of individuals, or at most, to the irregular *forays* of independent volunteers. We come now, however, to events upon a large scale, and to a detail of national, not individual efforts. Before entering, however, upon such a brief notice as our limits will permit, of the events of the north-western campaign, it will be necessary to premise a few observations upon the causes of the long continued warfare to which the western states were exposed, while those upon the borders of the Atlantic enjoyed all the blessings of peace.

At the general pacification of 1783, there were several stipulations upon both sides, which were not complied with. Great Britain had agreed, as speedily as possible, to evacuate all the north western posts, which lay within the boundaries of the United States, while, on the other hand, Congress had stipulated that no *legal* impediments should be thrown in the way, in order to prevent the collection of debts due to British merchants before the declaration of war. Large importations had been made by American merchants, upon *credit*, in '73 and '74, and as all civil intercourse between the two countries had ceased until the return of peace, the British creditors were unable to collect their debts. Upon the final ratification of the treaty, they naturally became desirous of recovering their property, while their debtors as naturally were desirous of avoiding payment. Congress had stipulated that no legal barrier should be thrown in the way; but as is well known, Congress, under the old confederation, was much more prolific in "resolutions," or rather "recommendations," than acts. The states might or might not comply with them, as suited their convenience. Accordingly, when Congress recommended the payment of all debts to the state legislatures, the legislatures determined that it was inexpedient to comply. The British creditor complained to his government, the government remonstrated with Congress upon so flagrant a breach of one of the articles of pacification, Congress appealed to the legislatures, the legislatures were deaf and obstinate, and there the matter rested.—When the question was agitated, as to the evacuation of the posts,

the British, in turn, became refractory, and determined to hold them until the acts of the state legislatures, preventing the legal collection of debts, were repealed. Many remonstrances were exchanged, but all to no purpose.

In the mean time, the Indians were supplied, as usual, by the British agents, and if not openly encouraged, were undoubtedly secretly countenanced in their repeated depredations upon the frontier inhabitants. These at length became so serious, as to demand the notice of government. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1790, General Harmar was detatched at the head of three hundred regular troops, and more than one thousand militia, with orders to march upon their towns bordering upon the lakes, and inflict upon them such signal chastisement as should deter them from future depredations. On the 20th of September, the various troops designed for the expedition, rendezvoused at Fort Washington, now Cincinnati, and on the following day commenced their march to the Miami villages. The country was rough, swampy, and in many places almost impassable, so that seventeen days were consumed before the main body could come within striking distance of the enemy. In the mean time, the great scarcity of provisions rendered it necessary for the general to sweep the forest with numerous small detachments, and as the woods swarmed with roving bands of Indians, most of these parties were cut off.

At length the main body, considerably reduced by this petty warfare, came within a few miles of their towns. Here the General ordered Captain Armstrong, at the head of thirty regulars, and Col. Harden of Kentucky, with one hundred and fifty militia, to advance and reconnoitre. In the execution of this order they suddenly found themselves in the presence of a superior number of Indians, who arose from the bushes and opened a heavy fire upon them. The militia soon gave way, while the regulars, accustomed to more orderly movements, attempted a regular retreat. The enemy rushed upon them tomahawk in hand and completely surrounded them.—The regulars attempted to open a passage with the bayonet, but in vain. They were all destroyed with the exception of their captain and one lieutenant. Captain Armstrong was remarkably stout and active, and succeeded in breaking through the enemy's line, although not without receiving several severe wounds. Finding himself hard pressed, he plunged into a deep and miry swamp, where he lay concealed during the whole night within two hundred yards of the Indian camp, and witnessed the dances and joyous festivity with which they celebrated their victory. The lieutenant, (Haitshorn,) escaped by accidentally stumbling over a log, and falling into a pit where he lay concealed by the rank grass which grew around him. The loss of militia was very trifling. Notwithstanding this severe check, Harmar advanced with the main body upon their villages, which he found deserted and in flames, the Indians having fired them with their own hands. Here he found several hundred acres of corn, which was completely destroyed. He then advanced upon

the adjoining villages, which he found deserted and burned as the first had been. Having destroyed all the corn which he found, the army commenced their retreat from the Indian country, supposing the enemy sufficiently intimidated. After marching about ten miles on the homeward route, Gen. Harmar received information which induced him to suppose that a body of Indians had returned and taken possession of the village which he had just left. He detached, therefore, eighty regular troops, under the orders of Major Wyllys, and nearly the whole of his militia under Col. Harden, with orders to return to the villages and destroy such of the enemy as presented themselves. The detachment accordingly countermarched and proceeded with all possible despatch to the appointed spot, fearful only that the enemy might hear of their movement and escape before they could come up. The militia, in loose order, took the advance—the regulars, moving in a hollow square, brought up the rear. Upon the plain in front of the town a number of Indians were seen, between whom and the militia a sharp action commenced.—After a few rounds, with considerable effect on both sides, the savages fled in disorder and were eagerly and impetuously pursued by the militia, who in the ardor of the chase were drawn into the woods a considerable distance from the regulars. Suddenly from the opposite quarter several hundred Indians appeared, rushing with loud yells upon the unsupported regulars. Major Wyllys, who was a brave and experienced officer, formed his men in a square, and endeavored to gain a more favorable spot of ground, but was prevented by the desperate impetuosity with which the enemy assailed him. Unchecked by the murderous fire which was poured upon them from the different sides of the square, they rushed in masses up to the points of the bayonets, hurled their tomahawks with fatal accuracy, and putting aside the bayonets with their hands, or clogging them with their bodies, they were quickly mingled with the troops, and handled their long knives with destructive effect. In two minutes the bloody struggle was over. Major Wyllys fell, together with seventy three privates and one lieutenant. One captain, one ensign and seven privates, three of whom were wounded, were the sole survivors of this short but desperate encounter. The Indian loss was nearly equal, as they sustained several heavy fires, which the closeness of their masses rendered very destructive, and as they rushed upon the bayonets of the troops with the most astonishing disregard to their own safety. Their object was to everwhelm the regulars before the militia could return to their support, and it was as boldly executed as it had been finely conceived. In a short time the militia returned from the pursuit of the flying party which had decoyed them to a distance, but it was now too late to retrieve the fortune of the day. After some sharp skirmishing, they effected their retreat to the main body, with the loss of one hundred and eight killed and twenty eight wounded. This dreadful slaughter so reduced the strength and spirits of Harmar's army, that he was happy in being permitted to retreat unmolested, having totally failed

in accomplishing the objects of the expedition, and by obstinately persevering in the ruinous plan of acting in detachments, having thrown away the lives of more than half of his regular force. This abortive expedition served only to encourage the enemy and to give additional rancor to their incursions.

GEN. ST. CLAIR.

We now come to one of the heaviest disasters which occurs in the annals of Indian warfare. The failure of Harmar made a deep impression upon the American nation, and was followed by a loud demand for a greater force, under the command of a more experienced general. General Arthur St. Clair was, at that time, Governor of the north western territory, and had a claim to the command of such forces as should be employed within his own limits. This gentleman had uniformly ranked high as an officer of courage and patriotism, but had been more uniformly unfortunate than any other officer in the American service. He had commanded at Ticonderoga in the spring of '77, and had conducted one of the most disastrous retreats which occurred during the revolutionary war. Notwithstanding his repeated misfortunes, he still commanded the respect of his brother officers, and the undiminished confidence of Washington. He was now selected as the person most capable of restoring the American affairs in the north west, and was placed at the head of a regular force, amounting to near fifteen hundred men, well furnished with artillery, and was empowered to call out such reinforcements of militia as might be necessary. Cincinnati, as usual, was the place of rendezvous.

In October, 1791, an army was assembled at that place, greatly superior in numbers, officers and equipments, to any which had yet appeared in the west. The regular force was composed of three complete regiments of infantry, two companies of artillery and one of cavalry. The militia who joined him at fort Washington, amounted to upwards of six hundred men, most of whom had long been accustomed to Indian warfare. The general commenced his march from Cincinnati on the —— of October, and following the route of Harmar, arrived at fort Jefferson without material loss, although not without having sustained much inconvenience from scarcity of provisions. The Kentucky rangers, amounting to upwards of two hundred men, had encountered several small parties of Indians, but no serious affair had as yet taken place. Shortly after leaving fort Jefferson, one of the militia regiments, with their usual regard to discipline, determined that it was inexpedient to proceed farther, and detached themselves from the main body, and returned rapidly to the fort on their way home. This ill-timed mutiny not only discouraged the remainder, but compelled the General to detach the first regiment in pursuit of them, if not to bring them back, at least to prevent them from injuring the stores collected at the fort

for the use of the army. With the remainder of the troops, amounting in all to about twelve hundred men, he continued his march to the great Miami villages.

On the evening of the 3d of November, he encamped upon a very commanding piece of ground, upon the bank of a small tributary stream of the Wabash, (and not the St. Mary's, as Gen. St. Clair supposes in his official letter,) where he determined to throw up some slight works for the purpose of protecting their knapsacks and baggage, having to move upon the Miami villages, supposed to be within twelve miles, as soon as the first regiment should rejoin them. The remainder of the evening was employed in concerting the plan of the proposed work with Major Furguson of the engineers, and when the centries were posted at night, every thing was as quiet as could have been desired. The troops were encamped in two lines, with an interval of seventy yards between them, which was all that the nature of the ground would permit. The battallions of Majors Butler, Clarke and Patterson, composed the front line, the whole under the orders of Major General Butler, an officer of high and merited reputation. The front of the line was covered by a creek, its right flank by the river, and its left by a strong corps of infantry. The second line was composed of the battalions of Majors Gaither and Bedinger, and the second regiment under the command of Lieut. Col. Darke. This line, like the other, was secured upon one flank by the river, and upon the other by the cavalry and pickets.* The night passed away without alarm. The sentinels were vigilant,† and the officers upon the alert.

A few hours before day, St. Clair caused the reveillie to be beaten and the troops to be paraded under arms, under the expectation that an attack would probably be made. In this situation they continued until daylight, when they were dismissed to their tents. Some were endeavoring to snatch a few minutes' sleep, others were preparing for the expected march, when suddenly the report of a rifle was heard from the militia a few hundred yards in front, which was quickly followed by a sharp irregular volley in the same direction. The drums instantly beat to arms, the officers flew in every direction, and in two minutes the troops were formed in order of battle. Presently the militia rushed into the camp, in the utmost disorder, closely pursued by swarms of Indians, who, in many places, were mingled with them, and were cutting them down with their tomahawks. Major Butler's battalion received the first shock, and was

* The militia amounting to about two hundred and fifty men, were thrown across the creek about three hundred yards in front of the first line, and a small detachment of regulars under the orders of Captain Slough, were pushed still further in advance in order to prevent the posibility of surprize.

† Captain Slough was alarmed in the course of the night by the appearance of an unusual number of the enemy in his front and upon both flanks. A short time before day they had collected in such numbers as seriously to alarm him, and induced him to fall back upon the militia. He instantly informed General Butler of the circumstance, but that officer, unfortunately, slighted the intelligence and did not deem it of sufficient importance, to inform the commander in chief.

thrown into disorder by the tumultuous flight of the militia, who, in their eagerness to escape, bore down every thing before them.— Here Major General Butler had stationed himself, and here St. Clair directed his attention, in order to remedy the confusion that began to spread rapidly through the whole line. The Indians pressed forward with great audacity, and many of them were mingled with the troops, before their progress could be checked. Major General Butler was wounded at the first fire, and before his wound could be dressed, an Indian who had penetrated the ranks of the regiment, ran up to the spot where he lay, and tomahawed him before his attendants could interpose. The desperate savage was instantly killed. By great exertions, Butler's battalion was restored to order, and the heavy and sustained fire of the first line compelled the enemy to pause and shelter themselves. This interval, however, endured but for a moment. An invisible but tremendous fire quickly opened upon the whole front of the encampment, which rapidly extended to the rear, and encompassed the troops on both sides. St. Clair, who at that time was worn down by a fever, and unable to mount his horse, nevertheless, as is universally admitted, exerted himself with a courage and presence of mind worthy of a better fate. He directed his litter to the right of the rear line, where the great weight of fire fell, and where the slaughter, particularly of the officers, was terrible. Here Darke commanded, an officer who had been trained to hard service, during the revolutionary war, and who was now gallantly exerting himself to check the consternation which was evidently beginning to prevail. St. Clair ordered him to make a rapid charge with the bayonet, and rouse the enemy from their covert. The order was instantly obeyed, and, at first, apparently with great effect. Swarms of dusky bodies arose from the high grass, and fled before the regiment with every mark of consternation, but as the troops were unable to overtake them, they quickly recovered their courage, and kept up so fatal a retreating fire, that the exhausted regulars were compelled, in their turn, to give way.— This charge, however, relieved that particular point for some time; but the weight of the fire was transferred to the centre of the first line, where it threatened to annihilate every thing within its range. There, in turn, the unfortunate general was borne by his attendants, and ordered a second appeal to the bayonet. This second charge was made with the same impetuosity as at first, and with the same momentary success. But the attack was quickly shifted to another point, where the same charge was made and the same result followed. The Indians would retire before them, still keeping up a most fatal fire, and the continentals were uniformly compelled to retire in turn. St. Clair brought up the artillery in order to sweep the bushes with grape, but the horses and artillerymen were destroyed by the terrible fire of the enemy, before any effect could be produced.— They were instantly manned afresh from the infantry, and again swept of defenders.

The slaughter had now become prodigious. Four fifths of the officers and one half of the men were either killed or wounded. The ground was covered with bodies, and the little ravine which led to the river was running with blood. The fire of the enemy had not in the least slackened, and the troops were falling in heaps before it in every part of the camp. To have attempted to have maintained his position longer, could only have lead to the total destruction of his force, without the possibility of annoying the enemy, who never showed themselves, unless when charged, and whose numbers (to judge from the weight and extent of the fire,) must have considerably exceeded his own. The men were evidently much disheartened, but the officers, who were chiefly veterans of the revolution, still maintained a firm countenance, and exerted themselves with unavailing heroism to the last. Under these circumstances, St. Clair determined to save the lives of the survivors, if possible, and for that purpose collected the remnants of several battalions into one corps, at the head of which he ordered Lieut. Col. Darke to make an impetuous charge upon the enemy, in order to open a passage for the remainder of the army. Darke executed his orders with great spirit, and drove the Indians before him to the distance of a quarter of a mile. The remainder of the army instantly rushed through the opening, in order to gain the road. Major Clarke, with the remnant of his battalion, bringing up the rear, and endeavoring to keep the Indians in check.*

The retreat soon degenerated into a total rout. Officers who strove to arrest the panic, only sacrificed themselves. Clarke, the leader of the rear guard, soon fell in this dangerous service, and his corps were totally disorganized. Officers and soldiers were now mingled without the slightest regard to discipline, and "devil take the hindmost," was the order of the day. The pursuit, at first, was keen; but the temptation afforded by the plunder of the camp, soon brought them back, and the wearied, wounded, and disheartened fugitives, were permitted to retire from the field unmolested. The rout continued as far as fort Jefferson, twenty-nine miles from the scene of action. The action lasted more than three hours, during the whole of which time the fire was heavy and incessant.

The loss in proportion to the number engaged, was enormous, and is unparalleled, except in the affair of Braddock. Sixty-eight officers were killed upon the spot, and twenty-eight wounded. Out of nine hundred privates who went into action, five hundred and fifty were left dead upon the field, and many of the survivors were wounded. Gen. St. Clair was untouched, although eight balls passed through his hat and clothes, and several horses were killed under him. The Indian loss was reported by themselves at fifty-eight killed and wounded, which was probably not underrated, as they were never visible after the first attack, until charged with the bayo-

* General St. Clair's horses were killed as well as those of his aids. He was placed by a few friends upon an exhausted pack horse that could not be pricked out of a walk, and in this condition followed in the rear of the troops.

net. The number of Indians engaged in this battle is estimated at from twelves to fifteen hundred, nearly the whole force of the north-western tribes having been assembled. They were doubtless considerably more numerous than the force opposed to them, as, in a very few minutes after the first fire, the whole camp was surrounded and swept by a fire which the oldest officers had never seen equalled in weight and duration. At fort Jefferson, the fugitives were joined by the first regiment, who, as noticed above, had been detached in pursuit of the deserters. Here a council of war was called, which terminated in the unanimous opinion, that the junction of the first regiment did not justify an attempt upon the enemy in the present condition of affairs, and that the army should return to fort Washington without delay. This was accordingly done, and thus closed the second campaign against the Indians.

PRIVATE INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT.

The late William Kennan, of Fleming county, Ky., at that time a young man of eighteen, was attached to the corps of rangers who accompanied the regular force. He had long been remarkable for strength and activity. In the course of the march from fort Washington, he had repeated opportunities of testing his astonishing powers in that respect, and was universally admitted to be the swiftest runner of the light corps. On the evening preceding the action, his corps had been advanced, as already observed, a few hundred yards in front of the first line of infantry, in order to give seasonable notice of the enemy's approach. Just as day was dawning, he observed about thirty Indians within one hundred yards of the guard fire, advancing cautiously towards the spot where he stood, together with about twenty rangers, the rest being considerably in the rear. Supposing it to be a mere scouting party, as usual, and not superior in number to the rangers, he sprung forward a few paces in order to shelter himself in a spot of peculiarly rank grass, and firing with a quick aim upon the foremost Indian, he instantly fell flat upon his face, and proceeded with all possible rapidity to reload his gun, not doubting for a moment, but that the rangers would maintain their position, and support him. The Indians, however, rushed forward in such overwhelming masses, that the rangers were compelled to fly with precipitation, leaving young Kennan in total ignorance of his danger. Fortunately, the captain of his company had observed him when he threw himself in the grass, and suddenly shouted aloud, "Run, Kennan! or you are a dead man!" He instantly sprung to his feet and beheld Indians within ten feet of him, while his company was already more than one hundred yards in front.—Not a moment was to be lost. He darted off with every muscle strained to its utmost, and was pursued by a dozen of the enemy with loud yells. He at first pressed straight forward to the usual fording place in the creek, which ran between the rangers and the

main army, but several Indians who had passed him before he arose from the grass, threw themselves in the way, and completely cut him off from the rest. By the most powerful exertions, he had thrown the whole body of pursuers behind him, with the exception of one young chief, (probably Messhawa,) who displayed a swiftness and perseverance equal to his own. In the circuit which Kennan was obliged to take, the race continued for more than four hundred yards. The distance between them was about eighteen feet, which Kennan could not increase nor his adversary diminish.—Each, for the time, put his whole soul into the race. Kennan, as far as he was able, kept his eye upon the motions of his pursuer, lest he should throw the tomahawk, which he held aloft in a menacing attitude, and at length, finding that no other Indian was immediately at hand, he determined to try the mettle of his pursuer in a different manner, and felt for his tomahawk in order to turn at bay. It had escaped from its sheath, however, while he lay in the grass, and his hair almost lifted his cap from his head, when he saw himself totally disarmed. As he had slackened his pace for a moment the Indian was almost in reach of him, when he recommenced the race, but the idea of being without arms, lent wings to his flight, and for the first time he saw himself gaining ground. He had watched the motions of his pursuer too closely, however, to pay proper attention to the nature of the ground before him, and he suddenly found himself in front of a large tree which had been blown down, and upon which brush and other impediments lay to the height of eight or nine feet. The Indian (who heretofore had not uttered the slightest sound) now gave a short, quick yell, as if secure of his victim. Kennan had not a moment to deliberate. He must clear the impediment at a leap or perish. Putting all his energies into the effort, he bounded into the air with a power which astonished himself, and clearing limbs, brush, and every thing else, alighted in perfect safety upon the other side. A loud yell of astonishment burst from the band of pursuers, not one of whom had the hardihood to attempt the same feat. Kennan, as may be readily imagined, had no leisure to enjoy his triumph, but dashing into the bed of the creek (upon the banks of which his feat had been performed) where the high banks would shield him from the fire of the enemy, he ran up the stream until a convenient place offered for crossing, and rejoined the rangers in the rear of the encampment, panting from the fatigue of exertions which have seldom been surpassed. No breathing time was allowed him, however. The attack instantly commenced, and as we have already observed, was maintained for three hours, with unabated fury.

When the retreat commenced, Kennan was attached to Major Clarke's battalion, and had the dangerous service of protecting the rear. This corps quickly lost its commander, and was completely disorganized. Kennan was among the hindmost when the flight commenced, but exerting those same powers which had saved him in the morning, he quickly gained the front, passing several horse-

men in the flight. Here he beheld a private in his own company, an intimate acquaintance, lying upon the ground, with his thigh broken, and in tones of the most piercing distress, imploring each horseman who hurried by to take him up behind him. As soon as he beheld Kennan coming up on foot, he stretched out his arms, and called aloud upon him to save him. Notwithstanding the imminent peril of the moment, his friend could not reject so passionate an appeal, but seizing him in his arms, he placed him upon his back, and ran in that manner for several hundred yards. Horseman after horseman passed them, all of whom refused to relieve him of his burden. At length the enemy was gaining upon him so fast, that Kennan saw their death certain, unless he relinquished his burden. He accordingly told his friend, that he had used every possible exertion to save his life, but in vain—that he must relax his hold around his neck or they would both perish. The unhappy wretch, heedless of every remonstrance, still clung convulsively to his back, and impeded his exertions until the foremost of the enemy (armed with tomahawks alone) were within twenty yards of them. Kennan then drew his knife from its sheath and cut the fingers of his companion, thus compelling him to relinquish his hold. The unhappy man rolled upon the ground in perfect helplessness, and Kennan beheld him tomahawked before he had gone thirty yards. Relieved of his burden he darted forward with an activity which once more brought him to the van. Here again he was compelled to neglect his own safety, in order to attend to that of others. The late Governor Madison, of Kentucky, who afterwards commanded the corps which defended themselves so honorably at Raisin, a man who united the most amiable temper to the most unconquerable courage, was at that time a subaltern in St. Clair's army, and being a man of infirm constitution, was totally exhausted by the exertions of the morning, and was now sitting down calmly upon a log, awaiting the approach of his enemies. Kennan hastily accosted him, and enquired the cause of his delay. Madison, pointing to a wound which had bled profusely, replied that he was unable to walk further and had no horse. Kennan instantly ran back to a spot where he had seen an exhausted horse grazing, caught him without difficulty, and having assisted Madison to mount, walked by his side until they were out of danger. Fortunately, the pursuit soon ceased, as the plunder of the camp presented irresistable attractions to the enemy. The friendship thus formed between these two young men, endured without interruption through life. Mr. Kennan never entirely recovered from the immense exertions which he was compelled to make during this unfortunate expedition. He settled in Fleming county, and continued for many years a leading member of the Baptist Church. He died in 1827.

Lieutenant Col. Darke's escape, was almost miraculous. Possessed of a tall, striking figure, in full uniform, and superbly mounted, he headed three desperate charges against the enemy, in each of which he was a conspicuous mark. His clothes were cut in many

places, but he escaped with only a slight flesh wound. In the last charge, Ensign Wilson, a youth of seventeen, was shot through the heart, and fell a few paces in the rear of the regiment, which was then rather rapidly returning to their original position. An Indian, attracted by his rich uniform, sprung up from the grass, and rushed forward to scalp him. Darke, who was at that time in the rear of his regiment, suddenly faced about, dashed at the Indian on horseback, and cleft his skull with his broad sword, drawing upon himself by the act, a rapid discharge of more than a dozen rifles. He rejoined his regiment, however, in safety, being compelled to leave the body of young Wilson to the enemy.

A few days after St. Clair's defeat, General Scott, immediately upon receiving intelligence of that disaster, had raised a corps of mounted volunteers with orders to reconnoitre and report the condition of the enemy. They accordingly approached the battle ground with all possible secrecy, and beheld it occupied by several hundred of the enemy, in all the triumph of success. Many of them were drunk and incapable of either flight or resistance, others were riding the bullocks with their faces turned to the tail, and all were in high glee. Hastily returning, they informed Scott of the condition of the enemy, who lost no time in availing himself of the opportunity. By a rapid forced march, he brought a considerable body of mounted men within reach of their camp, and hastily dividing them into three bodies, he fell suddenly upon the enemy, who were totally unprepared, and routed them with great slaughter.—More than two hundred of the enemy were left dead on the field, and many of the fugitives were wounded. All the artillery and baggage which yet remained upon the field were recovered, together with more than six hundred muskets, many of which had been scattered through the woods by their frightened owners. This was certainly the handsomest affair which graced the war, and does great honor to the courage and military abilities of Scott. It was of incalculable service to the west, in dispelling the gloom occasioned by the misfortune of St. Clair.

GEN. WAYNE.

Amidst the almost universal clamor which arose upon the defeat of the unfortunate St. Clair, General Washington himself did not entirely escape censure. The appointment of an old, infirm, and above all, an *unlucky* General to a command, which above all other qualities, required activity, promptitude, and the power of sustaining great fatigue, was reprobated in no measured terms. Public opinion imperiously demanded a better selection for the third offensive campaign, and St. Clair was necessarily superceded. The choice of a proper successor became the theme of general discussion and was a matter of no small difficulty. The command was eagerly sought by many officers of the revolution, among whom the most prominent

were General Wayne, of Pennsylvania, and the late General Henry Lee, of Virginia, the celebrated commandant of the Partizan legion during the war of Independence. The peculiar fitness of Lee for a command of that kind, seems to have impressed itself strongly upon the mind of Washington, and there is a letter extant, which shows, that nothing but the discontent, which the appointment of so young an officer, would naturally have excited in the minds of those who had held a rank above him in the former war, could have prevented his being the successor of St. Clair. This objection did not apply to Wayne, and as he had repeatedly proved himself a bold, active, and energetic commander, his appointment was unacceptable to those only whose claims had been rejected—a description of men very difficult to be pleased. Wayne had entered the army, as Colonel of a regiment in the Pennsylvania line, and first attracted notice in the Canadian expedition. He there displayed so keen a relish for battle upon all occasions, and upon any terms, exposed his own life as well as those of his men with such recklessness, and was in the habit of swearing so hard in the heat of battle, that he soon obtained, among the common soldiers, the nickname of "Mad Anthony." He never enjoyed a high reputation as an officer of prudence, science, and combination, and on one occasion, particularly, was surprized by the celebrated English partizan, Grey, and routed with a slaughter scarcely inferior to that of St. Clair. As an executive officer, however, he was incomparable. He seemed to be of opinion, that the whole science of war consisted in giving and taking hard blows; and we have heard from one who served under him many years, that his favorite word of command was "Charge the d—d rascals with the bayonet." Whenever (as at Stony Point,) a bold, brisk onset was all that was required, no better General than Wayne could possibly be selected, but on other occasions, his keen appetite for action was apt to hurry him into an imprudent exposure of his troops. In Virginia, he once narrowly escaped total destruction, by pressing too eagerly upon Lord Cornwallis, who afterwards repeatedly affirmed, that one half hour more of daylight would have sufficed for the destruction of his rash but gallant enemy, and afterwards in the Carolinas, his quarters were broken up, and his whole camp thrown into confusion by a small party of Creek Indians, who fell upon him as unexpectedly as if they had risen from the earth. Several severe losses, however, which he received in the course of his career, had taught him to temper his courage with a moderate degree of caution, and as he was remarkably popular among the common soldiers, (who are better judges of the ordinary quality of courage than the higher military talents,) he was supposed to be peculiarly qualified for reanimating the cowering spirits of the troops. There was an interval of more than a year between the defeat of St. Clair, and the appointment of his successor. Wayne lost no time in proceeding to the head quarters of the western army, and arrived at fort Washington in the spring of '93. Reinforcements of regular troops were constantly arriving, and in addition to the usual complement of cavalry

and artillery, a strong legionary corps was raised upon continental establishment, and placed under his command. In addition to this he was authorized to call upon the Governor of Kentucky (Shelby,) for as many mounted militia as might be necessary. It was so late in the season, however, before all the various forces could be collected, and all the necessary supplies procured, that he judged it prudent to defer any offensive movement until the spring. The mounted volunteers were accordingly dismissed with some flattering encomiums upon their zeal and readiness, while the regular forces were placed in winter quarters. The volunteers returned to Kentucky with a high idea of the efficiency of the regular force under Wayne, and sanguine expectations of a favorable result. The rapid succession of disasters which had heretofore attended the operations of regulars in conjunction with militia, had created a strong disgust to that species of force, and it was with difficulty that a sufficient number of mounted men could be procured for co-operation. But after witnessing the order, diligence and energy which characterized Wayne's conduct as an officer, and the indefatigable labor with which he drilled his troops into a ready performance of the necessary movements, this disrelish to a co-operation with regulars completely vanished, and on the following spring, the volunteers proffered their services with great alacrity.

During the winter, Wayne remained at a fort which he had built upon a western fork of the little Miami, and to which he had given the name of Greenville. By detachments from the regular troops, he was enabled to sweep the country lying between him and the Miami villages, and having taken possession of the ground upon which St. Clair was defeated he erected a small fort upon it, to which he gave the name of Recovery. His orders were positive, to endeavor, if possible, to procure peace upon resonable terms, without resorting to force, and he accordingly opened several conferences with the hostile tribes during the winter. Many of their chiefs visited him in his camp, and examined his troops, artillery and equipments with great attention, and from time to time made ample professions of a dispostion to bury the hatchet; but nothing definite could be drawn from them, onr from the known partiality of Wayne to the decision of the sword, could it be supposed that he pressed the overtures with much eagerness. As the spring approached, the visits of the Indians became more rare, and their professions of friendship waxed fainter. In February, they threw aside the mask at once, and made a bold effort to carry the distant out-post at fort Recovery by a *coup de main*. In this, however, they were frustrated by the vigilance and energy of the garrison, and finding that Wayne was neither to be surprized nor deceived, they employed themselves in collecting their utmost strength, with a determination to abide the brunt of battle.

In the spring, the General called upon the Governor of Kentucky for a detachment of mounted men, who repaired with great alacrity to his standard, in two brigades under Todd and Barbee, the whole

commanded by Major General Scott, amounting to more than fifteen hundred men, accustomed to Indian warfare. The regular force including cavalry and artillery, amounted to about two thousand, so that the General found himself at the head of three thousand men, well provided with every thing, in high spirits and eager for battle. The Indian force did not exceed two thousand, and was known to have assembled in the neighborhood of the British fort at the rapids of the Miami.

It was late in July, before Wayne was ready to march from Greenville, and from the nature of the country as well as the necessity of guarding against surprize, his progress was very leisurely. On the 19th of August, when within a day's march of the enemy's position, he determined to send a messenger, charged with the last offer of peace and friendship, which he intended to make. For this dangerous, and apparently useless office, he selected a private volunteer, named Miller, who had formerly been taken by the Indians, and lived for many years upon the banks of the Miami. Miller, however, appeared to value his own neck much more highly than the General did, as he stoutly remonstrated against the duty, declaring that it would be useless to the army, as well as destructive to himself. He declared, confidently, that the Indians, from many undoubted signs, were resolutely bent upon battle and would listen to nothing of which he might be the bearer. He added, that he knew them of old, and was satisfied that they would roast him alive, without an instant's hesitation, in defiance of his white flag, and sacred character of ambassador. Wayne, however, was not to be diverted from his purpose. He assured Miller that he would hold eight or ten Indians, then in his camp, as hostages for his safe return, and if the enemy roasted him, he swore that a noble hecatomb should be offered to his manes, as he would compel all his prisoners to undergo the same fate; but concluded with an assurance that the Indians, when informed of his determination, would dismiss him in perfect safety, from a regard to the lives of their friends. Reluctantly, and with many dark prophecies of the fate which awaited him, he at length consented to go upon the mission, and having taken leave of his friends, he set off at a rapid pace for the Indian camp. When within view of it, he hoisted a white flag upon a pole and marched boldly forward, knowing that in this, as in most other cases, the boldest is the safest course. As soon as they beheld him approaching, they ran out to meet him with loud yells, brandishing their tomahawks, and crying out in their own language "Kill the runaway!" Miller, who, well understood their language, instantly addressed them with great earnestness, and in a few words made known the cause of his visit, and the guaranty which Wayne held for his safe return. To the first part of the intelligence they listened with supreme contempt. A long conference ensued, in which many chiefs spoke, but nothing could be determined upon.

On the next day, Miller, was ordered to return to Wayne, with some evasive message, intending to amuse him, until they could

devise some means of recovering their friends. He, accordingly, left them with great readiness, and was returning with all possible despatch, when he met the General in full march upon the enemy, having become tired of waiting for the return of his messenger.

The General received the report of Miller without delaying his march for a moment, which was continued in order of battle, until he arrived within view of the enemy. The regular force formed the centre column, one brigade of mounted volunteers moved upon the left under Gen. Barbee, the other brought up the rear under Brigadier Todd. The right flank was covered by the river, and Major Price, with a selected corps of mounted volunteers, was advanced about five miles in front, with orders to feel the enemy's position, and then fall back upon the main body. About noon, the advanced corps received so heavy a fire from a concealed enemy, as to compel it to retire with precipitation. The heads of the columns quickly reached the hostile ground, and had a view of the enemy. The ground for several miles was covered with a thick growth of timber, which rendered the operation of cavalry extremely difficult. The Indians occupied a thick wood in front, where an immense number of trees had been blown down by a hurricane, the branches of which were interlocked in such a manner as greatly to impede the exertions of the regulars. The enemy were formed in three parallel lines, at right angles to the river, and displayed a front of more than two miles. Wayne rode forward to reconnoitre their positions, and perceiving from the weight and extent of the fire, that they were in full force, he instantly made dispositions for the attack. The whole of the mounted volunteers were ordered to make a circuit, for the purpose of turning the right flank of the Indians—the cavalry were ordered to move up under cover of the river bank, and if possible, turn their left while the regular infantry were formed in a thick wood in front of the "Fallen timber," with orders, as soon as the signal was given, to rush forward at full speed, without firing a shot, arousing the enemy from their covert at the point of the bayonet, and *then* to deliver a close fire upon their backs, pressing them so closely as not to permit them to reload their guns. All these orders were executed with precision. The mounted volunteers moved off rapidly to occupy the designated ground, while the first line of infantry, was formed under the eye of the commander for the perilous charge in front.

As soon as time had been given for the arrival of the several corps, upon their respective points, the order was given to advance, and the infantry, rushing through a tremendous fire of rifles, and overleaping every impediment, hastened to close with their concealed enemy, and maintain the struggle on equal terms. Although their loss, in this desperate charge, was by no means inconsiderable, yet the effect was decisive. The enemy rose and fled before them more than two miles, with considerable loss, as, owing to the orders of Wayne, they were nearly as much exposed as the regulars. Such was the rapidity of the advance, and precipitation of the retreat, that

only a small part of the volunteers could get up in time to share in the action, although there can be no question that their presence, and threatening movement, contributed equally with the impetuous charge of the infantry, to the success of the day. The broken remains of the Indian army were pursued under the guns of the British fort, and so keen was the ardor of Wayne's men, and so strong their resentment against the English, that it was with the utmost difficulty, they could be restrained from storming it upon the spot. As it was, many of the Kentucky troops advanced within gunshot, and insulted the garrison with a select volley of oaths and epithets, which must have given the British commandant a high idea of backwoods gentility. He instantly wrote an indignant letter to General Wayne, complaining of the outrage, and demanding by what authority he trespassed upon the sacred precincts of a British garrison? Now, "Mad Anthony" was the last man in the world to be dragooned into politeness, and he replied in terms but little short of those employed by the Kentuckians, and satisfactorily informed Captain Campbell, the British commandant, that his only chance of safety was silence and civility. After some sharp messages on both sides, the war of the pen ceased, and the destruction of property began. Houses, stores, cornfields, orchards, were soon wrapped in flames or levelled with the earth. The dwelling house and store of Col. McKee, the Indian Agent, shared the fate of the rest. All this was performed before the face of Captain Campbell, who was compelled to look on in silence, and without any effort to prevent it. There remains not the least question *now* that the Indians were not only encouraged in their acts of hostility by the English *traders*, but were actually supplied with arms, ammunition and provisions, by order of the English commandant at Detroit, Col. England. There remains a correspondence between this gentleman and M'Kee, in which urgent demands are made for fresh supplies of *ammunition*, and the approach of "the enemy" (as they call Wayne,) is mentioned with great anxiety. After the battle of the Rapids, he writes that the Indians are much discouraged, and that "*it will require great efforts to induce them to remain in a body.*" Had Wayne been positively informed of this circumstance, he would scarcely have restrained his men from a more energetic expression of indignation.

The Indian force being completely dispersed, their cornfields cut up, and their houses destroyed, Wayne drew off from the neighborhood of the British post, and in order to hold the Indians permanently in check, he erected a fort at the junction of the Auglaize and Miami, in the very heart of the Indian country, to which he gave the appropriate name of Defiance. As this was connected with fort Washington by various intermediate fortifications, it could not fail completely to overawe the enemy, who, in a very short time, urgently and unanimously demanded peace.

No victory could have been better timed than that of Wayne.—The various tribes of Indians throughout the whole of the United States, encouraged by the repeated disasters of our armies in the

north-west, nad become very unsteady and menacing in their intercourse with the whites. The Creeks and Cherokees, in the south, were already in arms, while the Oneidas, Tuscaroras, &c., in the north, were evidently preparing for hostilities. The shock of the victory at the Rapids, however, was directly felt in all quarters.—The southern Indians immediately demanded peace—the Oneidas, conscious of their evil intentions and fearful of the consequences, became suddenly affectionate even to servility, and within a few months after the victory, all the frontiers enjoyed the most profound peace. Wayne reported his loss at thirty-three killed and one hundred wounded. The Indian loss could not be ascertained, but was supposed to exceed that of the Americans. This, however, is very doubtful, as they gave way immediately, and were not so much exposed as the continentals.

One circumstance attending their flight is remarkable, and deserves to be noticed. Three Indians being hard pressed by the cavalry upon one side, and the infantry upon the other, plunged into the river and attempted to swim to the opposite shore. A runaway negro, who had attached himself to the American army, was concealed in the bushes upon the opposite bank, and perceiving three Indians approaching nearer than in his opinion was consistent with the security of his hiding place, he collected courage enough to level his rifle at the foremost, as he was swimming, and shot him through the head. The other two Indians instantly halted in the water, and attempted to drag the body of their dead companion ashore. The negro, in the mean time, reloaded his gun and shot another dead upon the spot. The survivor then seized hold of both bodies, and attempted, with a fidelity which seems astonishing, to bring them to land. The negro having had leisure to reload a second time, and firing from his covert upon the surviving Indian, wounded him mortally while struggling with the dead bodies. He then ventured to approach them, and from the striking resemblance of their features, as well as their devoted attachment, they were supposed to have been brothers. After scalping them, he permitted their bodies to float down the stream.

From the peace of '94, down to the renewal of war in the north west, under the auspices of Tecumseh and the Prophet, no event occurred of sufficient importance to claim particular notice. The war was over, and even private and individual aggression was of rare occurrence. The country which had been the scene of such fierce conflicts, became settled with a rapidity totally unprecedented in the annals of the world. The forests became rapidly thinned, and the game equally as rapidly disappeared. Numerous villages, as if by enchantment, were daily springing up in those wild scenes, where Kenton, Crawford, Slover, Johnston, and many other pioneers, had endured such sufferings; and the Indians, from fierce and numerous tribes, were gradually melting down to a few squalid wanderers, hovering like restless spirits around the scenes of their former glory, or driven, with insult, from the doors of the settlers, where they

were perpetually calling for food and rum. Such wanderers were frequently murdered by lawless white men, who, like the rovers of old, contended that "there was no peace beyond the line," and as such offences were rarely punished, the Indians gradually became satisfied that they must either retire beyond the reach of the whites, or make one last effort to retrieve the sinking fortunes of their race. Tecumseh was the great apostle of this reviving spirit, and, to do him justice, displayed a genius and perseverance worthy of a better fate. As these events, however, are not embraced within the design of this volume, we must refer the reader to the histories of the time for any information desired with regard to them.

APPENDIX.

In some of the preceding sketches, we had occasion to refer to various names and circumstances, which, from a wish to preserve the unity and connexion of the narrative, were passed over very slightly at the time, reserving a more full detail for the present place. We allude to the celebrated war upon the Kenhawa, generally known by the name of Dunmore's expedition, in which the names of "Logan," "Lewis," "Girty," "Cornstalk," &c., figure conspicuously. Many and various reasons have been assigned for this war. Some have atrributed it to the murder of Logan's family, others to the equally atrocious murder of "Bald Eagle," a celebrated Delaware chief. Both, probably, contributed to hasten the rupture, which, however, would unquestionably have taken place without either.—The cause of this, as of all other Indian wars, is to be found in the jealousy and uneasiness with which the Indians beheld the rapid extension of the white settlements. After the peace of '63, large tracts of land in the west had been assigned, as bounties, to such officers and soldiers as had fought throughout the war. Accordingly, as soon as peace was restored, crowds of emigrants hastened to the west, attended by the usual swarm of surveyors, speculators, &c. The inhabitants of the frontiers became mingled with the Indians.—They visited and received visits from each other, and frequently met in their hunting parties. Peace existed between the nations, but the old, vindictive feelings, occasioned by mutual injuries, still rankled in the breast of individuals. Civilities were quickly followed by murders, which led to retaliation, remonstrances, promises of amendment, and generally closed with fresh murders.

The murder of "Bald Eagle," an aged Delaware Sachem, was peculiarly irritating to that warlike nation. He spoke the English language with great fluency, and being remarkably fond of tobacco, sweetmeats, and rum, all of which were generally offered to him in profusion in the settlements, he was a frequent visiter at the fort erected at the mouth of the Kenhawa, and familiarly acquainted even with the children. He usually ascended the river alone, in a bark canoe, and from the frequency and harmlessness of his visits, his appearance never excited the least alarm. A white man who had suffered much from the Indians, encountered the old chief one even-

ing, alone upon the river, returning peaceably from one of his usual visits. A conference ensued, which terminated in a quarrel, and the old man was killed upon the spot. The murderer, having scalped his victim, fixed the dead body in the usual sitting posture in the stern of the boat, replaced the pipe in his mouth, and launching the canoe again upon the river, permitted it to float down with its burden, undisturbed. Many settlers beheld it descending in this manner, but from the upright posture of the old man, they thought that he was only returning as usual from a visit to the whites. The truth, however, was quickly discovered, and inflamed his tribe with the most ungovernable rage. Vengeance was vowed for the outrage and amply exacted.

At length hostilities upon this remote frontier became so serious, as to demand the attention of government. One of the boldest of these forays, was conducted by Logan in person. Supposing that the inhabitants of the interior would consider themselves secure from the Indians, and neglect those precautions which were generally used upon the frontier, he determined, with a small but select band of followers, to penetrate to the thick settlements upon the head waters of the Monongahela, and wreak his vengeance upon its unsuspecting inhabitants. The march was conducted with the usual secrecy of Indian warriors, and with great effect. Many scalps and several prisoners were taken, with which, by the signal conduct of their chief, they were enabled to elude all pursuit, and return in safety to their towns. One of the incidents attending this incursion deserves to be mentioned, as illustrating the character of Logan.—While hovering, with his followers, around the skirts of a thick settlement, he suddenly came within view of a small field, recently cleared, in which three men were pulling flax. Causing the greater part of his men to remain where they were, Logan, together with two others, crept up within long shot of the white men, and fired.—One man fell dead, the remaining two attempted to escape. The elder of the fugitives (Hellew) was quickly overtaken and made prisoner by Logan's associates, while Logan himself, having thrown down his rifle, pressed forward alone in pursuit of the younger of the white men, whose name was Robinson. The contest was keen for several hundred yards, but Robinson, unluckily, looking around, in order to have a view of his pursuer, ran against a tree with such violence as completely to stun him, and render him insensible for several minutes. Upon recovering, he found himself bound and lying upon his back, while Logan sat by his side, with unmoved gravity, awaiting his recovery. He was then compelled to accompany them in their further attempts upon the settlements, and in the course of a few days, was marched off with great rapidity for their villages in Ohio. During the march, Logan remained silent and melancholy, probably brooding over the total destruction of his family. The prisoners, however, were treated kindly, until they arrived at an Indian village upon the Muskingum. When within a mile of

the town, Logan became more animated, and uttered the "scalp halloo" several times, in the most terrible tones. The never failing scene of insult and torture then began. Crowds flocked out to meet them, and a line was formed for the gauntlet. Logan took no share in the cruel game, but did not attempt to repress it. He, however, gave Robinson, whom he regarded as his own prisoner, some directions as to the best means of reaching the council-house in safety, and displayed some anxiety for his safe arrival, while poor Hellew was left in total ignorance, and permitted to struggle forward as he best could. Robinson, under the patronage of Logan, escaped with a few slight bruises, but Hellew, not knowing where to run, was dreadfully mangled, and would probably have been killed upon the spot, had not Robinson (not without great risk on his own part) seized him by the hand and dragged him into the council-house.

On the following morning a council was called in order to determine their fate, in which Logan held a conspicuous superiority over all who were assembled. Hellew's destiny came first under discussion, and was quickly decided by an almost unanimous vote of adoption. Robinson's was most difficult to determine. A majority of the council, (partly influenced by a natural thirst for vengeance upon at least *one* object, partly, perhaps, by a lurking jealousy of the imposing superiority of Logan's character,) were obstinately bent upon putting him to death. Logan spoke for nearly an hour on the question, and if Robinson is to be believed, with an energy, copiousness and dignity, which would not have disgraced Henry himself. He appeared at no loss for either words or ideas, his tones were deep and musical, and were heard by the assembly with the silence of death. All, however, was vain. Robinson was condemned, and within an hour afterwards, was fastened to the stake. Logan stood apart from the crowd with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon the scene with an air of stern displeasure. When the fire was about to be applied, he suddenly strode into the circle, pushing aside those who stood in the way, and advancing straight up to the stake, cut the cords with his tomahawk, and taking the prisoner by the hand, led him with a determined air to his own wigwam. The action was so totally unexpected, and the air of the chief so determined, that he had reached the door of his wigwam before any one ventured to interfere. Much dissatisfaction was then expressed, and threatening symptoms of a tumult appeared, but so deeply rooted was his authority, that in a few hours all was quiet, and Robinson, without opposition, was permitted to enter an Indian family. He remained with Logan until the treaty of Fort Pitt, in the autumn of the ensuing year, when he returned to Virginia. He ever retained the most unbounded admiration for Logan, and repeatedly declared that his countenance, when speaking, was the most striking, varied, and impressive, that he ever beheld. And when it is recollected that he had often heard Lee and Henry, in all their glory, the compliment must be regarded as a very high one.

This together with many other marauding expeditions, generally carried on by small parties, determined the Governor of Virginia (Dunmore) to assemble a large force and carry the war into their own territories. The plan of the expedition was soon arranged.— Three complete regiments were to be raised west of the Blue Ridge, under the command of General Andrew Lewis; while an equal force, from the interior, was commanded by Dunmore in person.— The armies were to form a junction at the mouth of the Great Kenhawa, and proceed together under Dunmore, to the Indian towns in Ohio. On the 1st of September, 1774, a part of Gen. Lewis' division, consisting of two regiments, under the orders of Col. Charles Lewis, his brother, and Col. William Fleming, of Botetourt, rendezvoused at Camp Union, (now Lewisburg, Va.,) where they were joined by an independent regiment of backwoods volunteers, under the orders of Col. John Fields, a very distinguished officer, who, together with most of those now assembled, had served under Braddock. Here they remained, awaiting the arrival of Col. Christian, who was busily engaged in assembling another regiment. By the junction of Field, Lewis' force amounted to about eleven hundred men, accustomed to danger, and conducted by the flower of the border officers. Gen. Lewis, as well as his brother, had been present at Braddock's defeat, and were subaltern officers in two companies of Virginia riflemen, who formed the advance of the English army.

We shall here relate some circumstances attending that melancholy disaster, which are not to be found in the regular histories of the period. Braddock's battle-ground was a small bottom, containing not more than two acres, bounded on the east by the Monongahela, and on the west by a high cliff which rises precipitately above the bottom, and which, together with the river, completely enclosed it. Through this cliff, and near its centre, runs a deep gorge or ravine, the sides of which are nearly perpendicular, and the summits of which were at that time thickly covered with timber, rank grass, and thickets of underwood. Upon this cliff the Indian army lay in ambush, awaiting the arrival of their foe. The only passage for the English, lay right through the ravine, immediately in front of the ford. The two companies of rangers crossed the river in advance of the regulars, and suspecting no danger, immediately entered the mouth of the ravine. Braddock followed in close column, and the devoted army soon stood in the bottom already mentioned, the river in the rear, the cliff in front, and the ravine presenting the only practicable passage to the French fort. Instantly, a tremendous fire opened upon them from the cliff above, and as the small bottom was thronged with red coats, immense execution was done. In the mean time, the two devoted companies of rangers were more than one hundred yards in front, and completely buried in the gorge already mentioned. Upon hearing the firing in their rear, they attempted to rejoin the army, but a select corps of Indian warriors rushed down the steep banks of the ravine and blocked up the passage. A

furious struggle ensued. The Indians could not possibly give way, as the banks were too steep to admit of retreat in that direction, and if they retired through the mouth of the ravine into the bottom below, they would have found themselves in the midst of the English ranks. On the other hand, the Virginians were desperately bent upon rejoining their friends, which could only be done over the bodies of the Indians. Thus the gorge became the theatre of a separate battle, far more desperate than that which raged in the bottom or upon the cliffs. In these two companies, were to be found many names afterwards highly distinguished both in the Indian and British war. Here was General Lewis and his five brothers; Col. Matthews, afterwards so distinguished at Germantown, together with four of his brothers; Col. John Field, afterwards killed at Point Pleasant; Col. Grant, of Kentucky, John McDowell, and several others, afterwards well known in Virginia and Kentucky. The press was too great to admit of the rifle. Knives and tomahawks were their only weapons, and upon both sides (for the numbers engaged) the slaughter was prodigious. One half of the Virginians were left dead in the pass, and most of the survivors were badly wounded. The Indians suffered equally, and at length became so much thinned as to afford room for the Virginians to pass them and rejoin their friends below. There all was dismay and death. Braddock, unable from the nature of the ground to charge with effect, and too proud to retreat before an enemy whom he despised, was actively, and as calmly as if upon parade, laboring to form his troops under a fire which threatened to annihilate every thing within its range. The event is well known.

Upon the fall of Braddock, the troops gave way, and recrossing the river, rejoined the rear guard of the army, after a defeat, which *then* had no parallel in Indian warfare. Col. Lewis afterwards served as Major in Washington's regiment, and ranked peculiarly high in the estimation of his illustrious commander. He accompanied Grant in his unfortunate masquerade, and in a brave attempt with the colonial troops to retrieve the fortune of the day, was wounded and made prisoner by the French. While he and Grant were together at Fort du Quesne, upon parole, a quarrel took place between them, much to the amusement of the French. Grant, in his despatches, had made Lewis the scapegoat, and thrown the whole blame of the defeat upon him; whereas, in truth, the only execution that was done, was effected by his Virginia troops. The despatches fell into the hands of some Indians, who brought them to the French commandant. Captain Lewis happened to be present when they were opened, and was quickly informed of their contents. Without uttering a word, he instantly went in search of Grant, reproached him with the falsehood, and putting his hand upon his sword, directed his former commander to draw and defend himself upon the spot. Grant contemptuously refused to comply, upon which Lewis lost all temper, cursed him for a liar and a coward, and

in the presence of two French officers *spat in his face!* General Lewis' person considerably exceeded six feet in height, and was at once strongly and handsomely formed. His countenance was manly and stern—strongly impressive of that fearlessness and energy of character which distinguished him through life. His manners were plain, cold and unbending, and his conversation short, pithy and touching only upon the "needful." At the general treaty with the Indian tribes in '63, Gen. Lewis was present, and his fine military appearance attracted great attention, and inspired somewhat of *awe* among the more pacific deputies. The Governor of New York declared that he "looked like the genius of the forest—and that the earth seemed to tremble beneath his footsteps."

Such as we have described him, he was now placed at the head of one thousand men, with orders to meet Dunmore at Point Pleasant. Having waited several days at Lewisburgh for Col. Christian, without hearing from him, he determined no longer to delay his advance. On the 11th of September, he left Lewisburgh, and without any adventure of importance, arrived at the concerted place of rendezvous. Dunmore had not yet arrived, and Lewis remained several days in anxious expectation of his approach. At length, he received despatches from the Governor, informing him that he had changed his plan, and had determined to move directly upon the Sciota villages, at the same time ordering Lewis to cross the Ohio and join him. Although not much gratified at this sudden change of a plan which had been deliberately formed, Lewis prepared to obey, and had issued directions for the construction of rafts, boats, &c., in which to cross the Ohio, when on the morning of the 10th October, two of his hunters came running into camp, with the intelligence that a body of Indians was at hand, which covered "four acres of ground." Upon this intelligence, the General (having first lit his pipe) directed his brother, Col. Charles Lewis, to proceed with his own regiment, and that of Col. Fleming, and reconnoitre the ground where the enemy had been seen, while he held the remainder of the army ready to support him. Col. Charles Lewis immediately advanced in the execution of his orders, and at the distance of a mile from camp, beheld a large body of the enemy advancing rapidly in the hope of surprising the Virginian camp. The sun was just rising as the rencontre took place, and in a few minutes the action became warm and bloody. Col. Charles Lewis being much exposed, and in full uniform, was mortally wounded early in the action, as was Col. Fleming, the second in command. The troops having great confidence in Col. Lewis, were much discouraged, and being hard pressed by the enemy, at length gave way, and attempted to regain the camp. At this critical moment, Gen. Lewis ordered up Field's regiment, which coming handsomely into action, restored the fortune of the day. The Indians, in turn, were routed, and compelled to retire to a spot where they had erected a rough breastwork of logs.

The action was fought in the narrow point of land formed by the

junction of the Ohio and Kenawha. The Indian breastwork was formed from one river to the other, so as to enclose the Virginians within the point, of course the breastwork formed the base, and the Virginian camp the vertex of the triangle, of which the rivers were sides. Here they rallied in full force, and appeared determined to abide the brunt of the Virginian force. Logan, Cornstalk, Elenipsico, Red Eagle, and many other celebrated chiefs were present, and were often heard loudly encouraging their warriors. Cornstalk, chief Sachem of the Shawanees, and leader of the northern confederacy, was particularly conspicuous. As the repeated efforts of the whites to carry the breastwork, became more warm and determined; the Indian line began to waver, and several were seen to give way. Cornstalk, in a moment, was upon the spot, and was heard distinctly to shout "Be strong! Be strong!" in tones which rose above the din of the conflict. He buried his hatchet in the head of one of his warriors, and indignantly shaming the rest, completely restored the battle, which raged until four o'clock in the afternoon, without any decisive result. The Virginians fought with distinguished bravery, and suffered severely in those repeated charges upon the breastwork, but were unable to make any impression. The Indians, towards evening, despatched a part of their force to cross the rivers, in order to prevent the escape of a man of the Virginians, should victory turn against them.

At length, Gen. Lewis, alarmed at the extent of his loss, and the obstinacy of the enemy, determined to make an effort to turn their flank with three companies, and attack them in rear. By the aid of a small stream, which empties into the Kenhawa, a short distance above its mouth, and which at that time had high and bushy banks, he was enabled to gain their rear with a small force, commanded by Captain (afterwards Governor) Isaac Shelby. Cornstalk instantly ordered a retreat, which was performed in a masterly manner, and with a very slight loss, the Indians alternately advancing and retreating in such a manner as to hold the whites in check, until dark, when the whole body disappeared. The loss of the Virginians was severe, and amounted in killed and wounded to one fourth of their whole number. The Indian loss was comparatively trifling. The action was shortly followed by a treaty, at which all the chiefs were present except Logan, who refused to be included in it. He wandered among the northwestern tribes, for several years, like a restless spirit, and finally, in utter recklessness, became strongly addicted to gaming and the use of ardent spirits. He was at length murdered on a solitary journey from Detroit to the north eastern part of Ohio, as is generally supposed by his own nephew.

It is not a little singular, that the three celebrated Indian chiefs who commanded in the battle at the Point, should all have been murdered, and that two of them should have met their fate upon the same spot which had witnessed their brave efforts to repress the extension of the white settlements. Cornstalk and Elenipsico, his son,

were killed during a friendly visit to Point Pleasant, in the summer of 1775, only a few months after the action. The circumstances attending the affair are thus related by Col. Stewart:

"A Captain Arbuckle commanded the garrison of the fort erected at Point Pleasant after the battle fought by General Lewis with the Indians at that place, in October, 1774. In the succeeding year, when the revolutionary war had commenced, the agents of Great Britain exerted themselves to excite the Indians to hostility against the United States. The mass of the Shawanees entertained a strong animosity against the Americans. But, two of their chiefs. Cornstalk and Red Hawk, not participating in that animosity, visited the garrison at the Point, where Arbuckle continued to command. Col. Stewart was at the post in the character of a volunteer, and was an eye-witness of the facts which he relates. Cornstalk represented his unwillingness to take a part in the war, on the British side: but stated, that his nation, except himself and his tribe, were determined on war with us, and he supposed, that he and his people would be compelled to go with the stream. On this intimation, Arbuckle resolved to detain the two chiefs, and a third Shawanees who came with them to the fort, as hostages, under the expectation of preventing thereby any hostile efforts of the nation. On the day before these unfortunate Indians fell victims to the fury of the garrison, Elenipsico, the son of Cornstalk, repaired to Point Pleasant for the purpose of visiting his father, and on the next day, two men belonging to the garrison, whose names were Hamilton and Gillmore, crossed the Kenhawa, intending to hunt in the woods beyond it.—On their return from hunting, some Indians who had come to view the position at the Point, concealed themselves in the weeds near the mouth of the Kenhawa, and killed Gillmore while endeavoring to pass them. Col. Stewart and Capt. Arbuckle were standing on the opposite bank of the river, at that time and were surprized that a gun had been fired so near the fort, in violation of orders which had been issued inhibiting such an act. Hamilton ran down the bank, and cried out that Gillmore was killed. Captain Hall commanded the company to which Gillmore belonged. His men leaped into a canoe, and hastened to the relief of Hamilton. They brought the body of Gillmore weltering in blood, and the head scalped, across the river. The canoe had scarcely reached the shore, when Hall's men cried out "Let us kill the Indians in the fort." Captain Hall placed himself in front of his soldiers, and they ascended the river's bank pale with rage, and carrying their loaded firelocks in their hands. Colonel Stuart and Captain Arbuckle exerted themselves in vain, to dissuade these men, exasperated to madness by the spectacle of Gillmore's corpse, from the cruel deed which they contemplated. They cocked their guns, threatening those gentlemen with instant death, if they did not desist, and rushed into the fort.

The interpreter's wife, who had been a captive among the Indians, and felt an affection for them, ran to their cabin and informed them

that Hall's soldiers were advancing, with the intention of taking their lives, because they believed that the Indians who killed Gillmore, had come with Cornstalk's son the preceding day. This the young man solemnly denied, and averred that he knew nothing of them. His father, perceiving that Elenipsico was in great agitation, encouraged him and advised him not to fear. "If the great Spirit, said he, has sent you here to be killed, you ought to die like a man!" As the soldiers approached the door, Cornstalk rose to meet them, and received seven or eight balls which instantly terminated his existence. His son was shot dead in the seat which he occupied. The Red Hawk made an attempt to climb the chimney, but fell by the fire of some of Hall's men. The other Indian, says Colonel Stuart, "was shamefully mangled, and I grieved to see him so long dying."

REVIEW.

The Great West.*

Many may, and no doubt but some readers will, deem contrasts between *the past* and *present* condition of the great West as trival; but I hope that more will gladly go with me in those retrospective excursions. In some previous communications, I have endeavored to sketch outlines of the physical geography of the higher part of the Ohio Valley. I shall now proceed to give some outlines of its history. We owe an unpayable debt to the men who were the pioneers into the Western wilds; but, if they are gone beyond our reach, if they are removed to where even the voice of our gratitude cannot be heard, it is well to remind the existing generation how much of their enjoyments has been produced by the toil, sweat and blood of their foreparents or forerunners. A much too common opinion has prevailed, and continues to prevail, that the early frontier settlers were rough, rude, ignorant, and lawless; whilst it may be asserted, fearlessly, that the far greater number of them were, on the contrary, as well informed, as orderly, and as ardently inclined to promote the interests of religion, pure morals, and the restraints of law, as were those they left in the more safe Eastern border. As a proof of these assertions, one of the first erections made by these pioneers was a log school-house, and one of the next a temple or meeting-house. Rough and rude were their own dwellings, and so were their school-houses and meeting-houses, and so were there clothing and diet; but kind and affectionate were their hearts, and open were their doors to the stranger. The increase of population, commenced thus, is a phenomenon of high interest in the political history of this continent, but it yields in intensity of interest to the intellectual advance of the West. The proceedings and debates in the halls of our general legislation afford accumulated documents in support of the foregoing. It would also appear, from the sequel, that these primitive settlers had some where read and

* For the subjoined pages, the compiler of this volume is indebted to an intelligent and well-informed correspondent of the "National Intelligencer," for which journal they were originally furnished in detached numbers.—They are regarded as both interesting in themselves and suitable for the closing of this work.

adopted the following conclusions, drawn in A. D. 1525, by Philip Melancthon, in his oration at the opening of the Academy of Nuremberg:

"In the proper constitution of a state, therefore, schools of learning are primarily requisite, where the rising generation, which is the foundation of a future empire, should be instructed; for it is a most fallacious idea to suppose that solid excellence is likely to be acquired without due regard to instruction; nor can persons be suitably qualified to govern the state without the knowledge of those principles of right government which learning only can bestow."

Recommending to some high dignitaries of the present age a careful attention to the words of one of the most gifted of the sons of men, I shall proceed to give a few outlines of the history of the great West. Bred, myself, on the Indian frontier, and, from infancy, a witness to the advance of white, and destruction of Indian, population; and, in the decline of life, when the far greater number of those in whose fate or fame my feelings were enlisted in my more youthful years, are gone to their rest, I hope I may speak freely. Even in youth, and many years before the most distant idea was conceived of writing on the subject, it had struck me repeatedly that one material error prevailed as regarded the Indian population of not alone the Ohio Valley, but of all the interior regions of North America, and that was, that their numbers were most enormously exaggerated. "*What has become of the Indians?*" is a question proposed on all sides; and, though not all, yet much of its import may be complied with by the plain answer, "To the amount usually supposed, or to any near approach to any such amount, the Indians never had an existence." "This is a bold assertion," many may say; and, unsupported by evidence, it would really be not only a bold but rash assertion. Let us examine some of the evidence.

The Anglo-Saxon population commenced settlements necessarily on or near the seacoast. The first permanent settlement of that people in America was made in 1607, in Eastern Virginia; and, between that epoch and 1650, the English had colonized Lower Virginia and Lower Maryland, and the eastern and southern parts of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut; the Dutch had planted a colony on the Hudson; the Swedes one on the Delaware; and the French had colonized Canada, and were thinly scattered along the St. Lawrence. Fifty years still later, the French planted a feeble colony near the mouth of the Mississippi river. And again, at the end of another half century, or in 1750, what was the condition of the immense interior regions drained by the confluents of the mighty Mississippi? Thus answers the author of Border Warfare:

"As settlements extended from the sea shore, the Massawonies gradually retired; and when the white population reached the Blue Ridge of mountains, the valley between it and the Alleghany was entirely uninhabited. This delightful region of country was then only used as a hunting ground, and as a highway for belligerent

parties of different nations, in their military expeditions against each other. In consequence of the almost continued hostilities between the Northern and Southern Indians, these expeditions were very frequent, and tended somewhat to retard the settlement of the valley and to render a residence in it for some time insecure and unpleasant. Between the Alleghany mountains and the Ohio river, within the present limits of Virginia, there were some villages interspersed, inhabited by a small number of Indians; the most of whom retired northwest of that river as the tide of emigration rolled towards it. Some, however, remained in the interior, after settlements began to be made in their vicinity.

"North of the present boundary of Virginia, and particularly near the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, [where Pittsburg now stands,] and in the circumjacent country the Indians were more numerous, and their villages larger. In 1753, when GEORGE WASHINGTON visited the French posts on the Ohio, the spot which had been selected by the Ohio Company as the site for a fort was occupied by SHINGESS, King of the Delawares; and other parts of the proximate country were inhabited by Mingoes and Shawanees. When the French were forced to abandon the position which they had taken at the forks of Ohio, the greater part of the adjacent tribes removed further west. So that when improvements were begun to be made in the wilderness of northwestern Virginia, (nothwestern and western Pennsylvania also,) it had been almost entirely deserted by the natives; and excepting a few straggling hunters and warriors, who occasionally traversed it in quest of game, or of human beings on whom to wreak their vengeance, almost the only tenants were beasts of the forest."

The following tabular statement was formed on the information afforded by the best authorities on the subject and shows, as far as correct, the state of the Indian tribes west of the main spine of the Alleghany mountains, and on the Ohio valley and adjacent places, at about 1755:

Munsees, *Senecas*, *Cayugas*, and *Saponies*, residing on Alleghany and Susquehanna rivers, and intermediate country to Lake Ontario	1,380
Delawares, residing on Big Beaver, Cuyahoga, and Muskingum rivers	600
Shawanees, residing on Muskingum and Scioto rivers	300
Chippawas, near Michilimackinac	400
Cahunewagoes, on Sandusky river	300
Wyandots, on Maumee river	250
Twightwees, also on Maumee river	250
Miamies, on Miami river	300
Ottawas, on Peninsular Michigan, towards Detroit	550
Ottawas, on Peninsular Michigan towards Michilimackinac	250

Chickasaws, on the western part of what is now the State of Tennessee, and northern of that of Mississippi -	750
Cherokees, western part of North Carolina and adjacent parts - - - - - - - - - - -	2,500
Tribes scattering - - - - - - - -	2,170
Total - - - - - - - -	10,000

When we read the history of the Western Indian wars which succeeded to the war of the Revolution, and without investigating relative numbers, and then meeting such a statement as the foregoing, we are struck with profound astonishment, if not with incredulity. Yet, when a due examination is made, it may be assumed as a fact, that if to the above aggregate we add the whole tribes of Creeks, Choctaws, and every other tribe of Indians from the Canadian lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and as far west as the meridian of St. Louis, there did not, in 1755, exist on this wide-spread region an Indian population of thirty thousand souls. The space exceeds an area of 450,000 square miles, or upwards of 15 square miles to every naked savage. The superficies exceeds the aggregate surface of Portugal, Spain, and France, on which there are now about fifty millions of inhabitants.

In no other instance in all human affairs was that profound metaphysical truth, "*words are things*," more completely proven than in the history of the Indians of the Ohio and Mississippi regions. The pompous title of NATION was applied, and, when using the term, the idea of *nation* rose in the mind, though given to mere tribes, and, what was worse, to extremely diminutive tribes.

From the first landing of the English at Jamestown, up to the treaty of Greenville, (may we not say up to 1839?) entire peace has not existed one year along the whole frontier line. The Indians have foreseen their own ruin; have attempted to form confederacies to expel or destroy their invaders, and yet have never, at any moment, been able to assemble at one point an army of two thousand men. And why? Simply because such a body would have demanded, in their state of population, the entire males of a space of country equal to the aggregate surface of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and Ohio.

As the whites advanced, cut down the forests, and let day-light fall on the earth, the Indians disappeared, as phantoms disappear before the rising sun. To render the preceding observations more striking, let us take a map of the United States, and on it draw a line through the city of Albany to Lynchburg, in Virginia; then suppose the same line continued in both directions, and one extreme will fall on the Gulf of Mexico, a little to the westward of the mouth of Appalachicola river, and the other, after traversing the southern part of Vermont, and the northern of New Hampshire, will leave the United States in Upper Maine. If on the supposed line we take Martinsville, Henry county, Virginia, as a point of outset, and pro-

ceed to the northeastward, we would leave all the dense settlements of the then (1755) Anglo-North American colonies to the right or towards the ocean. In the opposite direction, or westward of the line in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, and Vermont, scattering settlements had been made within the preceding forty years, but receding from the line of demarcation, these settlements became more and more scattered, until along the western ridges of the Appalachian mountains, Pittsburg, and a few other forts, marked the utmost frontiers.

Returning again to Martinsville, and following our projected line in a southwestwards direction, we would, in 1755, have found to our right a few settlements of whites in North Carolina, some in South Carolina, but in Georgia still fewer, and, before reaching the Mexican gulf, have plunged into an unbroken Indian country.

If again we suppose a second line drawn parallel to, and at, one hundred and fifty miles direct air course northwestward of the first, the second line would, on the Gulf of Mexico, leave the mouth of Mobile river, pass near Knoxville, in Tennessee, traverse eastern Kentucky, and western Virginia, and, in the latter, from ten to forty miles eastward of the Ohio river; enter Pennsylvania near the southwestern angle, pass near Pittsburg, and, traversing western Pennsylvainia and western New York, merge into Lake Ontario a little to the westward of the mouth of Oswego river; but, after crossing the eastern angle of that lake, it would follow the general course of St. Lawrence river to north latitude 45 degrees.

The parallelogram between those lines includes a length of 1,200 miles, which, with a breadth of 150 miles, would comprise 180,000 square miles, and the far greater part of the Appalachian region, and a region, there can be no hazard in asserting, having, in every thing which can conduce to human happiness, no superior continuous section on the surface of the earth. The existing population is no doubt underrated at *four millions*, and there can be no rational doubt that eighty years ago the same surface did not sustain the one-thousandth part of such an amount.

In my last number, I specified the great parallelogram of 1,200 miles in length, breadth 150 miles, and area 180,000 square miles, constituting the immediate western border of the Appalachian system of mountains, and may now continue by observing that the southern part of that parallelogram was then (1755) occupied by the Creeks; the northern by the Senecas and other scattering tribes; but the central and far greater part of the surface was a dark, gloomy, and silent void, in regard to human civilization, and what is peculiarly remarkable, it appears never to have been the permanent residence of Indian tribes of the present race of savages. Tumuli of different forms still in existence, show that a more ancient and different people did once abide here, but every indication proves that ages upon ages have passed away since those rude memoria were piled. When

not a century ago, our fathers and grandfathers entered its recesses, it was, as we have said, a fearful void in respect to intellectual life and improvement, though Nature literally luxuriated in both animal and vegetable productions. The buffalo, (bison,) deer, elk, and other innocent creatures, had to contend with the various tribes of the canine and feline races, and with two, if not three, species of the bear. I entered this parallelogram in 1781, or twenty-six years after 1755, and, many years after my entrance, Indian murders were committed far eastward of Ohio ; and in the now densely inhabited vicinity of Washington, in Pennsylvania, I have seen immense flocks of the wild turkey and of deer, coming in view, in open day, from the houses, and have heard, and that often, the dismal howl of the wolf. This may appear incredible to the generation born since, and now residing in that beautiful village and active thoroughfare ; but I can assure them of another fact, which still more strongly attests the then prevalence of the beasts of the forest. The lower part of Washington, in its primitive state, was a very tangled thicket, and from that covert I have heard the soul-chilling scream of the panther, than which Nature affords no other sound more piercing and appalling. The howling of the wolf is music, when compared to the screams of a famished panther. Again, in summer the woods abounded, indeed writhed, with that most terrific of all reptiles, the rattlesnake. These features of desolation, and those commingled sounds of horror, rendered to the highest degree dreadful by the yells of infuriate savage men, struck upon the eye, and broke upon the ear, deepening the solitude of the forest from the St. Lawrence to the Mexican gulf. Many are yet living remnants of a past age of trial, who can still, in memory, realize deprivation and suffering, of which those who have come into life since, can have only a very faint, if any conception.

But, at the interior border of this great parallelogram, we are only entering the vast Ohio and Mississippi regions. Let us imagine a third line, setting out from Michilimackinac, and passing through St. Louis, and thence to the northwestern angle of Louisiana. The latter line is very nearly parallel to the two others, and only a few miles short of four hundred miles to the northwestward of the middle line. This interior parallelogram is also about 1,200 miles in length, which, at 380 miles wide, yields an area of 456,000 square miles, or something above two and a half more extensive than the preceding. This immense interior oblong comprises the heart of " the Great West," and contains the extreme western part of New York and Pennsylvania, three-fourths of Tennessee, two-thirds of Alabama, and half of Arkansas; about one-fourth of Missouri, and one-half of Illinois, with all of Louisiana, Mississippi, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan, and now sustains an aggregate population not much, if any, under five millions; but which, sixty years ago, did not, from the evidence of any document we can now procure, contain on its surface 30,000 human beings, savage and civilized.

It was not, however, the desolation which reigned over this vast surface, under the shade of whose trees Nature seemed to have concealed, not only her richest, but her accumulated treasures, which contributed most to arrest the attention of the very few reflecting whites who first penetrated into its recesses; no, the high problem was the character of the native people. This problem has never yet received a satisfactory solution, nor do I come before the reader with a key to unlock the mystery, but I come with plain facts. I must first, nevertheless, assume one postulate, that is, that MAN is as much, and, if good fruit is expected, as necessarily, the object of culture as the ground he treads. MAN very tenaciously nourishes tares as well as wheat, and produces in preference whichever has been first sown.

The scattered Indian tribes had one feature in common, one trait of character—a thirst for vengeance; or, in other words, war with them was still, and remains so, in its primitive state. Removed as they were in many other respects from the rudest savage state, in war they were and are unmitigated savages. What have the whites done to soften this ferocious spirit? What have the whites done to teach the savages the first lessons of humanity, mercy, and protection to prisoners? These questions admit of no answer creditable to the whites.

The statistical view already given shows that in numbers the Indians of the west were greatly overrated, and I now proceed to show that their character, if not overrated, for indeed the contrary was the fact, has been very much mistaken. The Indian, with his Mongolic visage, has an abstracted, contemplative air, which has been taken for stupidity, or inattention. If the simple truth had been reflected on, that in civilized life the deepest thinkers are persons who seem to look inwards, the real character of the Indian would have been better understood. As far as their range of ideas extends, they think profoundly and reflect with discrimination.

"Their fierce and malignant passions," say some, "deprive the Indians of the benefit of their strong natural reason." Let this reflection be admitted as founded on truth; and then let us read the history of European nations in every stage of their moral and intellectual advance; and then again compare human conduct with human conduct there, in all ages, and then, if we can, pronounce exclusive condemnation on the Indians for sacrificing themselves and enemies to the genius of vengeance.

Without indulging in epithets, or plunging into theories, we may carry our views backwards, and scan the fate of the Indian race, since the first Anglo-American colony set foot on the continent of North America to this hour. In Virginia, Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Georgia, the Carolinas, and in the New States, in fine, in all the primitive white settlements, a very different policy was pursued with the Indians, and yet one result has been produced in every one of these colonies—the Indians disappeared. Many tribes have utterly perished, and many rem-

nants of other tribes attest still more strongly the melancholy fate of this race. The grave of the dead is less striking to our senses, or afflicting to our hearts, than is the decrepid, shrivelled, and trembling aspect of expiring nature.

In Europe, Ceres preceded Cadmus, and men were taught to make bread before they were taught to write. In the Anglo-American colonies, missionaries were placed amongst the Indians, before the plough, or rather, indeed, in place of the plough. The benign principles of the gospel were spoken to them in theory, and, as a commentary, the British and French sought their alliance in mutual war. They were made to hear the words of kindness, whilst learning the use of fire-arms. In words, they were addressed as human beings, but, in action, treated, and, as occasion served, used as beasts of prey. And this inconsistent policy was in full force when, about the middle of the last century, white settlements began to be formed west of the Allegheny mountain, or main spine of the Appalachian system. Without stopping in the course of our view to speculate on the probable consequences of an opposite or different system of measures, we proceed to show the effects of those actually pursued.

Between about 1735 to 1750 the whites passed the Blue Ridge and the Allegheny, and southwestward of the Susquehanna river.—Winchester, in Virginia, is the oldest town in the Great Valley of the United States, between the Blue and Allegheny ridges, and southwardly from the upper valley of the Susquehanna. It was a trading station as early as 1730, and gradually became a village; and long, within my own recollection, remained the principal place where the inhabitants of the higher branches of the Potomac, and those in the Youghiogeny and Monongahela, and even the Ohio river, made their traffic. In the progress of settlement, and before wagons could, without very great difficulty, be conducted over the mountains, Winchester and Hagerstown became very important outposts and *entrepots*.

I may be permitted here to mention a hitherto unnoticed, but, in my humble opinion, the greatest difficulty which opposed the settlement of *The West:* that was, the enormous price of that indispensible necessary of human life, common culinary salt. Well do I remember when salt was from five to ten dollars per bushel, and when money was at least double its present value. This burden was not of momentary endurance, as it very little abated for upwards of thirty years. Many are the now opulent families (some I could name) whose grandmothers and grandaunts spun and wove the coarse linen which their husbands, fathers and brothers packed over the mountains to procure that precious mineral, now so cheap and easily purchased.

Though at far distant and separate points from Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, to Holston, in Southwestern Virginia, settlements were made previously westward of the main spine of the mountains, the real and decisive era of that great interior colonization dates in

1752, when Robert Dinwiddie came to America as Governor of Virginia. With this great man (for he well deserves the title) came John Stuart and three of his step children: one, John Paul, became or was a Roman Catholic priest, and, as such, died on the Eastern shore of Maryland; the second, Audley Paul, became eminent as a British colonial officer; and their sister Mary, afterwards the wife of George Mathews, a Colonel in the Revolutionary war, afterwards a General, and twice Governor of Georgia.

The principal circumstance, however, which gave, not alone a national, but a universal importance to the administration of Governor Dinwiddie, was, that it brought on the stage of human action one of those men who change permanently the course of history, and whose influence extends far beyond their immediate scene of operation. George Washington was the third son of Augustine Washington, a planter of Westmoreland county, Virginia, and was, when Robert Dinwiddie assumed the goverament of Virginia, in his twentieth year. Though young in years, this truly extraordinary production of Nature, or of a power above Nature, was then mature in intellect far beyond what ordinary men ever reach, and had already commenced his military career against the very people whose history is our theme.

That smothered fire of the civilized world, the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, covered up, or, in diplomatic language, signed April 30, 1748, had, in the language of an elegant and profound historian, "extinguished a devouring flame with one hand, and, with the other, collected combustible materials. Nothing more was wanting but the death of the King of Spain [Ferdinand VI] to revive war and its consequences in Europe, and the least spark would rekindle war between France and Great Britain, on account of their limits in Canada, which had been left undetermined by vague expressions in former treaties."

War, indeed, was not to be rekindled in the central region of North America; war, and in its most terrific form, had never ceased on *that bloody ground.*

But in another paper I must anticipate events, and, using the language of a most influential actor, depict the spirit of the times.

In concluding my last communication I stated that in another paper I would have to anticipate events, and, using the language of a most influential actor, depict the spirit of the times.—Those times were those of "*The French War,*" so emphatically called, and the actor was the Rev. Samuel Davis, in his latter years President of Princeton College. This strong-minded man tinctured, however, all the pulpit influence he possessed with the deep animosity of an Englishman of that age, and, of course, coupled the French and their Indian allies under one unsparing censure. In a sermon preached on the 17th of August, 1755, to Capt. Overton's Independent Company of Volunteers, raised in Hanover county, Virginia, the following language is used from the text:

2 Sam. x. 12.—Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God: and the Lord do that which seemeth him good.

"A hundred years of peace and liberty in such a world as this," exclaims the preacher, "is a very unusual thing; and yet our country has been the happy spot that has been distinguished with such a long series of blessings with little or no interruption. Our situation (Virginia) in the middle of the British Colonies, and our separation from the French, those eternal enemies of liberty and Britons, on the one side by the vast Atlantic, and on the other by a long ridge of mountains and a long and wide-extended wilderness, have, for many years, been a barrier to us: and while other nations have been involved in war, we have not been alarmed with the sound of the trumpet, nor seen garments rolled in blood.

"But now the scene is changed; now we begin to experience, in our turn, the fate of the nations of the earth. Our territories are invaded by the power and perfidy of France; our frontiers ravaged by merciless savages; and our fellow-subjects, they are murdered with all the horrid arts of Indian and Popish torture. Our General unfortunately has fallen; an army of thirteen hundred choice men routed; our fine train of artillery taken; and all this, (oh, mortifying thought!) all this by four or five hundred dastardly and insidious barbarians.

"These calamities have not come upon us without warning; we were long ago apprized of the ambitious schemes of our enemies, and their motions to carry them into effect; and had we taken timely measures, they might have been crushed before they could have arrived at such a formidable height. But how have we generally behaved in such a critical time? Alas! our country has been sunk in a deep sleep: a stupid security has unmanned the inhabitants; they could not realize a danger at the distance of three hundred miles; could not be persuaded that even French Papists could seriously design us an injury; and hence, little or nothing has been done for the defence of our country, in time, except by the compulsion of authority. And now, when the cloud thickens over our heads, and alarms every thoughtful mind with its near approach, multitudes, I am afraid, are still dissolved in careless security, or enervated with an effeminate, cowardly spirit.

"When the melancholy news first reached us concerning the fate of our army under Braddock, then we saw how natural it is for the presumptuous to fall into the opposite extreme of unmanly despondence and consternation; and how little men could do in such a panic for their own defence. We have also suffered our poor fellow-subjects, in the frontier counties, to fall a helpless prey to blood-thirsty savages without affording them proper assistance, which as members of the same body politic, they had a right to expect.—They might as well have continued in a state of nature as be united in society, if, in such an attitude of extreme danger, they are left to shift for themselves. The bloody barbarians have exercised on some of them the most unnatural and leisurely tortures, and others they

have butchered in their beds, or in some unguarded hour. Can human nature bear the horror of the sight? See yonder the hairy scalps clotted with gore! the mangled limbs! women ripped up! the heart and bowels still palpitating with life, and smoking on the ground! See the savages swilling their blood, and imbibing a more courageous fury with the human draught! Sure, these are not men; they are not beasts of prey; they are something worse; they must be infernal furies in human shape. And have we tamely looked on and suffered them to exercise these hellish barbarities upon our fellow men, our fellow subjects, our brethren! Alas! with what horror must we look upon ourselves, as being little better than accessories to their blood!

"And shall these savages go unchecked? Shall Virginia incur the guilt and the everlasting shame of tamely exchanging her liberty, her religion, and her all, for *arbitrary Gallic power, and for Popish slavery, tyranny and massacre?* Alas! are there none of her children that enjoyed all the blessings of her peace, that will espouse her cause, and befriend her now in the time of her danger? Are Britons utterly degenerated by so short a remove from their mother country? Is the spirit of patriotism entirely extinguished among us? And must I give thee up for lost, O my country! and all that is included in that important word? Must I look upon thee as a conquered, enslaved province of France, and the range of Indian savages? My heart breaks at the thought. And must ye, our unhappy brethren on the frontiers, must ye stand the single barriers of a ravaged country, unassisted, unbefriended, unpitied? Alas! must I draw these shocking conclusions?

"No; I am agreeably checked by the happy, encouraging prospect now before me. Is it a pleasing dream? or do I really see a number of brave men—without the compulsion of authority, without the prospect of gain—voluntarily associated in a company, to march over trackless mountains, the haunts of wild beasts or fierce savages, into a hideous wilderness, to succor their helpless fellow-subjects and guard their country? Yes, gentlemen, I see you here upon this design; and were you all united to my heart by the most endearing ties of nature or friendship, I could not wish to see you engaged in a nobler cause."

Never did so few words more completely express the moving principles of the times; nor was there ever an address delivered more calculated to rouse the latent feelings of the colonists; and it did rouse them to action, and led them on to consequences which were far beyond the prophetic foresight, and, at the time of the delivery of his sermon, as far from the wishes of Mr. Davis. But another paragraph of this same sermon gained a most important historical political notoriety:

"Our continent," exclaims the energetic speaker, "is like to become the seat of war; and we, for the future, till sundry nations who have planted colonies in it have fixed their boundaries by the

sword, have no other way left to defend our rights and privileges. And has God been pleased to infuse some sparks of the martial fire through our country? I hope He has: and though it has been almost extinguished by a long peace and a deluge of luxury and pleasure, now I hope it begins to kindle! And may I not produce you, my brethren, who are engaged in this expedition, as instances of it? Well! cherish it as a sacred fire, and let the injuries done to your country administer fuel to it, and kindle it in those breasts where it has been hitherto smothered or inactive."—*Sermons of the Rev. Samuel Davis, vol.* v, *p.* 220.

Short of inspiration, a more remarkable consequence was never given to any words spoken or written, than time conferred on this sermon. It was published not many years after it was delivered, I think about 1762, and to the sentence last quoted was appended the following note:

"As a remarkable instance of this, I may point out to the Public that heroic youth, Col. Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important services to his country."

If suggestions I have more than once heard from aged and intelligent persons were well founded, and I am a convert to their doctrines, then this note stands alone in literature as containing the words which have had most effect on the fate of human liberty. The note itself was first pointed out to me in a cabin near Natchez, by an old man, in the year 1801. This man preserved, as a sacred relic, a copy of the first edition of the sermon from which the preceding quotations have been made. He told me that he was present and heard the sermon delivered. From his character and consistency of narration, I did not then doubt, in the least, his veracity; which more experience and reading supported. Mr. Davis became President of Princeton College, and his sermons, when published, became highly popular. Amongst many who read the sermons, and who were well acquainted with the preacher, was Dr. Witherspoon, who had much influence in Congress, and, when the appointment of Commander-in-chief was discussed, brought the very note quoted above forward and decided the appointment in favor of Washington.

Here a reflection forces itself on my mind, and the reader will pardon its expression. The prediction of Mr. Davis was the spark which fell on the minds of those who were called on to decide a most momentous question, "*Who shall lead our armies to battle?*" The name, once pronounced, found an echo from so many hearts that the prediction contributed to its own verification. If, however, Mr. Davis could have foreseen the nature, extent, and auxiliaries to the service which Washington was so signally preserved to perform, it must be evident, from the whole strain of his sermons, that he would have started back in terror, unless he could have also foreseen an entire change in his own political and religious opinions. To see Washington, at the head of the provincial and the French armies,

forming the same embattled line to meet and discomfit the British legions, and destroy British power over so many of her colonies, was far indeed from the hopes of Mr. Davis. His expressions were those of a messenger of peace, and yet not one quoted is equal to others in his sermons, as to denunciations against the Indians and their French allies; and when the conflict began, both, or all parties, were instigated by feelings of unsparing vengeance. As far, however, as the Indians were concerned, how different were the means of contest, even when aided by the scattered colonial establishments of the French? On the side of the British, colonies were rapidly increasing and much more condensed masses, aided by British fleets and armies. As to the Indians, what were they but a few detached tribes of savages, which, in the whole aggregate of both sexes, fell short of twenty thousand, even allowing for much exaggeration?

At this time, when the Indians are crushed, when millions of whites reside in the immense regions where once roamed the warrior hunter, and when new generations have risen, ought we not to scan the past without? If we place before us the cruelties of the Indian, ought we not also to place before us what he has lost and what we have won? If we scan the long protracted border warfare as military men, can we refuse the meed of admiration for the prowess of a handful of naked warriors who maintained "*a thirty years' war*," with force and other means so very inadequate, upon any principle of human calculation? But to proceed with the direct object of our review.

Even while in the hands of the French, a few Anglo-American families had settled near the junction of the Monongahela and Ohio rivers; and there also had been organized a body of men under the name of Indian traders; and no other body of men were ever of more sinister consequence to their number. Amenable to no tribunal, or under any other legal or moral restraint than their own fears of danger or hopes of gain, these traders were ministers of blood.—Overrating the value of the Indian trade, to counteract the advance of the French, and to seize the traffic from private and murderous hands, the British government chartered the Ohio company. Under this corporation the first serious attempts were made by the British and Anglo-American colonists to extend settlements to the Ohio river. With interests directly opposed, the Ohio company and traders could not be otherwise than inimical to each other. To circumvent the company, the traders were the real instigators of the French in seizing and fortifying the point where the Allegheny and Monongahela form the Ohio, which was done in 1754.

So many and so conflicting have been the accounts and conjectures respecting the defeat of Braddock, and the army he commanded, in 1755, that the real causes have been lost in mist. As I am not confined to any regular plan of historical narration, the following is given as it was given to me.

In January, 1824, I met James Ross, Esq. of Western Pennsylvania, and whom I had known from my infancy. While recalling

scenes long past, and which, from his much more advanced age and experience, Mr. Ross knew so much better, the defeat of Braddock was mentioned, and on that subject he observed, "I can relate what was related in my hearing by the Father of his Country," and then proceeded:

"In that part of war which consists in watching an enemy," observed Gen. Washington, "the Indians are perfect, and the army commanded by Braddock was watched carefully by Indian spies and some French soldiers trained to Indian manners. Independent of Indians, there was in Fort du Quesne at the time no force which could, with any brobable success, oppose the advancing British and provincials, and the French commandant in the fort had expressed the necessity of either retreat or surrender. By accident, rather than by any design or concert, there were, at the moment, about the fort, four or five hundred Indian warriors. Of the French garrison, one officer of inferior rank strenuously urged that, for the honor of the French arms, some resistance ought to be made. This young man consulted the Indians, who volunteered to the number of about *four hundred.* With much difficulty the young hero obtained from his commander permission to lead out to a certain limit such French soldiers as chose to join in the desperate enterprise. Of the French, about *thirty* volunteered, and with these four hundred and thirty men, the gallant Frenchman marched out to meet more than three-fold their number.

"In the mean time, every remonstrance by other colonial officers, and by Washington himself, was rejected with insult, and Braddock advanced as if determined on destruction, and was suffered to proceed just as far as the enemy desired. Once in the snare, defeat and death to near one-half of the whole army, with their infatuated General, was the result.

"When the victory was reported to the commandant of Fort du Quesne, his transport knew no bounds; the young hero was received with open arms, loaded with the most extravagant honors, and in a few days sent to report the victory to the Governor General of Canada. But, behold! when the despatches were opened, they consisted of criminal charges of peculation in his office of Paymaster, and of other charges equally criminal. Under these charges this injured man was tried, broke, and ruined. So matters rested, until, in the Revolutionary war, the subject of Braddock's defeat happened to come into conversation between General Washington and the Marques de Lafayette. In this conversation the real facts were stated to Lafayette, who heard them with unqualified astonishment; but, with his powerful sense of justice, determining to do all in his power to repair what he considered a national act of cruelty and injustice, he took and preserved careful notes, and on his return to Europe had inquiries made, and the victim was found in a state of poverty and wretchedness, broken down by advancing years and unmerited obloquy. The affair was brought before the Government of France, and, as the real events were made manifest, the officer was restored to his rank and honors."

I do not pretend to have reported the exact words of Mr. Ross, nor did he pretend to give verbatim the expressions of Gen. Washington, but as to the general facts there is no doubt of their truth; and who is to decide the meed of baseness between the two commanders on the inside and outside of Fort du Quesne? Another fact, I believe founded in truth. When I was removed by my parents to the neighborhood, the popular report was, that Braddock received his mortal wound from a man by the name of Fausett.—When my father was removing with his family to the west, one of the Fausetts kept a public house to the eastward from, and near where Uniontown now stands, as the county seat of Fayette, Penn. This man's house we lodged in about the tenth of October, 1781, twenty-six years and a few months after Braddock's defeat, and there it was made any thing but a secret that one of the family dealt the death-blow to the British general.

Thirteen years afterwards I met Thomas Fausett in Fayette county, then, as he told me, in his 70th year. To him I put the plain question, and received the plain reply, "*I did shoot him!*" He then went on to insist, that, by doing so, he contributed to save what was left of the army. In brief, in my youth I never heard the fact either doubted or blamed, that Fausett shot Braddock. *

* *To the Editors of the Baltimore Chronicle:*—

Seeing in your paper of yesterday morning an article copied from the National Intelligencer, relating to the manner in which Gen. Braddock lost his life, and as it is at variance with the generally received opinion derived from official accounts of the battle in which he fell, I have thought that the publication of a letter from his aid-de-camp, Capt Orme, in my possession, addressed to Governor Sharpe, and bearing a semi-official character, might prove interesting to your readers, and suggest a doubt of his having fallen by assassination. The circumstance of having had five horses shot under him shows his situation perilous enough to lead to the supposition that the wound which killed him was from the fire of the enemy by which his little army was surrounded. A SUBSCRIBER.

FORT CUMBERLAND, JULY, 18, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR: I am so extremely ill in bed with the wound I have received in my thigh, that I am under the necessity of employing my friend, Capt. Dobson, to write for me.

I conclude you have had some account of the action near the banks of the Monongahela, about seven miles from the French fort; as the reports spread are very imperfect, what you have heard must be so too. You should have had more early accounts of it, but every officer whose business it was to have informed you, was either killed or wounded, and our distressed situation puts it out of our power to attend to it so much as we would otherwise have done.

The 9th instant we passed and repassed the Monongahela, by advancing first a party of 300 men, which was immediately followed by another of 200. The Gen. with the column of artillery, baggage, and the main body of the army, passed the river the last time about one o'clock. As soon as the whole had got on the fort side of the Monongahela, we heard a very heavy and quick fire in our front; we immediately advanced in order to sustain them, but the detachment of the 200 and 300 men gave way and fell back on us, which caused such confusion and struck so great a panic among our men, that afterwards no military expedient could be made use of that had any effect on them; the men were so extremely deaf to the exhortations of the General and the officers, that they fired away in the most irregular manner all their ammunition, and then ran off, leaving to the enemy the artillery, ammunition, provisions, and baggage; nor could they be persuaded to stop till they got as far as Guest's plantation, nor there only a part, many of them proceeding as far as Colonel Dunbar's party, who lay six miles on this side. The officers were absolutely sacrificed by their unparalleled good behavior, advancing sometimes in bodies and

Leaving this worthless minion of a corrupt court to the unenviable niche he holds in history, we may say with safety that few, if any, defeats ever produced comparatively more destructive consequences. The exertions, principally made by the Government and Colony of Virginia, which then claimed the country watered by the Monongahela to its mouth, and also the adjacent country, to raise troops to retake possession, in conjunction with a force of British regulars, encouraged settlers. The defeat of the combined army gave, for three years, all that is now west Pennsylvania and west Virginia to the Indians, and exposed the white emigrants to destruction; yet, incredible as it may appear, even then settlers pressed into the fearful void, in which, at every step, the form of an Indian might be expected to burst forth, the minister of death or of captivity.

In my last, I concluded with noticing the disastrous consequences to the frontier settlements, of Braddock's defeat, and the yet irresist-

sometimes separately, hoping by such example to engage the soldiers to follow them, but to no purpose.

The General had five horses shot under him, and at last received a wound through his right arm into his lungs, of which he died the 18th instant. Poor Shirley was shot through the head, Captain Morris wounded. Mr. Washington had two horses shot under him, and his clothes shot through in several places, behaving the whole time with the greatest courage and resolution. Sir Peter Hacket was killed on the spot, Col. Burton and Sir John St. Clair wounded, and enclosed I have sent you a list of the killed and wounded according to as exact an account as we are able to get.

Upon our proceeding with the whole convoy to the Little Meadows, it was found impracticable to advance in that manner; the General therefore advanced with twelve hundred men, with the necessary artillery, ammunition, and provision, leaving the main body of the convoy under the command of Col. Dunbar, with orders to join him as soon as possible. In this manner we proceeded with safety and expedition till the fatal day I have just related, and happy it was that this disposition was made; otherwise the whole must have either starved or fallen into the hands of the enemy, as numbers would have been of no service to us, and our provision was all lost.

As our number of horses was so much reduced, and those extremely weak, and many carriages being wanted for the wounded men, occasioned our destroying the ammunition and superfluous part of the provisions left in Col. Dunbar's convoy, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy.

As the whole of the artillery is lost, and the troops are so extremely weakened by deaths, wounds, and sickness, it is judged impossible to make any further attempts; therefore Col. Dunbar is returning to Fort Cumberland, with every thing he is able to bring with him.

I propose remaining here until my wound will suffer me to remove to Philadelphia; from thence I shall make all possible despatch to England. Whatever commands you may have for me you will do me the favor to direct to me here.

I am, with the greatest sincerity, your most obidient and most humble servant,
ROBERT ORME.

By the particular disposition of the French and Indians, it is impossible to judge of the numbers they had that day in the field.

As the General's chariot is to be disposed of, I should be glad to know if you would have it again. It has been at this place since our departure from hence. If you propose taking it again, I will send it to you, and bring the General's coach back. Capt. Winn's compliments attend you, with Mr. Washington's.

P. S. Writing to you as a friend, I flatter myself you will excuse the hurry in which this is wrote.

To the Hon. Gov. SHARPE.

Messrs. GALES & SEATON: In the last column of the National Intelligencer of the 27th July, I see a letter, under the head of "*Braddock's Death,*" written by a

able disposition of the whites to press into a country where ruthless savages were to be feared at every step. But even in 1763, when peace was made between Great Britain and France, the Ohio region was, with very partial exceptions, unknown to the whites. About 1750, a man of the name of Gist was sent out from Virginia by the Ohio company. The narrative of this man's journey is now before me, and goes far to prove that the existence of the Monongahela river was then unknown in Virginia. He set out from the south branch of the Potomac, proceeded northward to the heads of Juniata river, crossed the mountains, and reached the Allegheny, then called Ohio, by the valley of the Kiskeminetas. He crossed the Allegheny about four miles above the Forks where Pittsburg now stands, and must have passed through the high gorge now occupied by Alleghenytown, the Hill where the Seminary stands concealing, as it does yet, from the valley, the mouth of the Monongahela, of

Capt. Dobson, but dictated by Capt. Orme, both, it appears, officers under Braddock. I have read that letter carefully and twice, and am greatly at a loss to see in it the grounds on which "A Subscriber" has deduced from it a doubt of the manner stated by me by which Braddock received his mortal wound. I never either heard or read a suggestion against the personal courage of Braddock, and, from all which is generally known concerning him, it is probable that on the Plains of Flanders, as a Colonel or Brigadier, under a more able officer, he was well qualified to shine. But, placed in the western forests, and opposed to an enemy whose modes of warfare gave them so many advantages, he was worse than misplaced.

In regard to the statements I have already given, they were attended with my authorities, and I might have added to part of the information stated in Capt. Orme's letter; that is, that Braddock rode over the ground like a madman much more than like a General, and cutting and slashing at his own men—one of those a brother of Fausett.

Capt. Orme does not inform us which they were, British regulars or Provincials, who composed the 200 to 300 men who gave way, and, refusing to rally, completed the defeat. The whole of the letter, however, corresponds with the traditionary accounts I have heard of the battle in which Braddock fell. There are, however, some suggestions I would beg leave to make to the readers of these statements. First, Capt. Orme's letter was written just *nine* days after the battle, and twenty years before the American Revolution. The man who openly, after the Revolution, avowed, and justified to himself at least, having shot Braddock, would have been worse than mad to make any such acknowledgments until British authority was removed from over his head. The real cause of Braddock's death could not have been known until after the Revolution. I have not asserted except what I have heard, and with that evidence my own convictions, and I must have stronger testimony than Capt. Orme's letter to remove impressions founded on what I never heard doubted in the country where the event took place, and in the lifetime of not only the actor, but many others who had been in the so much celebrated "Braddock's Defeat."

For many and painful reasons, the circumstances then related in my presence, child as I was, were too deeply engraven to be forgotten. As far as I can now fix the date of the night I was with my father and mother at Fausett's, it was about the 12th of October, 1781, only a few weeks more than twenty-six years after the death of Braddock. My father, who had seen General Braddock in Europe, was rather more inquisitive than probably he would otherwise have been—not from any great respect for the man, for he appreciated him very correctly. In fine, it is not one of the most important points in history to determine how a desperate man fell, whose obstinacy was exposing hundreds of others to death; but it is something remarkable how strongly the traditionary account is supported by the historical. As Fausett stated, unless Braddock fell, the whole army must have been killed or taken. And dreadful indeed was the state of those who were wounded and made prisoners. Col. James Smith, who was then a prisoner in Fort du Quesne, gives an account of the torturing of those brought in, at which the soul sickens. It is surely a misapplication of terms to call the shooting down of such a man, under such circumstances, assassination.

A TRAVELLER.

which Mr. Gist makes no mention. Had he known the existence and general range of the Monongahela valley, it is extremely improbable that he would not have followed that route. The further route of Mr. Gist was down the Ohio to some point below Beaver river, and thence over to the Muskingum valley, westward to the Great Miami, called by him *Miniami*. On his return he crossed the Ohio at the mouth of the Scioto, and thence over what he names the Cuttawa country, now Kentucky, and by western Virginia and North Carolina, to the Potomac. The Monongahela and its branches, from position, did not lie in any of even the great Indian routes; they therefore lay concealed until reached by the slowly adva ncing settlements of Virginia.

The first account we have of emigrants reaching those recesses, states that in 1754 David Tygart reached and settled on that branch of the Monongahela now called Tygart's Valley river, from this primitive settler. About the same time a man of the name of Files settled on the same stream near the site of Beverly, county seat of Randolph. The Files family, one excepted, fell victims to savage barbarity. Young Files escaped, and, hastening to Tygart's, that family made a timely retreat and did not return for many years afterwards.

The time had however arrived, when the inevitable passing of the mountains was to be made by the Anglo-Saxon race The termination of a century and a half from the original colonization of Virginia was about closing when Redstone Fort was founded. This then outpost of civilization was built on a high bank, on the eastern side of the Monongahela, below the mouth of Dunlop's creek, and where the two fine borough towns now stand, Brownsville below, and Bridgeport above the creek. This was the first effectual step taken towards actual and permanent settlement of that beautiful, picturesque, and fertile region between the Appalachian mountains and the Ohio river.

The warrior, with his gun, hatchet and knife, prepared alike to slay the deer and bear for food, and also to defend himself against and destroy his savage enemy, was not the only kind of man who sought these wilds. A very interesting and tragic instance was given of the contrary by the three brothers Eckarlys. These men, Dunkards by profession, left the eastern and cultivated parts of Pennsylvania, and plunged into the depths of the western wilderness. Their first permanent camp was on a creek flowing into the Monongahela river, in the southwestern part of Pennsylvania, to which stream they gave the name of Dunkard creek, which it still bears. These men of peace employed themselves in exploring the country in every direction, in which one vast, silent and uncultivated waste spread around them. From Dunkard's creek these men removed to Dunkard's bottom, on Cheat river, which they made their permanent residence, and, with a savage war raging at no considerable distance, they spent some years unmolested; indeed, it is probable, unseen.

In order to obtain some supplies of salt, ammunition and clothing,

Dr. Thomas Eckarly recrossed the mountains with some peltry.—On his return from Winchester to rejoin his brothers, he stopped on the South branch of the Potomac, at Fort Pleasant, and roused the curiosity of the inhabitants by relating his adventures, removals, and present residence. His avowed pacific religious principles, as pacific religious principles have every where else done, exposed him to suspicion, and he was detained as a confederate of the Indians, and as a spy come to examine the frontier and its defences. In vain did Dr. Eckarly assert his innocence of any connexion with the Indians, and that, on the contrary, neither he nor his brothers had even seen an Indian since their residence west of the mountains.—He could not obtain his liberty until, by his own suggestion, he was escorted by a guard of armed men, who were to reconduct him a prisoner to Fort Pleasant, in case of any confirmation of the charges against him.

These arbitrary proceedings, though in themselves very unjust, it is probable, saved the life of Dr. Eckarly, and his innocence was made manifest in a most shocking manner. Approaching the cabin where he had left and anxiously hoped to find his brothers, himself and his guard were presented with a heap of ashes. In the yard lay the mangled and putrid remains of the two brothers, and, as if to add to the horrors of the scene, beside the corpses lay the hoops on which their scalps had been dried. Dr. Eckarly and the now sympathising men buried the remains, and not a prisoner, but a forlorn and desolate man, he returned to the South Branch. This was amongst the opening scenes of that lengthened tragedy which was acted through upwards of thirty years.

Decker's settlement was made on Decker's creek, a confluent of the Monongahela, in 1758, under the direction of Thomas Decker, but was in the ensuing year surprised by a savage party, and most of the inhabitants murdered. One of the men composing Decker's settlement escaped, and reached Redstone Fort, then commanded by Captain Paul, who, being too weak to spare men to pursue the Indians, despatched an express to Fort Pitt, which had a short time before fallen into possession of the British and Provincials under Gen. Forbes.

In the mean time, the murderers of the people of Decker's settlement had escaped, though Captain Gibson, the commander at Fort Pitt, marched promptly across the country, with thirty men, if possible, to get in their front. But, if Gibson failed to come up with or intercept those he was in pursuit of, very unexpectedly to both parties, he fell in with Kiskephila, (Little Eagle,) a Mingo chief, and six or seven more warriors. The meeting took place on Indian Cross creek, near the present fine town of Stubenville. Captain Gibson, early in the morning, and whilst some of the Indians had not risen, came suddenly on the party. Kiskelpila, who was the first to spy Gibson, raised the war whoop, and discharged his rifle. The ball cut Gibson's hunting-shirt, and wounded a soldier; but, drawing his cutlass, the Captain rushed forward, and, by a gigantic

swing, severed the head from the body of Kiskepila; two other Indians fell, and the others escaped.

The act of cutting off the head of the Mingo chief, by the sword and arm of Captain Gibson, was productive of some melancholy and some curious effects. At the final restoration of prisoners, after the treaty of 1763, some white persons who were in the Mingo villages when the remnant of Kiskepila's party returned, stated that these warriors reported that their chief was killed with a "*big knife.*"—A death dance was then performed, at which several white persons were doomed to death, to revenge the dead chief. Amid their horrid orgies, bitter and bloody were their threats of vengeance against "*the big knife warriors.*"

Thus stood the now unsurpassed country on the Upper Ohio in 1758 and 1759. Fort Pitt, with a feeble garrison, and Redstone, with one still more feeble, were the outposts of civilization. The main spine of the mountain was really the frontier, as the two outposts of Redstone and Fort Pitt were far in advance of the settlements, except a very few cabins, the inhabitants of which had the Indian hatchet impending every moment over their heads. The Monongahela was then the Rubicon; all beyond was silent or hostile.

Similar was the line from Pittsburg to Georgia. The settlements on the Upper Roanoke, where Salem, in Bottetourt county, Va., now stands, had been surprised in 1757, and the inhabitants mostly murdered. A fort had been established on Jackson's river, a branch of James river, by order of Governor Dinwiddie, and known by his name. As soon as the massacre on the Roanoke was made known to him, Dinwiddie ordered a detachment of regulars from the fort on Jackson's river to join several militia detachments from the counties along the frontier, and the whole to form an army under the command of Andrew Lewis. The plans of Governor Dinwiddie evinced a knowledge of the Indian character, of their country, and the intermediate country between their villages and the white frontier settlements of Virginia and North Carolina, which must have been acquired by placing confidence and receiving advice from intelligent men of those colonies, and who had, on their part, obtained such knowledge by experience. The policy of Governor Dinwiddie and his counsellors was, to form a strong line of forts along the Ohio; and, had this wise and humane system been adopted and pursued, what streams of blood and tears would have been stayed!

In the instance before us, the army under General Andrew Lewis was formed and marched to attain two objects: First, to chastise the Indians; but, secondly, to effect a far more important purpose—that was, to establish a military post at or near the mouth of the Big Sandy. With much delay, from various obstacles, the season was far advanced before this little army reached a point on Sandy river, within a few miles above its entrance into the Ohio. What would have been the final result of the expedition, had it been permitted to advance, can never be known; as, at this critical epoch,

Francis Fauquier succeeded Dinwiddie in the government of Virginia and marked the commencement of his administration by ordering the regular troops back to Fort Dinwiddie, and the militia to return to their homes.

This was one of the innumerable vexations, and caprious measures of the British Colonial officers, which, in an especial manner, irritated the frontier, and, in war, far most formidable portion of the population. Had the Viceroy Fauquier followed up in good faith the wise and humane designs of his predecessor, and combined, as both duty and good sense would have taught him to do, the British and Colonial forces, a strong garrison, impregnable to Indians, could have been established on the Ohio near the Great Bend, above the mouth of the Great Sandy. Any person who now casts a glance on a general map of the Ohio Valley, and, with its entire surface, compares this peculiar position, must have no doubt of its utility in protecting the frontier. On the other hand, however, when the ruling authorities of Great Britian not only refused to co-operate, but opposed such a plan, it would have been, in the then state of colonial dependence, the utmost rashness on the part of General Lewis to have advanced into the Indian country with his provincials. On the part of Fauquier, his proceedings were guided by no better motives than the mere insolence of power; but, though he defeated one of the few judicious plans of the British Viceroys in North America, he enkindled a flame which burned with consuming retaliation in the Revolutionary war.

About 1766, settlements of whites were extended to the Holston river, and amongst the men who thus dared to advance were, Evan Shelby, William Campbell, and Daniel Boone. It is singular that the sons of Shelby, Campbell, and Preston were the leaders of "*The Provincials*," as the British chose to call them, in the battle of King's Mountain; and, also, that from the very country left exposed by the cold-hearted Fauquier, issued, twenty-three years after his mandate, that terrible corps which, on the 7th of October, 1780, dealt death to Col Furguson and his tory troops.

In another paper I shall follow Gen. Lewis, his army, and subsequent events of Western History, to "*The Moravian Massacre.*"

In my last I concluded at the point of time when General Lewis and his provincial army received, on the bank of the Big Sandy, the order from Governor Fauquier to retreat. This order produced a council of war, in which most of the officers insisted on prosecuting their expedition. Some felt and insisted on the necessity of yielding to a superior power. A compromise was agreed upon, and the army marched to the banks of the Ohio river, and was no doubt the first Anglo-Saxon force which ever reached that stream below a few miles from Pittsburg.

With heavy hearts they proceeded—more or less the case in all retreats; but in this a complication of reasons existed to appal the bravest hearts, and superinduce depression, Winter had set in;

their provisions were exhausted, and ammunition, their resource for food, was scanty; and thus were they to retrace three hundred miles, over rapid rivers in pathless forests, and over high and rugged mountains. To these were added the still more fearful dangers from hovering Indians, who in fact were soon found on their flanks. In these dreadful circumstances, orders were issued forbidding either shooting, or kindling fires, forcing the men to perish with hunger to save themselves from being shot by their enemies. Many did perish with cold and hunger. Their famished pack-horses, their buffalo-hide thongs, the strings of their moccasins and belts, were used for food. Under such circumstances of suffering did the remnant of this gallant army reach their homes and friends. Many of the survivors lived, however, to gain a terrible vengeance in the Revolutionary war on those they regarded, and that justly, as their worst enemies, the British officers.

Those compacts called treaties rather aggravated than relaxed hostility, or mitigated savage war, which so long raged along the frontiers, from the sources of the Susquehanna to the furthest bounds of the settlements of Georgia. Between the frontier inhabitants and the Indians, under their respective conditions, no peace could exist, and it was by no means an uncommon occurrence for persons to be murdered returning from treaties.

One feature in the Indian military character began to be revealed, and contributed greatly to the advantage of the whites. It was found that the slightest fortification could be defended against those sons of the woods, who seemed to have no idea of using themselves any defensive shelter in war but "*the tree.*" To this advantage the ferocious and faithless character of the Indians added another. It was soon, and in letters of blood, demonstrated that to surrender to them was to meet certain death. The knowledge of that trait in savage character, which afforded the whites knowledge of the necessary resistance, was indeed dearly purchased. We may mention some instances.

About 1760, at or near where Franklin, the seat of justice of Pendleton county, Va., now stands, and on or near the south fork of the south branch of the Potomac, was situated Sivert's Fort. About forty persons, men, women, and children, had taken refuge in this place of defence. The people within were becoming careless after the first alarm, but were suddenly assailed by a large body of Indians. Capt. Sivert prevented the people in the fort from firing on the Indians, proposing to attempt a negociation under a flag. This proceeding, though much opposed, he carried into effect, and the Indians readily consented to retire peaceably on receiving certain presents or ransom; but, to test their kindly feelings, the fort was to be opened, that they might shake hands with the people within. These stipulations were complied with, and the gates thrown open, and an almost indiscriminate massacre followed. The number, of all ages and both sexes, which in this case fell victims to the folly and timidity of their commander, amounted to about forty.

In 1761, the Indians penetrated into the country on the head of James rives, committed many murders, and led captive several whites. On this occasion, one man narrowly escaped death, but lived to perform important service in the Revolutionary war. This was George Mathews, already mentioned.

To give any thing like a detailed account of every transaction attending the primitive settlements in the vales and westward of the Appalachian mountains, I have already observed, comes not within the scope or view with which I have commenced these sketches.—My object was to depict, by a few striking incidents, the times, and show the hardships under which those now smiling regions were originally settled by the whites; and to show, also, that, to an immense extent, the interior was in fact a waste, utterly uninhabited by man previous to the entrance of the Anglo-Saxon Americans.—The residue of this paper shall be employed to give a sketch of the so-much-talked-of but little understood tragedy, "*The murder of the Moravian Indians on the Tuscarawas.*"

The murder of the Moravians has become the index and title to the history of one of those border events which I the more particularly mention, as I am convinced that the causes which led to that catastrophe have not been well preserved in recollection, even in the country from which the actors proceeded. In advance, I may observe, that one man's name, David Williamson, has become a proverb of obloquy, who was not simply innocent, but most bitterly deplored the event, and who, though nominally commander, was utterly powerless to arrest the slaughter. Here I must so far presume as to mention, that when the Moravians were destroyed, I was residing with my parents, near Washington, the county seat of Washington county, Penn., and that with many of the actors I was well acquainted in after-life. Though very young at the time, the events were and remain deeply engraven on my memory. But to proceed.

Early in 1780, aided by the British from Canada with the material of war, and also with individual whites to direct their operations, two bodies of savages were formed to invade the frontier settlements. The main body was destined to penetrate into Kentucky, and the other into Western Pennsylvania and Northwestern Virginia. That against Kentucky crossed the Ohio, and was actually commanded by a British Colonel, (Byrd.) The taking, plundering, and destroying Ruddell's and Martin's stations, attended with the cold-blooded murder of many of the inhabitants, marked the victory and infamy of the royal officer.

The upper division, mostly if not altogether formed of Indians, were to be again divided into two sub-bodies of one hundred and fifty each; the lower to cross the Ohio below Wheeling, and the other near the mouth of Raccoon, and both to proceed cautiously, but expeditiously, to Catfishtown, (Washington,) the whole country to be made one scene of blood and ruin. Why the upper division failed in effecting a passage over the Ohio river, was, no doubt, the fear of

forts Pitt and McIntosh. The lower or right column crossed and penetrated to within a few miles of Catfishtown though discovered soon after crossing the river. By a curious though natural cause, the inhabitants near the Ohio suffered much less than those deeper in the settlements, on the heads of the Wheeling and Ten Mile creeks. The former, feeling the extent of their danger, rushed to the shelter of Wheeling and Shepheard's Forts, whilst the latter, more secure from the fancied distance from danger, were many of them surprised and either killed or captured.

No information reaching this invading party of the advance of their friends from Raccoon, they became alarmed, and concluded to retreat; but, exasperated by disappointment, their natural ferocity rose to fury, and the massacre, with circumstances of horror beyond all descriptive language, of their male prisoners was put into execution.

Those who may never before have learned the fact of this massacre, and who now reside on the spot of its occurrence, may feel some astonishment when they are told that on the head-waters of Wheeling, fathers, husbands and brothers were led forth amid the agonizing screams of wives, mothers and sisters, bound to trees, and mangled and tortured to death.

"Barbarities such as these," says Mr. Withers, in his Border Warfare, when speaking of the event, "had considerable influence on the temper and disposition of the inhabitants of the country.—They gave birth to a vindictive feeling in many, which led to the perpetration of similar enormities, and sunk civilized man to the level of the barbarian."

True, and would it not be the very topmost height of stupidity to indulge wonder at the effect? This was only one of the many massacres in which whole families fell, but it was the crowning outrage, and sealed the fate of the Christian Indians on the Tuscarawas, two years afterwards. Indeed, revengeful feelings were never suffered to subside. Colonels Clarke and Broadhead's expeditions took place in 1780, and rather distressed and irritated than tended to break the force of the Indians. Constantly recurring murders were taking place along the Ohio frontier; and if it was then possible, the enraged feelings of the whites were daily becoming more inveterate. Under such circumstances, it was the consummation of fatuity, on the part of the Moravian Missionaaies, to suffer the Christian Indians to remain on the Muskingum, directly between two parties mutually exasperated to the utmost extreme of revengeful determination. The Moravians, as a matter of course, became suspected equally by both parties, and obnoxious to all the bitter resentments of each belligerant.

Prudent persons, both white and Indian, advised the temporary removal of the Moravian Indians, and anticipated their danger unless such a measure was adopted; and those on either side who were most earnest in recommending this measure were those who had least suspicion of sinister conduct on the part of this people. Amongst those of the whites who were most anxious and active in this matter

was David Williamson. This man, in the autumn of 1781, headed a party who went to their towns to remove this people, but who found the towns nearly deserted. The few who were found were made prisoners, and conducted to Pittsburg. Before the arrival of Col. Williamson on the Muskingum, the Mingo King had reached the Moravian towns on a similar errand, and had, partly by persuasion, and partly by force, conveyed the bulk of the inhabitants to the Indian towns; many of them went to Detroit. Thus stood matters until the spring of the eventful year of 1782. Had the most humble maxims of common sense been adopted, no attempt would have been made or permission given to this people to return to their dangerous position until their safety could have been secured by a general peace. But, by a strange fatality, those at Pittsburg were first liberated, and then those at Detroit, and both rushed to destruction. "The revengeful feelings," says most truly Mr. Withers, "which had been engendered by inevitable circumstances, towards the Moravians, and which had given rise to the expedition of 1781, under Col. Williamson, were still more deeply excited by subsequent events. In the night after their liberation from Fort Pitt, the family of a Mr. Mortour were all killed or taken captive; and the outrage occurring so immediately after they were set at liberty, and in the vicinity of where they were, was very generally attributed to them. An irruption was made, too, in the fall of 1781, into the settlements on Buffalo Creek, and some murders committed and prisoners taken. One of these, escaping from captivity and returning soon after, declared that the party committing the aggression was headed by a Moravian warrior."

Early in the spring of 1782, Capt. Hawkins was killed on Buffalo Creek, about fourteen miles westward from Washington, and almost at the same time, and near the same place, a Mr. Wallace, with his wife and five children, were murdered. It was in the very heat of excitement, and when the sanguinary events of the few preceding years were all brought into recollection, that early in March, 1782, a body of volunteers, headed by David Williamson, assembled, to the number of near one hundred, at the Mingo bottom. Col. Williamson had been severely censured for his lenity to the Moravians the preceding year. As I always understood the matter, if there was then, exasperated as the people were, any thought of other injury to the Moravians than their captivity, such intention was concealed from the public. Apprehensions did exist, and were expressed, that the men, with the form and dress of Indians before them, might remember their murdered relations, become enraged, and commit violence. The avowed, and I firmly believe the real intention of the far greater part of the men composing the expedition which eventuated such tragic circumstances, was to remove the Moravians to Pittsburg, and, by destroying the houses and provisions, deprive the hostile savages of food and shelter.

The Indians made no resistance, but quietly submitted to be removed. Some clothing known to have belonged to persons who had

been murdered eastward of the Ohio river was found, and, when shown to the Moravians, their observations were, that they could not prevent the hostile Indians from stopping in their villages and leaving their plunder. Here was another instance exposing the Missionaries to severe and just blame. The poor, demi-civilized and peaceable Indians of Gnadenhutten, Schoenbrun, and Salem, were completely under the influence of their Christian teachers, and those teachers were really guilty of a most flagrant negligence, to say the least of their conduct. These men were careful to remember and active to spread over the Christian world the turpitude of those who destroyed the Moravians, but they were as careful to say nothing of their own shameful neglect of every principle of prudence in regard to a people they ought to have considered providentially placed under their guidance and protection.

While preparing for their departure, some other untoward circumstances took place—some few attempted to escape, and were shot down. But why dwell on the horrid, the disgraceful, though natural scene! Ninety-six unresisting men, women, and children fell in one common slaughter, and their humble dwellings were made smoking ruins. The perpetrators, to my own knowledge, were severely blamed, and never recovered their standing in society. That voice, which has been, no doubt justly, called *the voice of God*, branded the transaction with the indelible title of "*The Moravian Massacre.*"

In 1799, when the remnant of the Moravians were recalled by the United States, I was graphically told by a young man of the name of Carr, who was present when they arrived at Gnadenhutten, that an old Indian man walked over the desolate scene, and showed to the white man an excavation, which had formely been a cellar, and in which were still some mouldering bones of the victims, though seventeen years had passed since their tragic death. With tears in his own eyes, Mr. Carr said the tears fell down the wrinkled face of the aged child of the Tuscarawas upon the relics of his relations. The murder of the Moravians, and the causes which led to it, as well as the restoration of a remnant, are amongst the most early and most strongly-impressed of my recollections. Those days of blood, tears, deprivation are now happily gone forevermore, we may hope. It was, however, a lengthened period of horror, as the hostile spirit kept in excitement from the end of "the French war" was not fostered more by the Indians than by the whites; and, if we allow for the pretences of religion and superior civilization, the palm of treachery and cruelty was really due to the whites. There was not any year from 1752 to the treaty of Greenville—may we not say to this moment, July, 1839, or through eighty-seven years—in which murder, to a greater or lesser extent, was not perpetrated by one or both of these irreconcilable parties.

In 1755, the Moravians on Lehigh, at where Lehighton now stands, were surprised and murdered by a party of hostile savages from Canada. In 1764, in March, "*the Manor Indians,*" or "*the*

Moravian Indians," residing at Litiz, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, were murdered by a party of whites called "*Paxton Boys*," with attending circumstances of peculiar atrocity, particularly if we decide by our modern estimates of the deed. The men who committed the act were mostly from the neighborhood where I was born, and one of the principals lived until within a few years past. Well do I remember to hear the destruction of "*the Manor Indians*" receive a very different title from that of murder. The act, however, never, at any time, could be justly viewed in any other light than that of a wanton waste of human blood, without any adequate object. But to show the feelings of the times on this very point, I insert the following, which I have repeatedly heard told, and of its entire truth I have not a shadow of doubt: Amongst the men who destroyed the Manor Indians, there were two brothers, both married men, but one without children. The childless brother saved a small Indian child, or rather attempted to save it, as his brother stepped up to him, and asked him 'What he had got there?' 'A pet,' he replied, 'which I am going to take home to ——,' pronouncing the name of his wife. The words had scarce passed his mouth, when the tomahawk of the brother was dashed into the child's brains, and its innocent blood sprinkled over its protector!

The perpetrator of this dreaful deed I have often seen, and never learned that, in after and common life, there was any peculiar atrocity remarked in his character, but rather the reverse. Such facts deserve record, if for no other reason than that they tend to mitigate our wonder and censures, and contribute to soften our feelings towards a people who, in retaliating such acts, thought themselves in the performance of a duty imposed on them by the laws of their education.

Amid every fluctutation of peace and war, during the flow of a century of years past, one cause was steady in its effects, and continues to be steady in its effects: that cause was, and is, migration to the West, which may well be compared to the rushing of a fluid into a void. Danger, hunger, cold, and death itself, it would seem, have never had much, if any, influence in arresting this all-powerful human motion. Individuals and families fell, and their dying screams scarce ceased their echoes in the forest, when other individuals and families followed. I was myself one who, in infancy I may well say, was borne along on this mighty current—a current which, I may safely say, so far from abating, increases with the increase of mass at its fountain-heads, and with increased and increasing means of transportation, and cannot be stayed until the great Central and Western voids are filled.

THE END.

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